

PHOTOPLAY

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE



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JUNE 7

PHOTOPLAY

JUNE 1955

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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HOLLYWOOD

Sylvia Wallace—Editor	Joan Radabaugh—Assistant West Coast Editor
Contributing Editors: Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Ruth Waterbury	
Photographer: Phil Stern	

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man's
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in the
City of Sin!**

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The Prodigal Son who left
his father's house for the
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BY
EDITH
GWYNN



Just friends, say Rhonda Fleming and Harlowe Karl as they congratulate Jeff Chandler on his benefit performance at the Mocambo.



Quenching rumors that he's had a change of heart, Rock Hudson turned up to hear Bob Hope at Mocambo with steady, Phyllis Gates.

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

TWO WEEKS of the past month will go down in Hollywood history—that's for sure! I'm speaking, of course, about the celebrity sessions at Mocambo which were staged to bolster its owner, popular Charlie Morrison, who'd been stricken by a stroke and confined to a wheel chair. There were more stars performing than there's room to kudo or mention, taking their turns night by night and drawing crowds that bulged the bistro's walls!

Dan Dailey and cute Joanne Gilbert played to a packed house as did Abbott and Costello, Jeff Chandler, Van Johnson and Eileen Barton, Danny Thomas and Dinah Shore, Kay Thompson, Bob Hope and others. Dan interrupted his honeymoon with Gwen O'Connor to go on. Bob Hope, bless him, turned down fifty thousand dollars a few months ago to play a Las Vegas spot for three days, but he went on at Mocambo for free—and it was the first cafe appearance of his life.

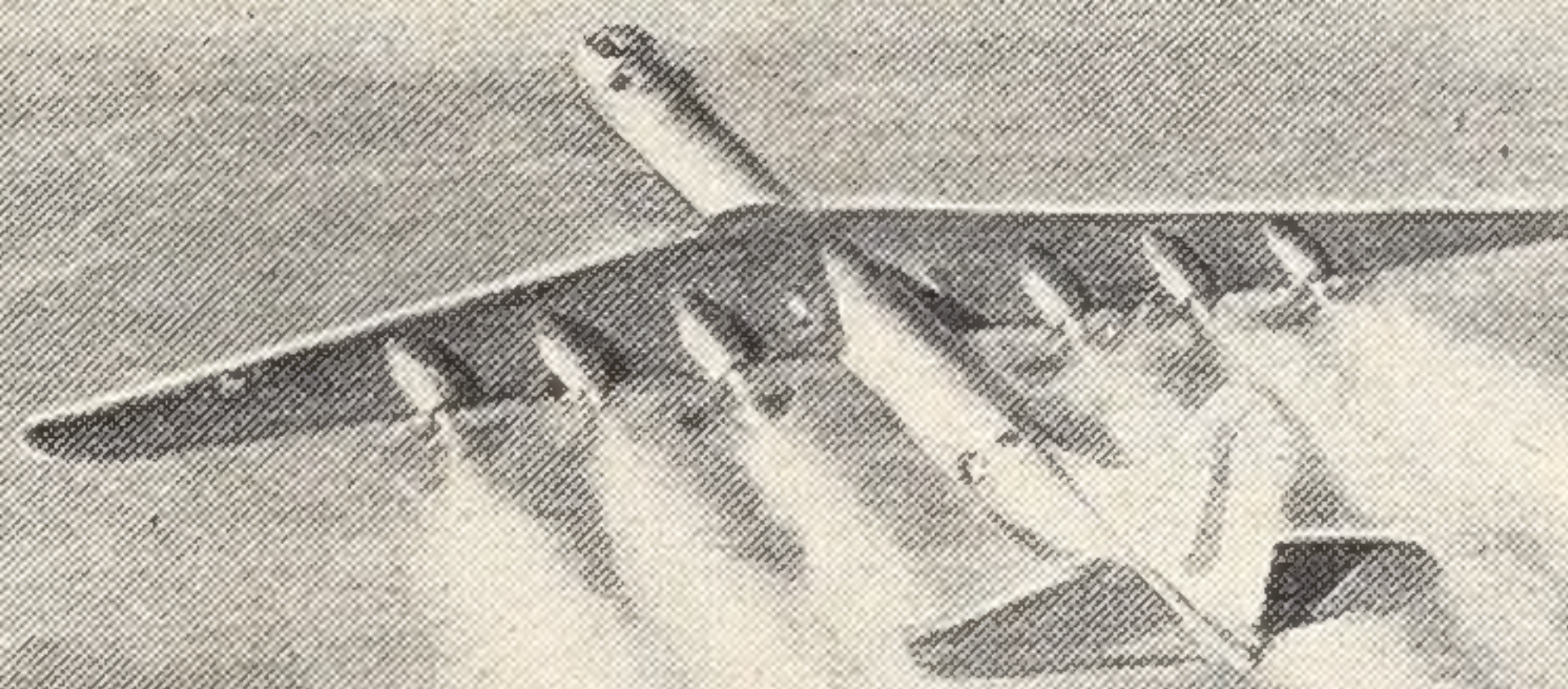
Hope was only grrrrreat! Hollywood got its first squint at the act Van Johnson did in Vegas and in the East last year—and his charming song and dance stuff slayed 'em! Zsa Zsa Gabor ring sided with Franchot Tone on Van's night; and Kim Novak (poured into a slinky dress again) was with Dr. Ernest Wilder. The Gary Coopers Frankie Sinatra with Peggy Connolly Shirley Jones and Johnny Anderson Lana and Lex Barker, also on hand. . . . Night Bob Hope, Kay Thompson and Don Loper went on I spotted Rock Hudson with Phyllis Gates, Ann Miller and Bill O'Connor and scads more. Scads of stars applauded like crazy for Dinah Shore and her wonderful act the night she, Danny Thomas and Alar Jones (happily reconciled with Irene Hervey) took over. Lana and Lex made a foursome with Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross. Both these blond dolls were in simple, sheath-type black gowns; Joan's only adornment being a

Continued

VISTA VISION

MOTION PICTURE

HIGH-FIDELITY



JAMES JUNE
STEWART and ALLYSON

It's the great human drama of the men
who guard our skies and the women who wait
and wonder and sometimes weep!

Strategic Air Command

The picture with a striking force second to none!

Color by TECHNICOLOR

co-starring

FRANK ALEX BARRY BRUCE
LOVEJOY · NICOL · SULLIVAN · BENNETT

Produced by SAMUEL J. BRISKIN • Directed by
ANTHONY MANN • Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES
and BEIRNE LAY, Jr. • Story by Beirne Lay, Jr.

A Paramount Picture



Your hair won't go wild when it's washed with Halo!



Have lustrous, sparkling
easy-to-manage hair
right after shampooing!

When you "just can't do anything" with your hair, use Halo! Whether it's dry, oily or normal, your hair will be softer, springier, look pretty as a picture—*right after shampooing!*

■ The secret is Halo's exclusive ingredient that leaves hair silkier, faster to set, easier to comb and manage. What's more, Halo's own special glorifier whisks away loose dandruff . . . removes the dullness that hides the natural beauty of your hair . . . lets it shine with *far brighter* sparkle! So, when your hair is hard to manage or simply won't "stay put" . . . you'll find it just loves to behave after a Halo Shampoo!

Halo

the shampoo
that glorifies
your hair!



for dry, oily, normal hair

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE *continued*

sunburst diamond pin plus diamond earrings, and Lana sported mucho pearls—several short strands of large pearls at her throat, and pearl earrings. They were stunners!

Topping off the series of special occasions at the Mo was the birthday party Harry Karl tossed himself. He had about a hundred guests—and Rhonda Fleming, in black lace and her hair dyed flaming red, hosted the hoe-down for Harry. Evie and Van Johnson, Sonja Henie with Lee Liberace, Jeff Chandler and his Marge, the Ronald Reagans, Esther Williams, the Dean Martins, Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Barbara Hutton and Hal Hayes—were just a few on Karl's party.

Only one important opening occurred during the past semester—and it was a dilly! Hollywood finally got its gander at "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" when it debuted at the Huntington Hartford theater with the Broadway company including Lloyd Nolan, Barry Sullivan and John Hodiak. All three gents were promptly bombarded with praise and picture offers. Saw Terry Moore with producer Paul Gregory and the Charles Laughtons; Sheree North with Tony Craig; John Wayne and his tiny Pilar Palette, she in a fabulous silver-blue mink coat. Also Eleanor Parker and Paul Clemens, Jean Simmons, a standout because she did *not* wear mink, but sheared beaver!

Something different was the party Maureen O'Sullivan staged for her friend, Sybil Connolly, the famed Irish dress designer visiting Hollywood. Maureen O'Hara modeled some of Sybil's Irish linen dresses, fancy petticoats, coats and shawls—all handwoven on cottage looms—and then O'Hara and her Ma gave out with a bunch of Irish songs. Enjoying it, among others, were the Bob Hopes, Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, the Van Johnsons, the Dan O'Herlihs,

and Gracie Allen and George Burr.

The Frank Loessers (he's the composer and lyricist of "Guys and Dolls y'know") tossed one for lovely Li Renaud, the Franch chantootsie "discovered" in Paris by Bob Hope couple of months ago. At the Loessers' heard Bill Holden talking sports-c stuff with a couple of people for hours. He's nutz on the subject. Among the two hundred or more guests were the Charles Boyers, Jane Wyman (all alone—and wearing a cream-colored, black belted, cocktail dress of chiffon), the Alfred Hitchcocks, Vivian Blaine (seen in black chiffon), Greta Peck with Stefan Arnsten, Vernon Duke, and Gracie Allen.

At another soiree, Jan Sterling, usually suavely clothed, was going the ingenue route with a pale pink, oh, fluffy dress. And Katy Jurado was giving Kim Novak some competition in the "how tight can a dress get" department. Kim, in a slick white lace gown gave out with lots of Marilyn Monroe type wiggles every time she danced walked across the room. Vivid Ka didn't wiggle but she wore a low-cut form-fitting gown of white satin, beautifully draped where the drap counted most—you'd have thought she was wiggling anyway. Her charms were not lost on Marlon Brando (immaculately done up in Tux) or Jeff Richman and the other gents present.

The party rounds recently bear out Don Loper's "prediction" that spring fashion would have a new spring in it if you'll podden the pun. Most of the gals seem to look taller and slimmer with the longer, leaner torso lines, indented at the waist—natch—and a leading to slimmer skirts, especially for daytime wear. Don's new collection full of dresses with straighter-than-usual lines—and usually with matching coats of light wool. And there was hardly a black outfit in sight!



Seeing how things look from the audience view are Howard Keel and missus. Obviously Howard's enjoying it all



Holding hands in complete oblivion anything but the show are Lana Turner and Lex Barker who deny trouble at home

JOHN
WAYNE

A skipper
sworn
never to
be taken!

LANA
TURNER

The fuse
of his
floating
time-bomb!

*“The
Sea
Chase”*

CINEMASCOPE
WARNERCOLOR STEREOPHONIC SOUND



WAVE AFTER WAVE OF EXCITEMENT FROM WARNER BROS.

Across 26,000 miles of terror-swept ocean from Pom Pom Galli to the North Sea he ran and hit, and ran again! The mighty sea hunt for the man turned renegade by a girl whose tempting lips half-the-world wanted to keep shut!

ALSO STARRING

DAVID FARRAR · LYLE BETTGER · TAB HUNTER

DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW



Another great role for that 'Battle Cry' guy!

WITH JAMES ARNESS · DICK DAVALOS



Screen Play by JAMES WARNER BELLAH and JOHN TWIST



Facing a future without the other, realizing how much they'd had, decided Marge and Jeff. "We know what we have now — we're going to hold on to it this time."

THEY KISSED AND MADE UP

Love has finally found the way to bring Jeff and Marge together. This time, they are sure, for keeps

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● "I'll be loving you—ALWAYS . . ." Jeff Chandler sang across a crowded room, straight into the eyes of a girl whose radiance gave her own heart away. A lovely redhead named, naturally, Marge.

All of show business was taking a nostalgic turn at the mike of the Mocambo. Tonight Jeff Chandler was heading the show. But for these two, Jeff and Marge, it was more than a show; more than a song. It was a pledge as sacred in its way as those wedding vows they had

Continued

Now-be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

NEW! For today's softer hair styles!
Gives that picture-pretty look!

NEW! No ammonia! Leaves no odor!

NEW! Exclusive hair styles in
every kit!

In hairdos, today's look is the soft look, and Procter & Gamble's wonderful new pin-curl home permanent is especially designed to give it to you. A PIN-IT wave is soft and lovely as a pin-curl set, *never* tight and kinky. PIN-IT is so *wonderfully* different. There's no strong ammonia odor while you use it or left in your hair afterwards. It's *easy* on your hair, too, so you can use it more often. And PIN-IT is *far* easier to give. You can do it all by yourself. Just put your hair up in pin curls and apply PIN-IT's Waving Lotion. Later, rinse and let dry. With self-neutralizing PIN-IT, you get waves and curls *where* you want them . . . no resetting needed . . . a permanent and a set in one step. For a wave that looks soft and lovely from the very first day and lasts weeks and weeks—try PIN-IT!



\$1.50
plus tax

PIN-IT BY PROCTER & GAMBLE for the curl of your dreams

... look for it in the smart gold-foil package





Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is mild and gentle in action and not drying to the hair. The Breck Shampoo for your hair condition leaves your hair soft, lustrous and fragrant.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

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NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • OTTAWA CANADA

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THEY KISSED AND MADE UP *continued*

already twice exchanged in good faith.

Jeff sang to the twinkling accompaniment of a kingdom of lights below, a kingdom founded on love stories. And although they did not know it, the crowd was applauding the happy ending of another love story that had as many conflicts as any one Hollywood ever filmed. The love story of two fine people for whom even then, so many were saying a small prayer.

Sparked by his own happiness, Jeff's was an inspired performance this night. But it was Marge who revealed, too, that for them this was more than just an enchanted evening. "You must be very proud of him tonight," a friend remarked to her. "I certainly am proud of him," Marge beamed, adding, quietly and significantly, "... and I always have been."

Marge's and Jeff's reconciliation wasn't as sudden as it may seem to outsiders. As Jeff says now, "We'd been talking about it for six weeks, seeing each other, going out together—and talking. That night at the Mocambo, we just about knew then..."

"We think—we *know*—this time it's going to stick," he says slowly, savoring every word. "This is going to be it." And he adds quite unnecessarily, "We're both very happy now."

Happy? You could set lyrics to Jeff's voice today and to Marge's radiance. But then, they were still in love when they separated a year and a half ago. When they gave PHOTOPLAY's reporter their exclusive story, saying with sad resignation, "It just seems there's no other way."

Marge had one concern about talking then. "You must talk to Jeff. You really should talk to Jeff—"

Jeff had one concern. "Be sure Marge sees this."

Perry Como's record of a beautiful love song was sweeping the country. A song that summed them up so well that we included it in their story, "No Other Love Have I." Certainly no other love had Jeff, and no other love had Marge. Nor was either ever likely to have.

Jeff was then on location way out in the San Fernando Valley making "Yankee Pasha" when we took the finished story to him to read. It was about sundown when we found him. Jeff was heavy-voiced and feeling very six o'clock. He looked at the title. He read their own words. Words which brought back too many vivid memories, including those of his daughter, Jamie, who asked the question neither of them could answer. "Daddy—why aren't you living at home?" He turned and walked away. With the director, his co-star and all the company waiting, Jeff Chandler cried. He had one parting word. "Marge will see this?" he said.

That night we took their story to Marge—to the house they'd shared on a quiet, tree-lined street in Hollywood. A house with all its lights blazing bravely away—to hide its emptiness. Marge looked at the story. "Jeff called me," she said finally, "and told me about 'No Other Love Have I.' I went out and bought the record."

This was a break-up?

How long, we wondered, would it take love to find the way to get our heavy-hearted friend and this lovely, lonely girl in a house so ablaze with light—back together again?

It would take almost too long.

They were missing happiness together by so little—yet, seemingly, by too much

to bridge. As Jeff said sadly then, you could call theirs a near-miss. "That's what it's been really. We just couldn't quite make it. But it's been in many ways very near. And we have great rapport still—in so many things."

Jeff was sure Marge would be happier without him. "I'm just not equipped to give Marge what she wants, to be what she wants as a person. What I have to offer just isn't sufficient for what her happiness demands—temperamentally, personality-wise or emotionally. It's like a baseball player trying to make the major league with bush-league qualifications. I'm just not right for her."

Marge, on the other hand, was equally sure Jeff was happier living away from her. Being able to wrap himself in his work and his worries and silent moods—without feeling any need of sharing them with her. Now when he came to the house to see her and the children—they could talk like good friends. All the tension was gone. "Jeff's much happier this way—I'm sure."

And Marge summed up not only their own feelings, but those of all who know them with, "It's the saddest thing in the world. Two people who are in love with each other—but who still can't live together." Also, we thought, two who belonged together as few in this world ever do, two whose love had already survived so much—and two who still loved so much.

There was no third party involved. For either of them. During the months they were separated, both of them dated casually. Jeff's name was linked with various screen glamour girls, and more recently, with Betty Abbott, Universal-International script girl. (Continued on page 105)

Jeff Chandler is in "Foxfire"



The Chandlers' reconciliation wasn't as sudden as it may have seemed. As Jeff says now, "We'd been talking about it for more than six weeks. Seeing each other. Going out together. And talking. That night at the Mocambo—we just about knew then..."



No need now to be just a visitor in his house, to be away from happy-go-lucky Dana, face the hurt wonder of Jamie's "Why doesn't daddy live home?" A relaxed Jeff smiles with Marge, the strain gone. "It's a wonderful feeling that exists between us"

All the Fun of Life is in it!...

STEP OUT
with Fred and
his loveliest
entertainment
date!

It's all
enchantment...
and pure delight...
because "Lili's"
in love with
Daddy Long Legs...
all the way from Paris
to the Waldorf.

Oh Daddy! What Songs!
SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE • DREAM
HISTORY OF THE BEAT • SLUEFOOT
WELCOME EGGHEAD
C-A-T SPELLS CAT

Terry Moore · Thelma Ritter

WITH FRED CLARK
RAY ANTHONY (AND HIS ORCHESTRA)

All the Joy of Love is in it!...

It's the whole world dancing to the music in your heart!

Fred Astaire Leslie Caron

Starring in
20th CENTURY-FOX'S

Daddy
Long Legs

America's best-loved story becomes its most enchanting musical in

CINEMASCOPE

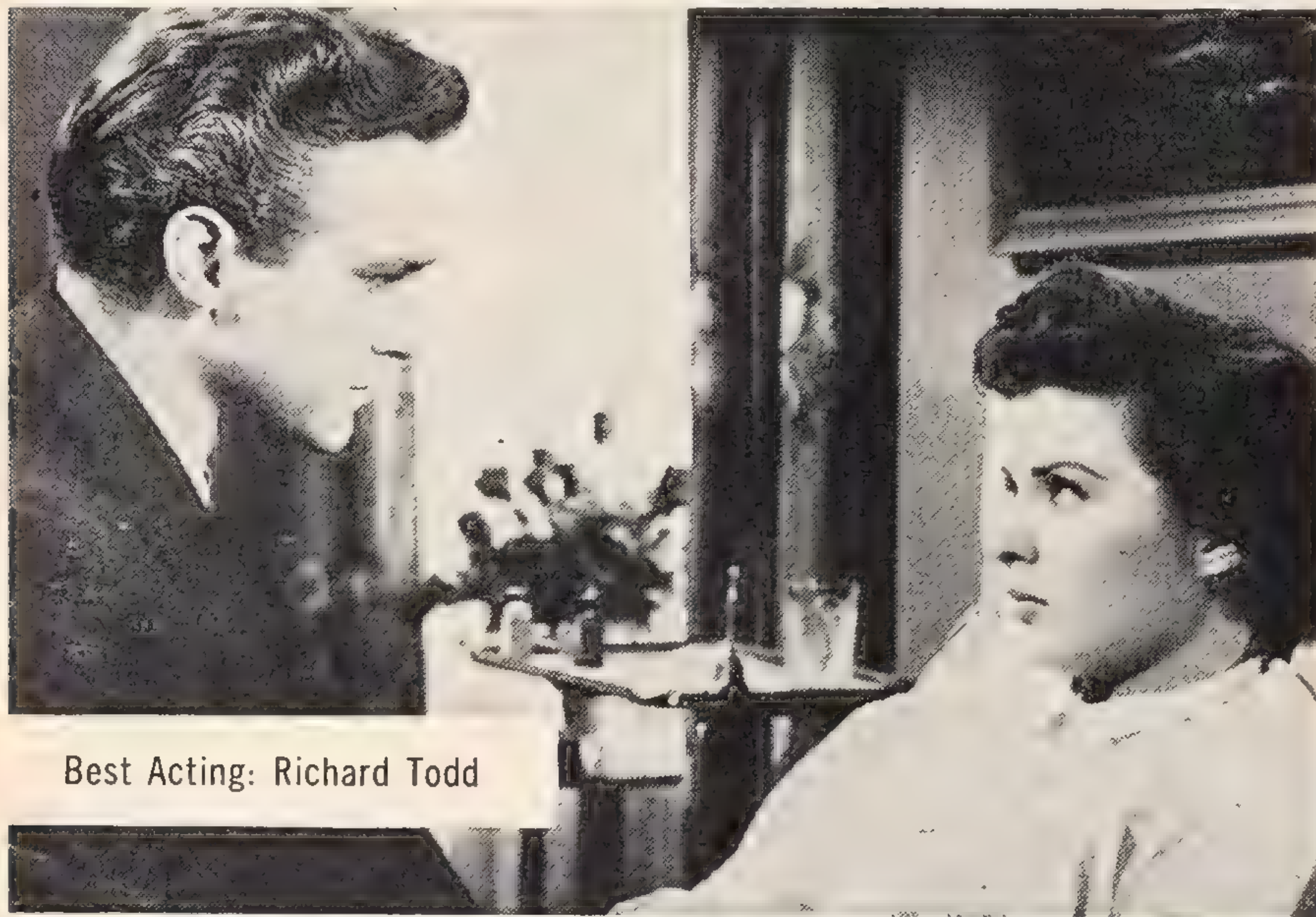
Color by
DE LUXE

PRODUCED BY Samuel G. Engel • DIRECTED BY Jean Negulesco • SCREEN PLAY BY Phoebe and Henry Ephron
FROM THE NOVEL BY JEAN WEBSTER • BALLET BY ROLAND PETIT

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



Best Acting: Richard Todd



A Man Called Peter 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLO

✓✓✓ Richard Todd's vigorous performance, full of heart and fire, is the mainstay of an inspirational drama drawn from fact. Todd plays the late Peter Marshall, Scottish-born minister who eventually becomes chaplain of the U.S. Senate. In his native country, he feels a sudden, powerful call to enter the ministry. With the conviction that God intends him to serve in America, he emigrates. From his first church, in a small Southern town, he goes to Atlanta and then to Washington, D. C. In a movie with few elements of conflict, the narration by Jean Peters (sympathetic as Todd's wife) helps to give shape to the story. But the highlights are actually the sermons. Here Todd expresses faith that is strong, happy and deeply personal, so that you understand why the man he portrays filled churches to overflowing. FAMIL

Jean's long illness sorely tries her faith—and Richard's

The Prodigal

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLO

✓✓✓ With Edmund Purdom as the Prodigal Son, the simple outline of the parable has been expanded into a spectacle of ancient times. Son of a prosperous Jewish farmer (Walter Hampden), Purdom is about to become engaged to a gentle girl of his own faith (Audrey Dalton), when a violent infatuation leads him to desert her and his home. His beloved is Lana Turner, alluring in the scanty garments of a pagan priestess. Though her duties include offering herself to all men who will present gifts to the goddess Astarte, though Purdom's love for her ends in his ruin, she isn't a figure of pure evil—rather a woman who believes sincerely in her barbaric religion. Louis Calhern handles the real villainy, as priest of the god Baal. The film strays somewhat from the spirit of the gospel story, but just as melodrama it carries force. ADUL

Lana's beauty baits the trap that Calhern sets for Purdom

Cell 2455, Death Row

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ In its cool and merciless detachment, this close-up of a youthful criminal approaches the manner of a documentary. And William Campbell's acting is thoroughly in key—forthright, realistic, with no begging for sympathy. The picture is based on Caryl Chessman's autobiography, written in a California death cell, as the convicted man repeatedly won reprieves through legal knowledge gained in prison studies. There the story starts, with Campbell looking back over the wreckage of his young life. Robert Campbell, Bill's brother, appears in teenage sequences as a kid who begins by stealing food, then steals cars and becomes leader of a gang. Bill takes over as the adult criminal, intelligent but lacking in moral sense and the capacity to love anyone but himself. Marian Carr plays the minor role of his girl. ADUL

A word of distrust from Marian Carr enrages Bill Campbell

Often a bridesmaid...
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily . . . so quickly.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs
Like This . . . Instantly**

Listerine does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. *Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but

Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

**Listerine Clinically Proved
Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.



A Product of The Lambert Company

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
STOPS BAD BREATH**

**4 times better
than any tooth paste**

The End of the Affair

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Thanks to Deborah Kerr and Van Johnson, this thoughtful movie has marked appeal as a love story. However, its religious aspect is not presented so clearly. Deborah is the wife of a dignified British government official (Peter Cushing), whose affection is hidden behind stiff reserve. She and Van, a writer, fall desperately in love. But Van's doubting and



Discovering too late what Deborah has been going through, Van realizes he has lost her

jealous nature drives them apart. Through flashbacks that add to the complexity of the story, it is revealed that Deborah has been searching her beliefs, as well as her heart.

ADULT

Tight Spot

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Ginger Rogers does an admirable job in this neat little crime thriller. With both humor and credible emotion, she plays a tough, pert convict who is temporarily released from jail and given a taste of luxurious hotel living. Her testimony can doom a racket boss—if she chooses to give it and if some hired gunman doesn't silence her first. Both federal attorney Edward G. Robinson and detective Brian Keith try to persuade her to talk—Keith with a romantic approach.

FAMILY

To Paris with Love

RANK, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In an airy farce with lovely Paris backgrounds, Alec Guinness plays another of his stuffy British gentlemen, forever getting into unseemly situations. A widower, he takes son Vernon Gray on a holiday in France. Each thinks the other is too little experienced with women. So Alec plots to get Vernon together with a piquant young salesgirl, while her mature and charming boss is Vernon's choice for Alec. But the ladies have other ideas about how to pair off. The mix-up gets unscrambled at leisure, with some giddy slapstick interludes.

ADULT

An Annapolis Story

A.A., TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Life at the U. S. Naval Academy gets a thorough survey in the absorbing, unpretentious account of two brothers' training there. John Derek is a brash youngster; Kevin McCarthy, the older and more serious-minded. Devoted at first, they become estranged after John's sudden romance with Kevin's fiancée (Diana Lynn). There's an actionful climax as the brothers fly jets over Korea.

FAMILY

Umberto D.

HARRISON AND DAVIDSON

✓✓✓ Heartbreaking and beautifully made, this Italian film focuses on a tragedy too common in big cities. In the title role, Carlo Battisti is an old man utterly alone in the world, trying hopelessly to get by on his small government pension. A young serving girl in the house where he rooms is kind to him; but it is only his devotion to his little dog, his dearest friend, that gives him an incentive to go on living. (Italian dialogue, English titles.)

ADULT

Canyon Crossroads

U.A.

✓✓ Here's a brisk Western with engagingly up-to-date trimmings. Richard Basehart and Phyllis Kirk make a rich uranium strike, only to find that claim jumpers are still a threat, as in the old days of gold. And a hero's situation is even tougher when the villain gunning for him is mounted on a helicopter instead of a horse.

FAMILY

Jump into Hell

WARNERS

✓✓ Though a tribute to the defenders of Dienbienphu is a worthy project, this war film doesn't do full justice to its theme. The characters are too lightly sketched to win interest as individuals. Among the Frenchmen volunteering to serve in Indochina are Kurt Kasznar, hefty and good-humored, and Jack Sernas, a young man in love with the wife of a fellow officer. Peter Van Eyck plays a Foreign Legionnaire who once served under Rommel; Arnold Moss is the commander.

FAMILY

Shotgun

A.A.

✓✓ In a tough, straightforward chase story, Sterling Hayden's a deputy seeking the killer of a U. S. marshal. He acquires unexpected company on the trail: Yvonne DeCarlo, an embittered woman who's been traveling with the outlaw's gang; Zachary Scott, a debonair "bounty hunter," making a living by killing wanted men to collect the reward. At the windup, the murderer is found—in an Apache camp. And it's the Indians who call the ground rules for the finish fight.

FAMILY

Mambo

PARAMOUNT

✓✓ An ornament to many Italian movies, Silvana Mangano doesn't come off too well in this English-language film, shot in Venice. She's hampered by unbecoming make-up and an undistinguished story.

As a young girl fighting poverty, she tries three escapes: a career with the Katharine Dunham dance troupe; life with an unscrupulous lover (Vittorio Gassman); marriage to a wealthy nobleman (Michael Rennie). Shelley Winters has a comparatively brief role as the dancers' manager, fiercely ambitious for Silvana.

ADULT

The Wayward Wife

I.F.

✓✓✓ Italy's luscious Gina Lollobrigida decorates a drama that's generally effective, in spite of its garish emphasis on sex and its confusing flashback technique. When Gina's romance with an aristocrat is shockingly cut short, she marries a young scientist (Gabriele Ferzetti). Unable to love her quiet husband, she is drawn into a shabby affair through the machinations of a middle-aged adventurer (Alda Mangini, doing a frightening portrait of sheer wickedness). Inevitably Gina becomes a blackmail victim. The dialogue's in English, dubbed with unusual smoothness and skill.

ADULT



Gina Lollobrigida's vacation is over, but she happily believes it has brought her real love

Cult of the Cobra

✓✓ Moviegoers who aren't feeling too skeptical will get a satisfactory quantity of chills from this creepy fantasy. Richard Long, Marshall Thompson and four other GI's, somewhere in Asia, invade the temple of a snake-worshipping cult—and thereby draw a curse on themselves. One is promptly killed; vengeance pursues the others even to New York and civilian life. Agent of the cult is Faith Domergue, who has the useful ability to turn herself at will into a deadly cobra. But even the snakewoman isn't immune to love.

FAMILY

DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

Palmolive Soap Can Give You A Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

See the difference with your own eyes!



1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.



DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY RESULTS!

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY
YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS
CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. It lets you massage a full minute *without irritation*.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

*Mild and
Gentle*

ROMANCE

NEW
BRIGHT FUTURE

SPRING GARDEN

MAY QUEEN

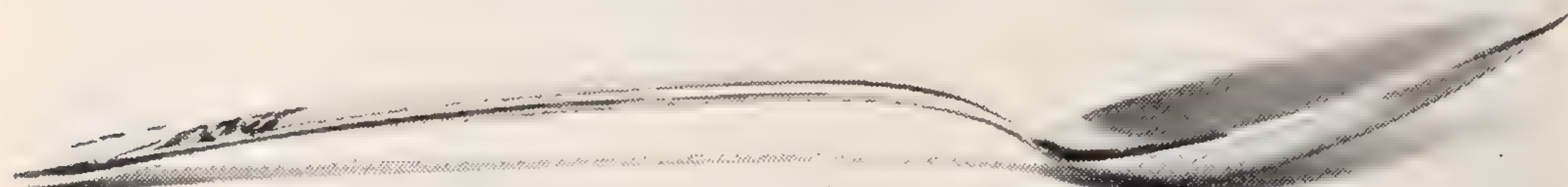
DANISH PRINCESS



You can see
your shining future in

the world's most precious silverplate

Like love, Holmes & Edwards has a glow that lasts! It's the only silverplate with extra sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces . . . for extra years of silver beauty. 52-piece set for 8 in chest, \$84.50.



Two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls
and handles promise longer, lovelier silver life.

HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE

MADE ONLY BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

MOVIES

continued

The Big Combo

✓✓ Efficient acting by a good cast heightens the impact of a blood-spattered cop-and-robbers story. Cornel Wilde's stubborn detective out to smash the syndicate headed by Richard Conte. Conte's unhappy girl friend, Jean Wall, is a figure of pathos; so are Helen Walker as his discarded wife, who knows too much, and Brian Donlevy, as his cowardly lieutenant. Minor roles are well played too, with Lee Van Cleef and Earl Holliman scoring as a deadly but semi-comic pair of triggermen.

Rage at Dawn

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A modest but convincing account of banditry in the Middle West of 1866 gives Randolph Scott a vigorous action role. He's sent by a detective agency to break up a gang of outlaw brothers that dominates an Indiana community, corrupting its officials. With his assistant (Kenne Tobey), he pretends to be a bandit himself, maneuvers the brothers (notably Forrest Tucker and J. Carroll Naish) in becoming his confederates. But the outlaw's law-abiding sister (Mala Powers) complicates matters.

Seven Angry Men

✓✓ The saga of John Brown has a natural fascination and power, somewhat cut down here by unimaginative handling. Raymond Massey plays the fanatic who wants to free the slaves, by violence if necessary, and doesn't hesitate to sacrifice his own sons in the fight. Sick of bloodshed, some of them desert him, but Jeffrey Hunter and Tom Irish remain loyal to the fate. The finish, at Harper's Ferry. Debra Paget, affecting as the girl who marries Jeff in spite of her fears.

The Looters

✓✓ After a promising start, this medieval drama slips into implausibility. At a hunting lodge in the Colorado mountains, Rory Calhoun has a self-invited guest, no-good but ingratiating Ray Danton, ex-GI pal seeking a handout. Both go to the rescue of a downed transport plane, finding Julie Adams (an apparently shady lady) among the few survivors. The trek out of the wilderness is extra risky because the plane carried a shipment of cash, rousing murderous greed. Mounted troops figure in the finale.

Revenge of the Creature

✓✓ That thing from the Black Lagoon is back. This time an expedition headed by John Bromfield captures the prehistoric Gill-man and takes him to sad imprisonment in a Florida aquarium. Scientists John Agar and college girl Lori Nelson study the creature's reactions (falling in love with each other while they're at it). Then the Gill-man escapes, to terrorize the seacoast. He's vanquished at the end—but is he dead???

Courtin' Red

Innocent — as dynamite!



Dress by Anne Fogarty—matched to Courtin' Red

Rich in lip-softening lanolin!

This is it! . . . the most dazzling color ever to make a man's heart thump, th-ump! . . . Pond's "Lips" in teasing *bright*, clear red, tempting *true* red. Creamiest, smoothest, stay-on-longest color! *Never* any "hard" look, any parched patchiness. Pond's "Lips" is *rich* in lip-softening lanolin! Tonight, wear Courtin' Red—and look as innocent as—*dynamite!* Only 29¢ . . . and in smart new golden swivel case, only 59¢. Prices plus tax.



**Pond's
Lips**

— stay on . . . and on . . . and on!

Perfect Fit

any way you look at it!



Exclusive elastic-side panels give with your every motion

Cross-cross elastic front dips low, divides divinely!

Elastic back sets lower and stays lower!

New Playtex *living* Bra

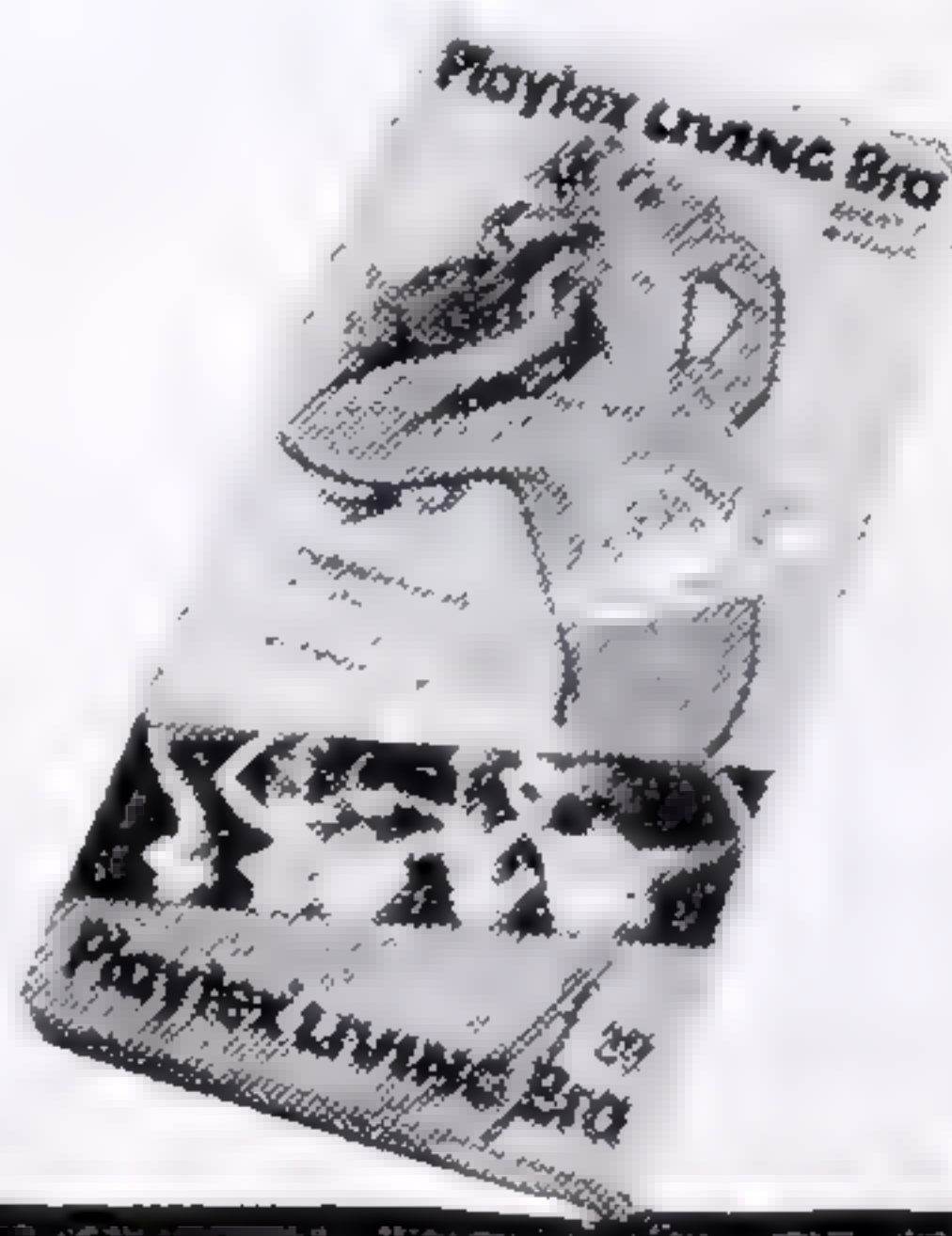
OF ELASTIC AND NYLON



Only Playtex Living Bra has this exclusive self-adjusting bias cut elastic-side panel* that gives perfect fit, prevents gapping!
*Pat. Pend.

"Custom-contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone . . . no matter what size or in-between size you are! The secret is in the bias cut *elastic-side* panel that *self-adjusts* to your measurements. The drama is in the nylon cups that lift and lure into the high, round look of Paris. The magic is the Playtex Living Bra . . . the most fitting, most beautifying, fastest selling bra in America! See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it!

Look for the **PLAYTEX† LIVING† BRA*** in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming **WHITE**, wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A-40C **\$3.95** †Trademark *U.S.A. and foreign patents pending



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THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS

NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

EARLY IN WORLD WAR II, in the town of Arnhem, Holland, a young girl, twelve years old, hesitantly made her way down one of the side streets.

This is the way this story begins, and it is more like a play, a drama, the product of a writer's imagination than it is like life. Yet it is a true story.

War is a little word to describe a big disaster. Everything about it is big. Millions of men in uniform, hundreds of thousands wounded, thousands dying. Billions of dollars, thousands of planes and tanks and ships, tons of food and ammunition and supplies. Off the front pages and in the heart and mind of a small girl, war is many things—all of them personal.

Food so scarce that hunger pains are a constant companion. Half a loaf of bread and a pound of potatoes—a week's menu for the girl and her mother. Jewish playmates rounded up by Nazi soldiers, herded into trucks as you watched with terror, driven away to . . . Yes, where to? The unforgettable sight of a brother taken away by force, to slave in a labor camp. A cousin, a member of the royal court, killed. An uncle, one of the best-known lawyers in the country and one of her best-loved relatives, stood up in front of a firing squad with other hostages, and slain—as a warning to other citizens not to work for the Underground.

Despite the dangers and pitfalls, possibilities of capture and death, the girl did what she could. She distributed anti-Nazi literature for the Underground. She helped to gather food and, at great personal risk, to take it to Allied pilots who were in hiding until their passage to England could be arranged. On her way to and from school,

Continued



Modern Lowboy in blond oak. Storage compartment opens at top; drawer in base. Model #2920. \$79.95*

For trousseau collecting...or blanket protecting ...a Lane is a girl's best friend!

Gathering a trousseau is more fun when you do it a little at a time. Your lovely things stay fresh in a Lane, and friends and relatives have plenty of chance to add to the collection.

After you're married, a Lane Cedar Chest keeps blankets and woolens clean

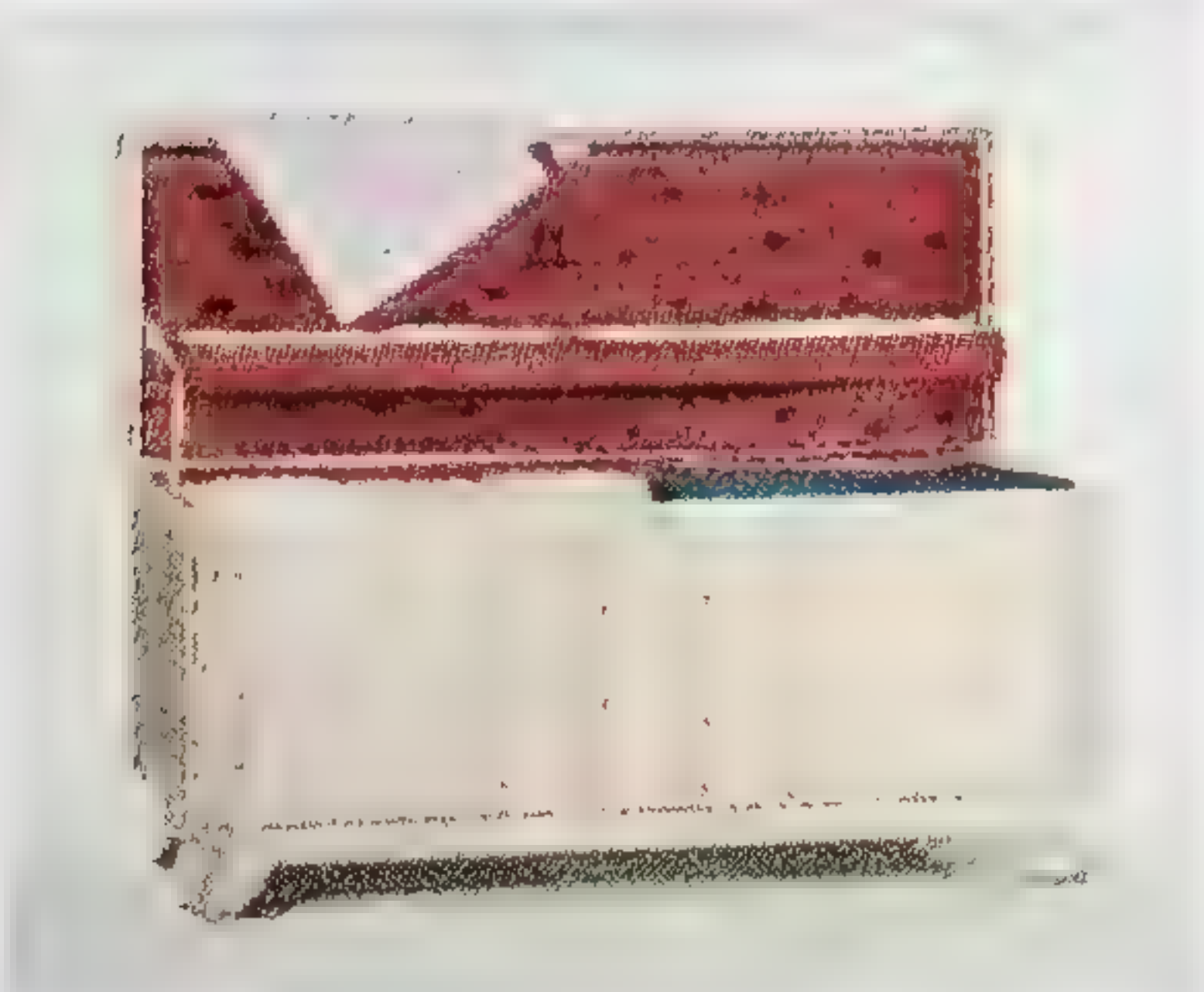
and fragrant—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

Lane Chests are sold at most leading furniture and department stores—and *just one nice garment saved from moths can pay for your Lane!*

Also makers of Lane Tables

Lane is the **ONLY** pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

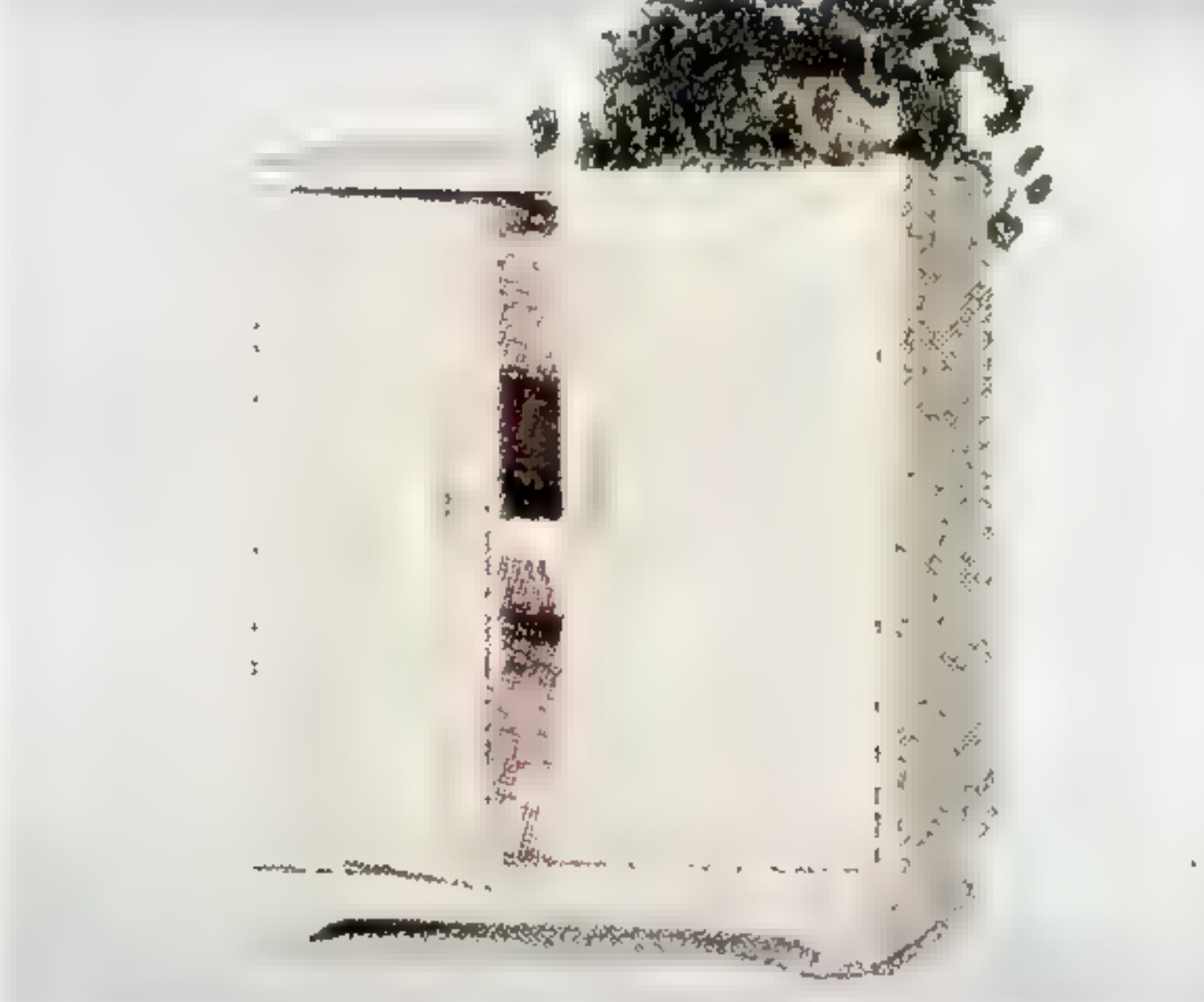
* \$5.00 higher in the West due to greater freight costs—and higher in Canada.



Attractive Modern Chest in blond oak. Has Lane's convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3132. \$59.95*



Handsome 18th-Century Chest in mahogany with self-lifting tray. Model #2601. \$59.95*



Space-Saver Chest in blond oak. Opens at front; has 2 pull-out shelves. Model #C-128. \$69.95*



Smart Modern Chest in blond oak. Has convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3127. \$49.95*

Lane Cedar Chests

Many as
low as

\$49.95*
Easy terms

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



says *Candy Jones*
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Beauty Director of New York's Noted Conover School

Countless Conover Students have proved this wholesome beauty care!

"The Conover School teaches ambitious girls how to improve their personal appearance for top careers in every field," says Candy Jones. "Since an eye-catching complexion is a 'must', I urge our students to use gentle Cashmere Bouquet Soap. I know from years of experience that any kind of skin—dry, normal or oily—thrives on this wholesome beauty care. The 'beauty-wash' method we teach at Conover's can produce the same exciting results for you that it does for Conover Career girls. Twice a day cream Cashmere Bouquet's fluffy, fragrant lather over your face with your fingertips. Rinse and pat dry. Then see how quickly this regular care brings you that fresh, glowing Conover-Girl Complexion!"



Complexion and big bath sizes

P.S. Getting your picture taken? Make the most of your Cashmere Bouquet complexion by using medium—never dark—lipstick, slightly darker powder than normal, and moderate eye make-up.

Candy

THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

continued

she frequently carried messages for the Underground workers in her shoes.

To help raise money for the Underground, the girl took part in "Black Performances"—secret concerts held in private homes. Wearing costumes her mother fashioned from old curtains, the girl danced her versions of the classic ballets to the piano accompaniment of a friend. And always, as she whirled and pirouetted, she strained to hear, above the music, the knock of the secret police at the door.

It never came, fortunately. Her luck held for years—and then, suddenly, it happened. Two months before liberation, with the smell of freedom in the air, the German police began to round up women to work in their military kitchens. The girl and a dozen others were picked right off the street. On the march to headquarters her guards



Dame Fortune made up for the years of horror

stopped to corral a few more. Taking a long chance, the girl turned and ran. She stayed in hiding, in a damp, dark cellar, for a month.

Finally, the war came to an end and people picked up the shattered pieces of their lives. As if to make up for the years of horror, Dame Fortune showered good fortune upon the young girl. Her first Broadway play a great success! Her first motion picture, one of the triumphs of the year, also won her an Academy Award as Hollywood's best actress. And, to top it all, marriage to the man she loved. The courageous little girl?—AUDREY HEPBURN.

Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific coast area at 5:30 P.M., PDT Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Weekend, 3-5 P.M., EDT Sundays, over NBC-Radio. Consult newspapers for time and station



Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Bewitching" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this new "Sunrise" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Rosebud" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.



Soft, Natural right from the start...that's the "Sea Breeze" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.

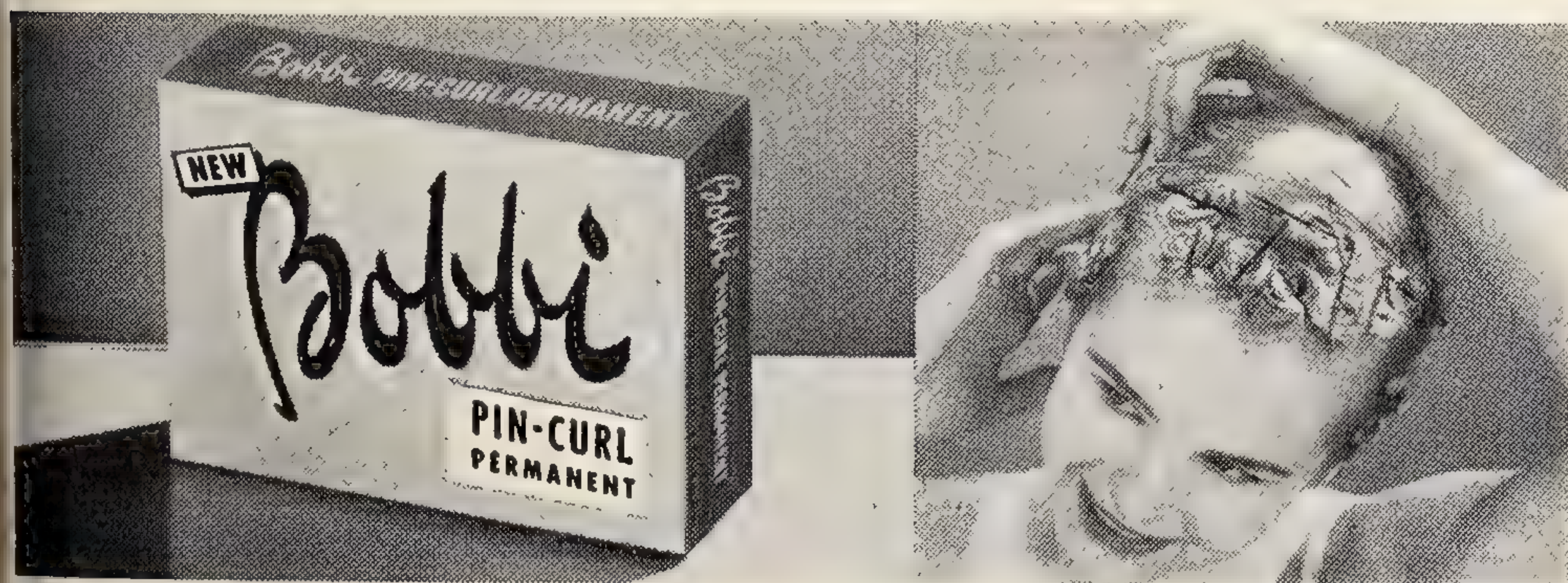
Only softly feminine hairstyles here because these hairdos were made with Bobbi, the special pin-curl permanent—never tight, never fussy

These pictures show—better than we can tell—the softly feminine curls and waves you get with a Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. A Bobbi is specially designed to look soft and natural from the very first day.

A Bobbi gives your hair the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves are exactly where you want them. And they stay there week after week after week. Just put your hair in pin-curls. Apply Bobbi's Special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later, rinse with water. Let dry, brush out...that's all.

If you love softly feminine hairdos, then Bobbi is the pin-curl permanent for you.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobbi pins. \$1.50 plus tax.



Sidney and friend. Oscar made first appearance in Skolsky column in '34

*Tears from Kelly, charm from Brando
—and two Oscars watch the kiss!*

Said Eva Marie Saint, thrilled with Oscar, "I may have the baby now!"



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I'M STUBBORN about this minor matter: I'm still waiting for anyone to show me in print the Academy Award called Oscar before March 16, 1934 when I first used the name . . . Just goes to show you can't judge an actor from his screen personality: Marlon Brando picked up his Oscar in a full-dress suit and gave thanks in complete, full-length sentences. Grace Kelly, the cold unemotional lady of the screen, broke down in front of everybody and accepted her Oscar bawling, while Eva Marie Saint, the quiet, shy little girl of "Waterfront," stole the show and won everyone's heart as she bubbled and exclaimed enthusiastically, "I'm so excited—I may have the baby right now!" (Which she did three days later—a boy.)

Frank Sinatra often makes it tough for people who sincerely like him to like him . . . I'm looking forward to "Guys and Dolls," and I hope Sam Goldwyn doesn't give it too much *class* . . . Would Rock Hudson really let them name him Rock if he had to do it all over again? . . . Whenever I hear the song "Down the Old Ox Road," I think of Bing Crosby . . . As Noel Coward put it: How potent cheap music can be! . . . Why do most actresses think it's sexier to close their eyes during a screen kiss? I'm not disputing, only asking. I can be convinced either way . . . Mr. Sandman, add to my list of dream girls Shirley MacLaine . . . Sunset Blvd.

is the longest of Hollywood's thoroughfares and on it you can see fire stations designed to look like mansions . . . Hollywood is a great town and even Oscar Levant likes it when he complains: "I'm lazy enough without the interference of tropical weather." . . . At Jean Simmons' party an unemployed starlet told a working starlet: "The coat looks lovely. You'll wear it a long time. They say it has nine lives."

Audrey Hepburn, who flourishes with charm, does a great impersonation of Jerry Lewis in semi-privaciness . . . I'd still match Ava Gardner with any silent movie siren. "The past," as Finley Peter Dunne put it, ". . . always looks better than it was; it's only pleasant because it isn't here." For a today character to match with yesteryear's give me Shelley Winters, who told me she liked her performance in a certain movie and "every time I see the picture I get better."

Marlon Brando is courteous and considerate. I can only judge people and tell you about them as I find them . . . I also find Anne Baxter much sexier off the screen than on, because off she's herself and isn't trying to act sexy. This makes me remember Anne Baxter's first movie, "The Great Profile," with, of course, John Barrymore. After doing a scene with overzealous Anne, John commented: "Must

she swim, too." . . . Hollywood is the kind of town where the penthouse is on the fourth floor of the apartment building . . . Don't be afraid of failure, I often tell the newcomers as we sit and chat at Schwab's. Go through the careers of Joan Wayne or Jeff Chandler, Debbie Reynolds or Mitzi Gaynor and you'll find failure. But no one remembers the failures, only the successes. Everyone can tell you that . . . Mamie Van Doren claims she doesn't wear anything beneath her evening gown because there isn't any room to put anything . . . Whenever I watch a foreign movie with English subtitles I get as weary as I do when I watch a tennis match . . . A studio executive objected to the demands of a new contract by a new popular actress by shouting: "A hundred grand a picture and fifty percent of the gross for—for not as much as Jane Russell!"

Judy Holliday is no phony. She does all her acting for the camera. And I wish they'd get her back here in front of the movie camera soon . . . Liberace used to play the piano in saloons. Then, believe it or not, his name and billing was Buster Keys . . . Edmund Purdom had this sign on his portable dressing room door: "Do Not Enter Without Knocking. Do Not Even Knock." . . . Groucho Marx discussing a ball player: "He didn't hit hard enough to be a wife beater." . . . Well, that's Hollywood for you!

HE: "Get out of that shower!"



SHE: "Lay one fat hand on my person, you cop, and the D.A. will hear about it!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

GINGER ROGERS · EDWARD G. ROBINSON
BRIAN KEITH

in the "sleeper" of the year

"TIGHT SPOT"

FLASH!

So much loud, long,
laughter keeps flashing
through the year's big
suspense adventure that
you'll call it the year's
best comedy, too!

**ANOTHER
SMASH!**



Screen Play by WILLIAM BOWERS • Produced by LEWIS J. RACHMIL • Directed by PHIL KARLSON

**No other
deodorant
gives you
so much...**



- STOPS PERSPIRATION ODOR....instantly
- HANDY STICK FORM.... no mess, no waste
- SURE PROTECTION, all day long
- THRIFTY.... big stick lasts for months
- GENTLE, HARMLESS to skin or clothes
- DAINTY.... greaseless, never sticky
- FRAGRANT and luxurious as a lipstick

**...for
so little!**

**LANDER
CHLOROPHYLL
STICK
DEODORANT**



Cute Marisa Pavan is now the reason why Arthur Loew, Jr. is walking on air



With Edmund Purdom and Linda Christian it's now a matter of when and where?

Greg's frank statement settles all rumors about Peck's and Passani's plans

BY FLORABEL MUIR



HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

THE WAITING GAME being adroitly played by all the principals of the Linda Christian-Tita Purdom and Edmund Purdom triangle, while Tyrone Power watches from afar in New York with both Mary Roblee, John Ford's pretty niece, and Annabella, his ex, to console him. Though talking pretty big, Edmund has been appeasing Tita with half his grand-a-week paycheck while Linda, her nest already well feathered by Ty, has those diamonds valued at \$132,000 given to her by an over-ardent suitor who'd neglected to pay Van Cleef & Arpels for 'em, safely stashed away in Mexico—a nice pokeful of mad money? Whispers getting pretty loud that Linda and Edmund will wed when and if feasible.

Jane Withers' budding new romance with Jake Ehrlich, Jr., son of a top San Francisco attorney. . . . Rhonda Fleming's planned Mexico divorce and the way she's playing the field with a vengeance, with shoe man Harry Karl only serving as a blind for more serious philanderings. . . . How Martha Hyer had to move her make-up kit from Paramount to Universal-International before she discovered George

Nader and vice versa, leaving her Texas oil millionaire high and dry.

The way Eartha Kitt revealed that she was really socked where it hurt by the collapse of her romance with Arthur Loew, Jr., who apparently has taken up seriously with Marisa Pavan, Pier Angeli's sister.

Whether Marlon Brando and Rita Moreno really mean anything to each other. . . . Gregory Peck's frank avowal that Veronique Passani, the French chick, is to become the stepmother of his three sons and chatelaine of his Pacific Palisades mansion—and his quietly voiced insistence that the attachment had nothing whatever to do with his estrangement from Greta because he and Veronique did not meet until long after his marriage had soured for good. . . . What goes on with Debbie Reynolds and Eddi Fisher, who've now postponed their marriage until midsummer, with Eddi too occupied with New York and London singing engagements. . . . The continued squabbling of attorneys over the Victor Mature divorce settlement with his wife—and her demands keep getting larger.

Puts Dancing Highlights In Your Hair!

NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!



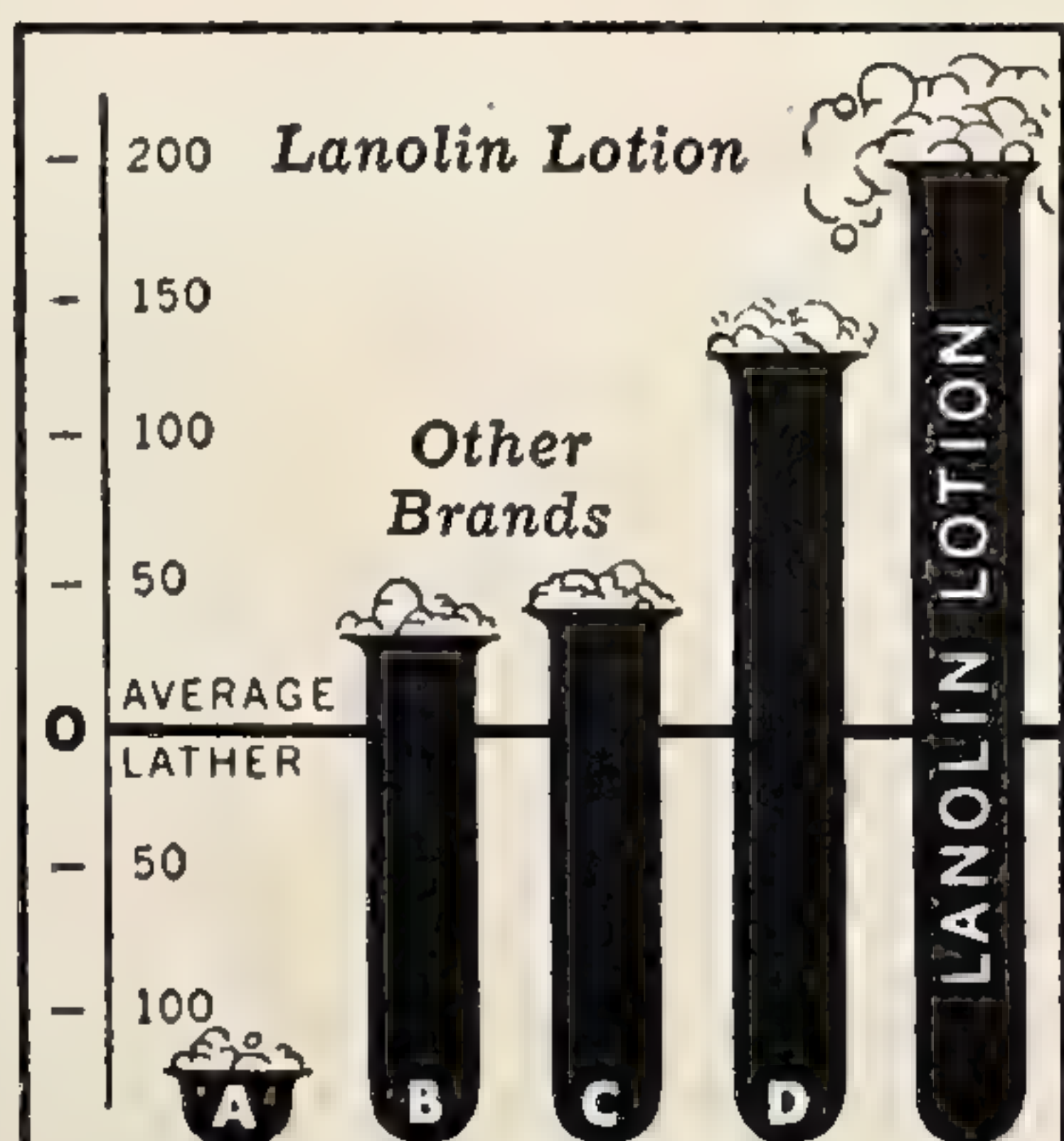
Hair's so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You'll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for *your hair*. For even problem hair — hair that's had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only *feels* twice as rich—it *actually is* twice as rich. Don't confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called "lotion" or "lanolin" shampoo you've ever tried before.

***PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO
OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS**



Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam Test.

Billows of Fleecy Foam Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has *any* shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy *lanolin* lather—lather that actually **POLISHES** hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—'til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way will be instantly visible to everyone — but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you've brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

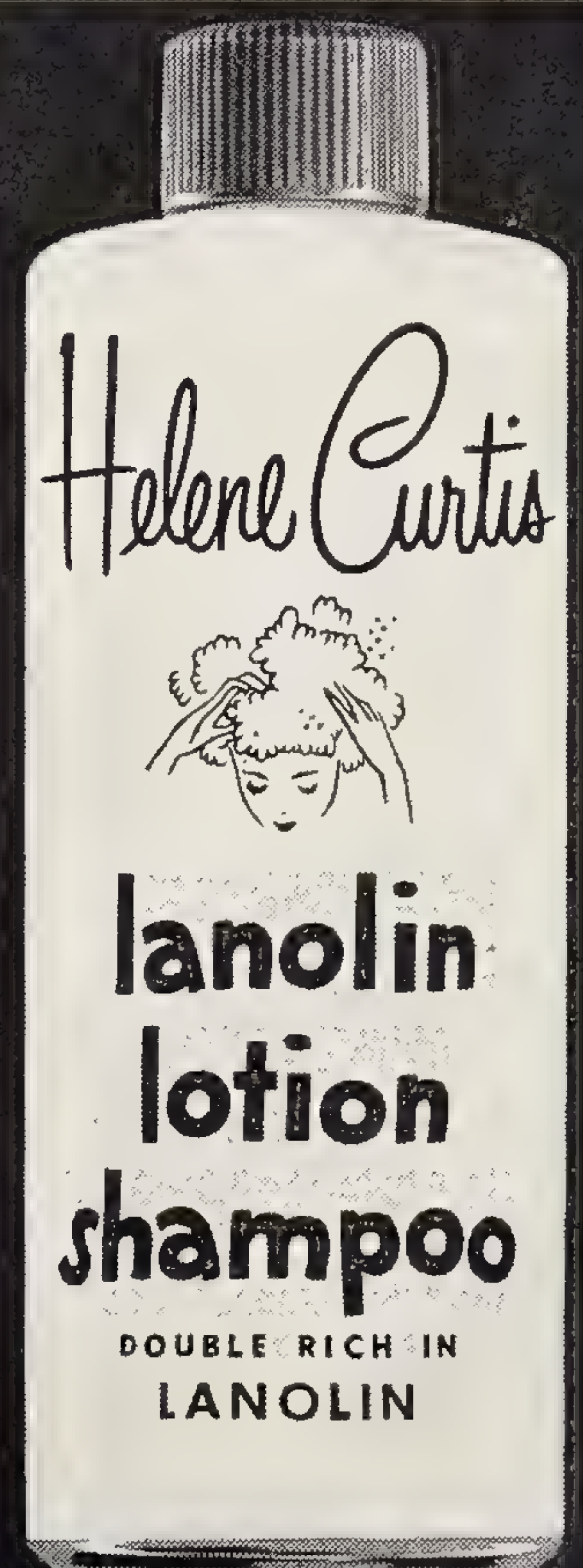
And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there's *twice* the lanolin in it! It *can't* dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back

deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in *your* hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone... the natural softness. Treat *your* hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or \$1. On sale everywhere!

**OCEANS OF LATHER
EVEN IN
HARD WATER!**

An amazing *built-in* water softener in this Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the *hardest* water!



29c, 59c, \$1

Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how *essential* a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE's Many Advantages

Scientific tests *proved* no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so **POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE** yet **SAFE** to body tissues as ZONITE. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It *completely* deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



**ZONITE—The Ideal “ALL-PURPOSE”
Antiseptic-Germicide**

Mike Connolly with Pier Angeli corner Debbie Reynolds and try to make her own up and confess

BY MIKE CONNOLLY



IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

“**W**ho,” I asked Debbie Reynolds, Eddie Fisher’s fiancée, “is your favorite singer in the whole world?”

Miss Effervescence thought it over, then tactfully replied: “I like music—all kinds of music!”

Debbie hedged some more. “I probably shouldn’t say this—single out only a few—but I’m very fond of Judy Garland’s singing, always have been.

“I also love Doris Day’s forthright singing style. And Peggy King’s. Peggy was under contract with the rest of us here at M-G-M for a whole year, and she and I got to know each other real well.”

I interrupted: “You’re side-stepping, Debbie.”

“Hear me out on Peggy,” she said. “I love Peg’s singing for the heart she puts into it and the way she makes her personality shine through—even through a tomato-sauce plug!”

“I also love to listen to Mae Barnes, who was with Shirley Booth in ‘By the Beautiful Sea’ on Broadway. Then there’s Pearl Bailey; and that wonderful free-style singer, Frances Fay. And . . .”

I interrupted again. “You’ve dodged the subject long enough—who’s your favorite *male* singer?”

Without batting an eye, Eddie Fisher’s fiancée replied, “I like all of them! Oh, I’ll admit that occasionally one of the boy singers makes a record that’s better than any of the others.”

“Such as?”

“Such as, ‘How Do You Speak to an Angel?’ Eddie recorded that one. He made it long before I knew him.”

“When you hear it today, do you imagine Eddie’s singing it directly to you?” I asked.

“Oh, now really! I don’t think of myself as an angel, if that’s what you

mean! I think of it as being dedicated to people in love everywhere—and also to people who love that kind of song. My mother, for example, she, too, thinks it’s the best recording Eddie has ever made. I will admit though, that when I first heard Eddie sing it, I thought to myself, I’d like to know that boy.”

I asked her about “Fanny,” Eddie’s version of the song from the Broadway show of the same name. “When Eddie sings ‘Fanny,’” I pointed out, “it seems to me I can distinctly hear him change a word here and there.”

“You’re right, he does change a word. He changes it from ‘Fanny’ to ‘Franny,’ ever so slightly. He thinks no one else catches it but me. My real name isn’t Debbie, as you know, but Mary Frances. And my nickname is Franny. So that’s the way he signals to me. It was one of our secrets.”

“Any other favorites?”

“Frank Sinatra is one of my all-time favorites. He, like Frances Fay, sings great old standards, like ‘Someone to Watch Over Me’ and ‘Something to Remember You By’—and no matter what mood I’m in I can always find a Sinatra record to match it.

“Bing Crosby is another great in my book. And so’s Vic Damone—and Pier Angeli agrees with me about Vic! And so’s Nat ‘King’ Cole—as a matter of fact, the ‘King’ is just about the greatest, isn’t he?”

“I’m the reporter,” I said. “I only ask the questions, you answer them. What do you think?”

“Well, I guess maybe not, after all I guess Eddie Fisher is still the greatest.”

“Prejudice, thy middle name is Debbie. And thank you, Franny.”

Which closed our interview.

How to make your life a bed of roses...

Relax to the satin feel of flowers on your skin,

the heady scent of flowers in the air...

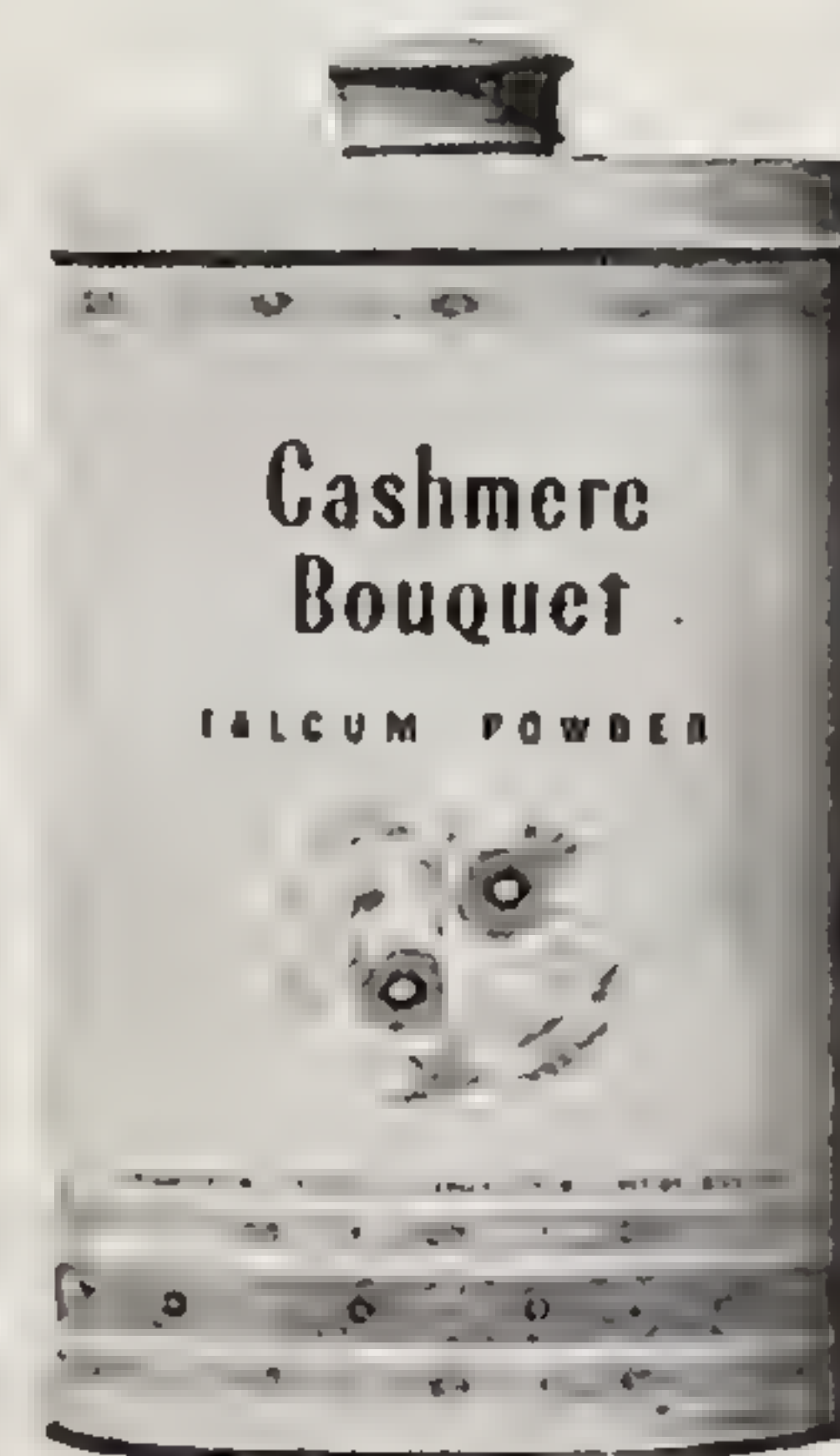
the sheer luxury of having

every inch of you soothed and

sweetened with Cashmere Bouquet

cashmere bouquet

Talcum Powder



59¢

29¢

Plus Tax



READERS INC...



SOAP BOX:

Answering Margaret Overby's letter in the April issue: It is regrettable to read a letter such as yours. It portrays our youth of today as greedy, irresponsible and certainly not in accordance with our democracy that each man may think for himself. I do not believe that Eddie Fisher's career depends upon whether he chooses to marry or not, but upon the respect and admiration he has earned by his dignity, wholesomeness and undeniable talent as a vocalist and performer. Most of us, whatever our age, want those we hold dear to be happy, and I do not choose to think you are typical of Eddie's (or anyone's) fan-club members, for that would only confirm the misguided opinion of a lot of us older folks that fan clubs are silly and serve no good or lasting purpose.

According to your standards, Eddie will lose either way. If he marries, he loses the support of possessive little girls like you, and if he does not marry the girl he chooses, he loses the respect of his many fans of all ages (and his own self respect), because, by the latter, he will deny what his personality implies when he visits our homes via tv—integrity, responsibility and wholehearted service to us all. Eddie is building a good life and future, the American way. Let us help him.

MRS. E. BURNS
New Albany, Indiana

I bought the March issue of PHOTOPLAY today and eagerly scanned it for a mention of Bill Campbell, who is one of my favorite screen actors. I saw him this past week in



Answer to a maiden's prayer

"Battle Cry" and he did a tremendous job as *Ski*. Surely now, I thought, PHOTOPLAY will have at least a small picture of him.

Nope, no small picture, and not even a mention of him. I trust that within the foreseeable months, PHOTOPLAY will feature Bill Campbell.

MERLIN F. TEED
Brooklyn, New York

Why does everyone keep making remarks about James Dean? In my opinion, he is the greatest actor in the field of television and will be second to none in movies. He is frequently compared to Marlon Brando, as being "odd" and "different." The only comparison between the two is in the acting department, where they share top honors.

I saw Mr. Dean at the premieres of "Sabrina" and "A Star Is Born." One time I called to him to sign my program and he

not only did so, but he took the time to autograph it especially to me. He is a perfect gentleman and a very nice person.

I think he's the greatest and will one day be as famous as he deserves to be.

BARBARA ELEN
Downey, California

CASTING:

I have just read the book "Pray Love, Remember" by Mary Stolz and I think it would make a wonderful movie, with Lori



A new role for Lori?

Nelson as *Dody* and Guy Madison as *Ben*. Also with Shirley Booth and Marlon Brando.

DOROTHY PEMBERTON
Broadus, Montana

I have just read the book "River of the Wolves," written by Stephen W. Meader, and I think it would be a wonderful movie with the following cast: *David Foster*, Tab Hunter; *Nancy Morrison*, Debbie Reynolds; *Jed Foster*, Chill Wills; *Maria Foster*, Marjorie Main; *Nequanis*, Vince Edwards; *Captain Tucker*, Percy Kilbride.

RENE SALINAS
McAllen, Texas

Quite recently Columbia announced that it intended to film D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers."

This is an excellent idea and it would make a truly brilliant movie with Richard Burton as *Paul Morel*, Claire Bloom as *Miriam*, Grace Kelly as *Clara* and Judith Evelyn as *Gertrude Morel*.

Fred Zinnemann, who did a really terrific job on "From Here to Eternity," should direct.

FRANKLIN EVANS
New York, New York

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me who played *Amy* in "Young at Heart" and who is playing *Laurey* in "Oklahoma!" with Gordon MacRae?

SANDRA HOLMBERG
Chicago, Illinois
Elizabeth Fraser played *Amy*. *Shirley Jones* will play *Laurey*.—ED.

I would like to know who played the roles of *Curt* and *Arthur* in the film "Track of the Cat"?

ROBERT RAY
Atoka, Oklahoma

Curt, Robert Mitchum; *Arthur*, William Hopper.—ED.

In the movie "Passion," starring Cornel Wilde and Yvonne DeCarlo, did Miss DeCarlo play the parts of both *Rosa* and her sister? If not, who played the parts?

SUE FARLEY
New Matamoras, Ohio
Yes, Yvonne DeCarlo played both *Rosa* and her younger sister *Tonya*.—ED.

I have just seen "Battle Cry" and I thought it was wonderful. Please tell me who played *Hodge*, *Andy*, *Ski*, *Danny* and *Spanish Joe*.

GERALD KATZ
New Orleans, La.
Hodge, John Lupton; *Andy*, Aldo Ray; *Ski*, William Campbell; *Danny*, Tab Hunter; *Spanish Joe*, Perry Lopez.—ED.

Please tell me who played Tony Curtis (Jerry Florea) as a teenager in "Six Bridges to Cross."

NANCY MESKINNIS
Forest Hills, New York
TV actor Sal Mineo.—ED.

Could you please tell me why Harry Belafonte didn't do his own singing in the picture "Carmen Jones"? I've heard he has a very good voice.

SANDY SESSIONS
Boulder Creek, California
Quite right, Harry Belafonte is a nightclub singer. But Le Vern Hutcherson sang this part, which required an operatic voice.—ED.

I would like to know Scott Brady's real age. He has been twenty-nine for the past two or three years.

JUNE SQUSTAKOWSKI
Buffalo, New York
Scott was born September 13, 1924. That makes him thirty years old.—ED.



The question is personal

Could you please tell me if Ray Bolger and Bobby Van are related? I saw Bobby Van recently and he looks, dances and acts like Ray Bolger. Do you think he could be Ray Bolger's son?

MISS PAT HEIMBROCK
Louisville 5, Kentucky
Bobby Van's father is Harry King, choreographer for "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Annie Get Your Gun." His mother, Minna King, sang in vaudeville.—ED.

I dreamed I was a designing woman

in my maidenform[®] bra



The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette* in nylon taffeta, acetate satin, cotton broadcloth, dacron cotton batiste... from 2.00

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1955 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO. INC. COSTUME: ARNOLD SCAASI SATIN: BY SKINNER

LAUGHING STOCK

Picking up atmosphere for his role of a detective in a movie, Frank Lovejoy went on a couple of raids with the L. A. police department juvenile squad. At a roundup of juvenile suspects by plainclothesmen, one bright hood snapped at the star:

"You look more like an actor than a cop, chum."

Studio executive, talking to his press agent:

"Now let's be fair about this picture. Just say it's terrific."

Dorothy Shay claims her accompanist Eddie O'Neal has gone Liberace one better. He has a piano shaped like a swimming pool.

When a Civil War movie, "The Siege at Red River," played in a Memphis, Tenn., theatre, the manager put these words on his marquee:

"See the Confederate Officer outwit the Yankee."

Actor, arguing with his agent: "I don't care what my salary is, so long as it's exorbitant."

Jimmy Nelson's description of a summer resort:

"A place on a lake with a girl on the make."

Mimic Will Jordan said it:

"Destiny shapes people's ends, but destiny was really inspired when it shaped Marilyn Monroe's."

Humphrey Bogart after warbling a Christmas Carol for a scene in "We're No Angels":

"This could be the end of my fan mail from Alcatraz."

Pinky Lee soothed a jittery TV actor who complained he was so nervous he'd eaten all his fingernails.

"Don't worry," said Pinky, "They're only seventy-five calories."

A rodeo gal, it's being told, was sent to a vocal coach by a studio executive who thought she had the makings of a star.

All day long, the sage-brush beauty went around muttering:

"How now bronco."

Barbara Stanwyck expected an answer of tradition or dedication when she asked a nineteen-year-old Blackfoot Brave on the "Cattle Queen" set the "why?" of his long braids.

"Dunno," he replied, "except they just keep growin'."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station

TWO RECKLESS MEN...

hanging
by a thread
from the
empty edge of
NOWHERE!

Nothing above
but the gale-lashed
sky. Nothing below
but sudden death.
And nothing to do
but take the chance
—for the money—and
the woman that made
the risk worth while!

THE LOOTERS

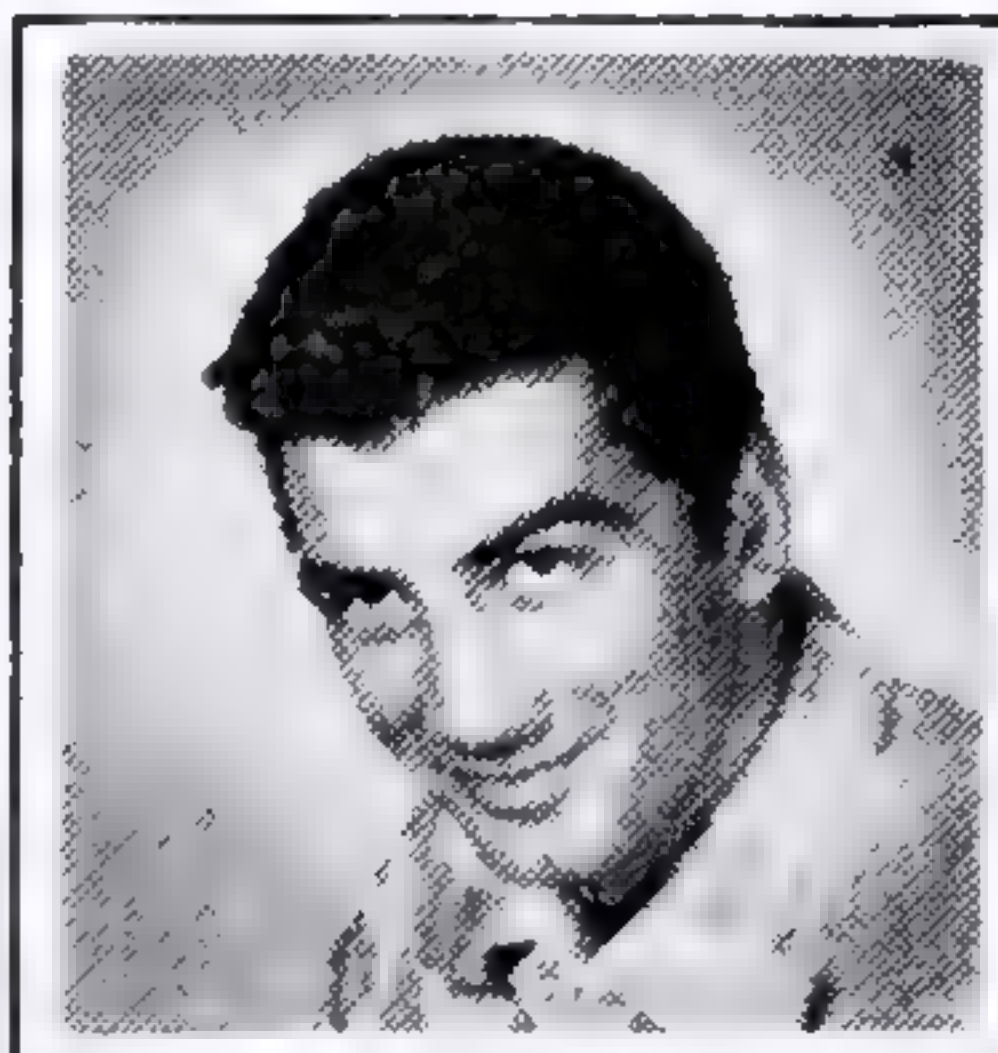
STARRING

RORY CALHOUN • JULIE ADAMS

and introducing
an exciting new
personality...

RAY DANTON

with **THOMAS GOMEZ • FRANK FAYLEN**



Directed by ABNER BIBERMAN • Screenplay by RICHARD ALAN SIMMONS
Produced by HOWARD CHRISTIE • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



Both of Mrs. Louis Sturtevant's hands were soaked in detergents. Only the right hand was treated with Jergens Lotion. Compare the two! *This photograph is unretouched.*

Exciting Proof: Jergens Lotion stops "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Your hardworking hands can be beautiful hands. If you're having the old, familiar trouble with everyday detergents (rough, red hands), listen to this!

Under supervision, 447 women soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand. Left hands were untreated.

In 3 or 4 days untreated hands were

roughened and reddened. The Jergens Lotion hands were soft, smooth and lovely.

Of all the lotions tested this way, not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. In addition, Jergens was *never* sticky or greasy.

Jergens Lotion has been steadily perfected for 50 years. You'll find it's just as good for wind and weather chapping as for "Detergent Hands," and it takes just seconds to use.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today. Notice how much heavier and creamier it is — with a delightful new fragrance. And still only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.



Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

*NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.

EXTRA REASON TO LOVE
AMERICA'S **NO. 1** BEAUTY SOAP!



like getting
this extra
one free!

4 FOR THE PRICE OF **3!**



Because you love value . . .
You've made
Personal Size Ivory
America's No. 1
Beauty Soap!



4 cakes of pure, mild Personal Size Ivory cost

about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

Extra savings—and in the bargain—the wonderful purity and famous mildness of Ivory! And remember, the *milder* your beauty soap, the prettier your skin. More doctors recommend pure, *mild* Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than any other soap. So, add it up: extra soap for your money . . . extra beauty for you—a radiant freshness America calls "That Ivory Look!"

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!



● Coming out of the movie theatre last evening the tall blond fellow with the crew cut walking in front of us suddenly stopped, leaned over to the pretty girl by his side and kissed her on the forehead. "That's because I'm glad I have you," he whispered. "Me, too," she answered back and held onto his arm a little tighter. You can put the

blame on *Marty*, for that's how he affects you, provided, of course, you've ever wished upon a star for someone special of your own, felt lonely even in a crowd or looked in the mirror and despaired of finding romance—for this is the story of *Marty*—and of all unloved ones—of a man and a girl and their heart-tugging search for love.

Lectured by his mother to marry, Marty Piletti (Ernest Borgnine) explains girls don't like him

Finally meeting a girl (Betsy Blair), Marty tells her his dreams, is hurt when she refuses his kiss





Donna Reed's "Dalmatian" swimsuit, matching towel caused quite a ripple among swim set at the Del Capri pool

Hard-working Janet Leigh relaxes at the Palm Springs Racquet Club in shirred lastex with flared cuffs at the bosom line



Like a gypsy in the sun, Mona Freeman, at Del Capri, tops off natty knee pants, shirt, with hat sporting own earrings!

INSIDE



For sunning by apartment house pool, Mitzi Gaynor wears terry cloth bloomer-suit, sweater to match midriff bands

Wonderful view, at Malibu! Elaine Stewart prefers the ocean to a pool, wears red lastex with bands of white



A day to remember at the Palm Springs Racquet Club was the day Janet Leigh came down for a brief vacation between pictures and graced the giant pool with her imposing form. The whistles could be heard coming from all directions—although the rumor is, the loudest were from husband Tony. And no wonder, he was the one (lucky man) who gifted Janet with her tame flame pink lastex swimsuit that caused such a run on pink suits in the vicinity. Because Mr. Curtis is partial to one-

piece swim wear with straps, that's the kind his loving wife always wears. Incidentally, Janet's one of the busiest of Hollywood's young lovelies. She's just finished "My Sister Eileen," and goes right into Jack Webb's "Pete Kelly's Blues." No wonder this month's PHOTOPLAY cover girl took a rest.

The one thing the young newlyweds, Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, are searching for while house-hunting is a pool. And it will be worth all the trouble for a pool is central social headquarters for all activity for the Beans and friends. Swimming is Mitzi's favorite way of keeping her 5'6" frame down to its trim 112. As you can see, Mitzi favors bloomer suits—and bloomer suits favor Mitzi!

Ever since "From Here to Eternity," fans and friends have been noticing a new blossoming in Donna Reed, gaining her a reputation of not only being one of Hollywood's top dramatic actresses but also one of the colony's loveliest glamour girls. For years, Donna nixed all pinup pictures, which was Hollywood's loss, judging from the fanfare she received when she showed up at the Hotel Del Capri in Westwood recently in a black and white "Dalmatian" suit. Everyone had spots and a star before their eyes.

Not everybody has to go in the water, feels Mona Freeman, who spent the day at the Hotel Del Capri and not once got her feet wet. But Mona had lots of fun watching the others, and the others had lots of fun watching Mona. She had a Golden Earrings hat on that was white and red with a wide, wide sun-shading brim, smooth-fitting black knee pants and a fiery print shirt. Mona, incidentally, is still Bing Crosby's number-one gal.

Elaine Stewart is one lass who will never be caught near a pool! Elaine likes the ocean—so much so this smart young one bought herself a small bungalow at Malibu. At the present, though, Elaine's not doing much water-wading; she's still recuperating from the ruptured appendix that sent her to the hospital during a recent good-will tour to Rio de Janeiro.

Of all places, Robert Wagner spent his twenty-fifth birthday in a lonely hotel room in Wichita, Kansas! Near-zero weather grounded all planes and Bob, tub-thumping for "White Feather," not only missed three parties in his honor, he couldn't even get through to friends or family on the telephone. Facing casting problems, Bob's "Lord Vanity" doesn't start now until June, so his parents wanted him to accompany them to Europe and it was okay with his studio—but *not* Bob! He loves his work, Hollywood and the many friends he's made here. He preferred to remain close to home!

Lovely Anna Maria (Continued on page 85)

STUFF

Water
Witchery



Donna Reed is in "The Far Horizons"; Janet Leigh, in "My Sister Eileen," "Pete Kelly's Blues"; Mona Freeman, in "Battle Cry"; Mitzi Gaynor, in "You're the Top"

Donna's suit, matching towel by Catalina; Janet's swimsuit by Rose Marie Reid; Mona's Golden Earrings hat by Bullocks, Westwood; Elaine's swimsuit by Rose Marie Reid



Doris Day's explosion of sunshine lights up everyone around her. But it's no shallow glow. For behind it is the heart of a girl who had to struggle for the happiness she shares

BY WYNN ROBERTS



With Marty, love came as a friend. With him she felt no strain, no rush, no fear

atom blonde!



She'd never acted, but singing won her first movie role. "With your kind of heart you can act," Mike Curtiz told her. Left, at recording session. Right, with Sinatra on "Young at Heart" set



Doris is also in M-G-M's "Love Me or Leave Me"

● It was a spring day, and the bedroom seemed cozy and warm as the late afternoon sun came into the room. And the little blond-haired girl, who sat quietly by the window watching the flock of birds singing on the large oak tree outside her window, forgot all about the cast on her leg and the many months she'd spent in bed.

It was spring and the birds were singing. She liked all kinds of songs and all kinds of music, even more so since she became ill. And slowly, unaware, she began humming softly to herself, "Embrace me, my sweet embraceable you. . . ." Before long she was singing the words softly, hardly above a whisper, so her father wouldn't hear her. He didn't approve of such music.

And yet, somehow when she sang, everything seemed better. Not that she didn't see her father's

point of view. There wasn't much music in such a song, at least not the kind of music a conservatory teacher with the name of Wilhelm Kapplehoff, who loved Bach and Beethoven and Brahms, would like.

But then, her father wasn't in his teens; he probably couldn't even remember how it was to be young. And how could he know how it was to be unable to walk, not to go outdoors, not to go to school? Perhaps love songs didn't mean anything when you got older, but when you're in your teens, love's important. She hadn't forgotten love even though she'd been cooped-up for ten long months waiting for her broken leg to heal. She couldn't explain to her dad how singing these love songs made her forget the nightmares which haunted her sleep. She'd go to sleep, then start up, screaming, dreaming that, once again, she saw that freight (Continued on page 80)



There's a reason for all that sighing.

And it isn't 'cause it's spring.

It's that new man, Nader

HE'S GEORGE !

BY DON ALLEN

● When George Nader was still a youngster living in the heart of Los Angeles within a bus ride of a half-dozen major movie studios, he came to a very important conclusion.

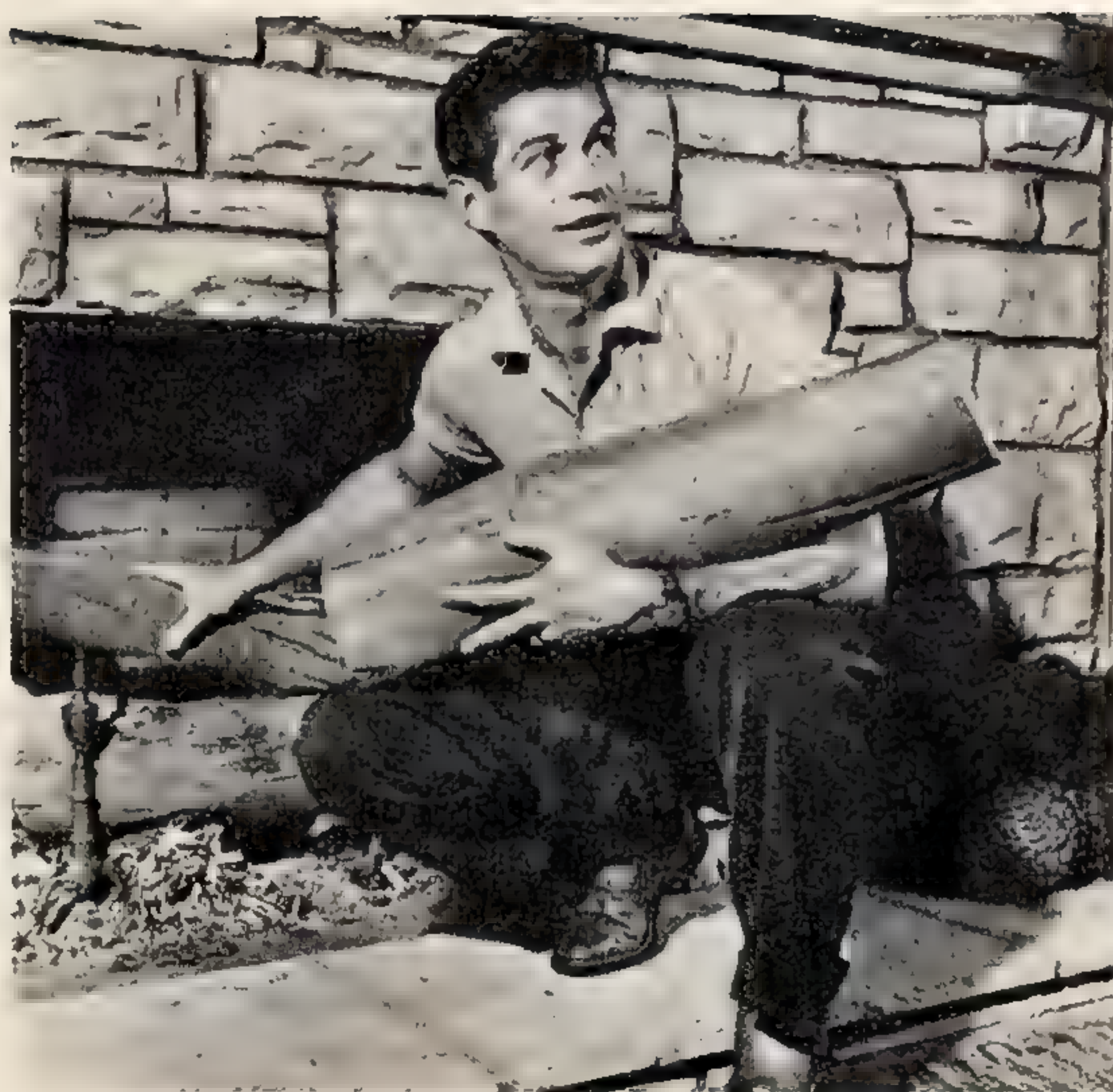
"All actors are jerks," said the young Mr. Nader.

And this was not the last time these dogmatic words were heard coming from George's direction. He was heard repeating them in high school; in his first year at college he pronounced them often and emphatically. For if old George knew anything, he told himself, he knew one thing—all actors were dopes.

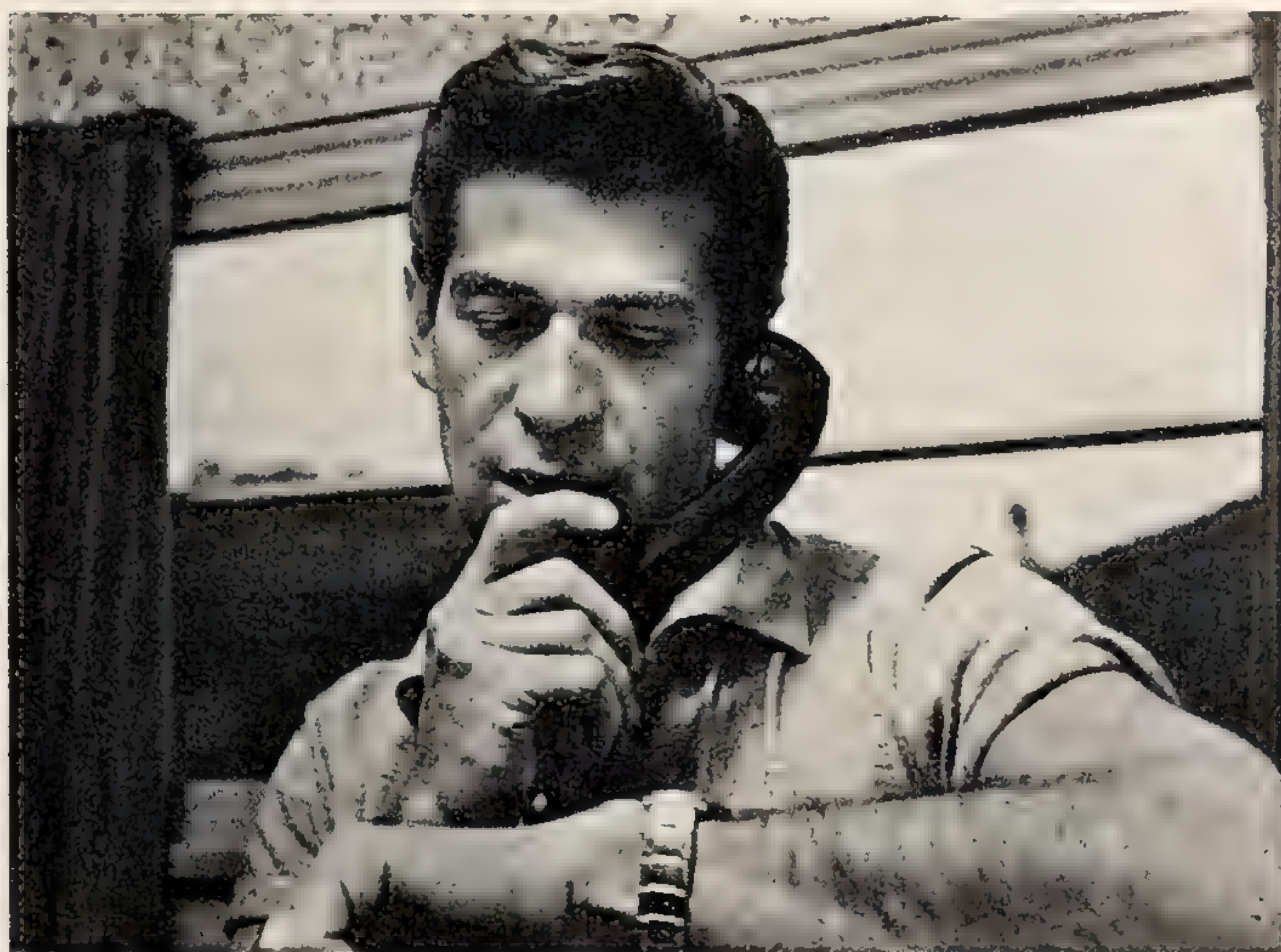
But that was years ago. . . . When asked recently, while planting a tender kiss on lovely Maureen O'Hara's lips on the U-I set of "Lady Godiva of Coventry," what his present views were on actors, George grinned broadly and reneged. "Work like this is a pleasure," he said, rather happily, too, considering he was currently employed as an actor.

This was just one of many occasions in which Mr. Nader had to eat those famous last words. And from the looks of things, George is going to have to do a lot more word-eating, because the boy seems destined for a long and successful career as an actor.

Having now appeared in seven pictures, getting his big break in "Six Bridges to Cross," his talents are thoroughly appreciated by moviegoers and widely recognized by his bosses at Universal-International, who candidly admit, "George is headed right for the top." They've backed their judgment (Continued on page 107)



No newcomer to acting, George Nader has appeared on radio, TV, movies, has the rugged appeal of Gable and Peck. An expert pianist, he plays Ravel for relaxation, keeps in trim by spending every free moment at the beach swimming, which is his favorite sport



George Nader is in "Lady Godiva of Coventry"

GOLD MEDAL

ANNE
FRANCIS

Anne's gown
by Maxwell Shieff

Anne Francis No jewelry except earrings, white fur stole, accent smart simplicity of Anne's chiffon, cocktail-length gown. Perfect dress casting—gloves to match satin midriff

The Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel glowed like an animated rainbow. It was the night of the Gold Medal Awards—but it seemed more like a fashion show. Jane Powell, vivid in American Beauty satin and Spanish coat of plum-colored silk . . . Jane Wyman, exquisite in creamy satin . . . jewels, furs, gleaming against the black dinner jackets of the men . . . making this PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Dinner party one of the most glamorous nights of the year.

Anne Francis is in "Battle Cry," "Blackboard Jungle"; June Allyson, in "Strategic Air Command," "The Shrike," "The McConnell Story"; Janet Leigh, in "My Sister Eileen," "Pete Kelly's Blues"; Kim Novak, in "Five against the House"; Barbara Rush in "Kiss of Fire"

JUNE
ALLYSON

June's evening ensemble by
Howard Shoup of Warners

GLAMOUR GIRLS



**JANET
LEIGH**

Janet's Gold Medal Gown
was designed by Maxwell Shieff

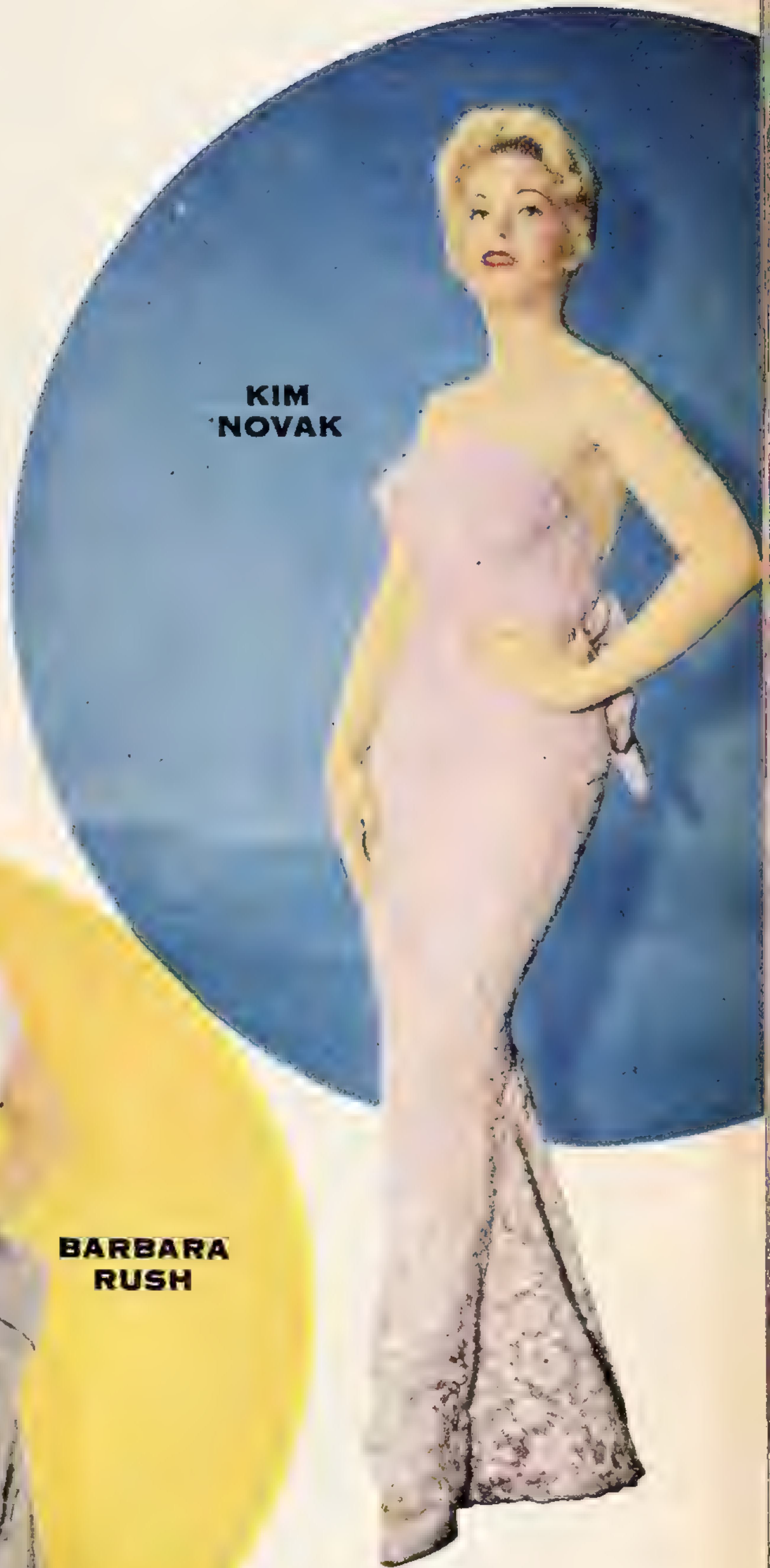
Janet Leigh An eye-catching figure in silk-jersey and red tulle, Janet's gown makes news with its torso-length top, demure neckline that dips to deep V in back!

June Allyson A graceful figure in shimmering satin, our Gold Medal winner tops her waltz-length gown with pert bellboy red velvet jack lined with white satin



**BARBARA
RUSH**

Barbara's evening gown is an original
by Sybil Connolly, top designer of Ireland



**KIM
NOVAK**

Kim's gown was designed especially
for her by Jean Louis

Kim Novak Sheathed in mauve lace, with allover design in beads and sequins, Kim turned all heads when she turned—to reveal pink sash at dipped-to-waistline back!

Barbara Rush in gown she bought when she made "Captain Lightfoot." Blouse is pleated Irish linen. For contrast, Babs added red velvet ribbon at neck



Pier is in "The Silver Chalice"; Vic, in "Hit the Deck"

When Vic's away, their house is too lonely for Pier, so they'll move nearer neighbors

WHAT ARE ANGELS MADE OF?

Being a little wacky

and a little wonderful.

Being brave, and wise

about love. That's

what makes Pier Angeli

the angel Vic adores

BY MAXINE BLOCK

● At Pier Angeli's beautiful and impressive wedding ceremony to Vic Damone last November at St. Timothy's Church, many of her friends wondered why Marisa, her maid of honor, carried two bouquets down the aisle to the altar. They watched as Pier took one of them from Marisa and placed it at the feet of the Virgin Mary. Pier later explained, "That was to ask her to bless our marriage and to make it fruitful."

It was with great concern that Pier's family, friends and fans learned that after a turbulent plane trip from Los Angeles she was hospitalized in Palm Springs, suffering from a broken pelvis, shock and a cut above the eye which required stitches, after being thrown against the walls of the powder room on the plane.

What heightened everyone's concern was that Pier and Vic were expecting a baby in September. In a telephone message, Vic broke the bad news; the X-rays disclosed much more severe injuries than were first thought. "Pier will be hospitalized for a month and the doctors cannot be sure until later whether she will lose the baby," he explained, distraught. "I pray that all goes well. It's hard to think straight at a time like this. I've been trying to keep up Pier's spirits, but when I enter her room and see her lying there so tiny and still, my heart sinks and she looks at my face and it's *she* that begins to comfort *me*! Pier has such courage. 'You must not worry,' she keeps saying. 'You must go to Milwaukee for your engagement. Everything will be all right.' She's an angel.

"But how could I go? I'm (Continued on page 95)





"I think I would have made a good president," Aldo says, wistfully. But his eyes say meeting Jeff Donnell was worth any chances he missed

THE BOY WHO SWALLOWED A DREAM



At 13 he plowed artichoke field to pay for doctor, clothes, was so good, salary was tripled next year. Boss called him "Il Matto"—crazy one!

Funny what fate can do to a guy. A campaign speech won him a job as an actor. And lost Aldo Ray the chance to run for president!



At 23 he ran for office of constable of Crockett, won it away from man who'd had it 15 years!

● This is a story about a boy, a little boy who swallowed a dream. And this is where the story begins . . . where it ends, nobody knows.

It was a bright, clear day and the sand on the beach was hot and sun-soaked. The little boy clowned about the edge of the water and talked merrily to himself for he was alone. As he stumbled, picking up broken crab shells, a giant wave rolled in and carried him out towards the sea. By the time the boy collected his balance, the shore seemed forever away. He began to swim back and, somehow, while he floated and kicked and struggled against the Pacific, as he fought back the ocean and coughed up the salt water, things became confused. But all the time, he knew he wasn't going to drown. When, at last, he stumbled onto the beach, seven-year-old Aldo Ray knew why he was spared. He had swallowed the ocean and fought the waves—and he had found his dream. Filled with overpowering victory, he (Continued on page 77)

Aldo Ray is in "Battle Cry" and "The Gentle Wolfhound"



LITTLE GIRL NO LONGER LOST

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● "I've got a surprise parked outside for you, honey," said the man, casually tinkering with his watch, more to hide his apprehension than from any interest in the battered, ten-year-old time-piece. "Come on, see what it is."

The little girl looked up from her piano playing and smiled a little quizzically, a small forced smile. "Oh, Daddy, you didn't. You shouldn't have bought me another present. You really didn't. . . ."

"You bet I did," he answered hopefully. "Come on, give it a look."

She smiled back at him, carefully pushed the stool back, making sure she didn't kick the legs, and just as carefully arranged the music on a pile be-

fore she ran over to the window. Looking at her, a stranger would have guessed her to be twelve, maybe just thirteen, but she was already fifteen; she was fifteen last April 1st.

"A bike," she brightened for a moment. "A blue bike. It's—it's just wonderful."

"It's like the one you always wanted when you were back home, remember?" he answered, as though proud of the fact that he still remembered. Then, as if he weren't sure, he asked hesitantly, "It does make you happy, honey, doesn't it?"

She started to say something, then hesitated, and, instead, gave her father a hug. "Of course it does, Dad. It real-

ly does. I can hardly wait to try it out."

"Well, go on—go on try it," he beamed. "You can always finish practicing after supper. Try it out now while it's still light out."

She ran down the steps, two at a time, and climbing onto the bicycle waved to her father at the window and pushed off, in what she hoped seemed enthusiasm. Not until she rounded the corner, did she break down and let the sobs and tears come out. Slipping off her bike, she leaned against a building and tried wiping away her tears, thankful that Pico Boulevard was a busy Los Angeles street and no one would notice her. For how could she ever explain how she felt about the bike she

Continued



No "play house," the Nerneys' home is modern—"a terrific place to bring up children"

When studio gave her her first chance to play a mature role, Jane's happiness was complete

*She'd wanted to be like
other girls growing up
in Portland. Instead,
she landed in Hollywood.
It was to be a long time
before Jane Powell got
the wish that brought
her happiness*

Jane Powell is in "Hit the Deck"



*Pat's love of art, books, has
opened a new world for Jane—
contributed to new maturity*



LITTLE GIRL NO LONGER LOST

Continued



Lost, she may have been, but never lost was determination to give GA and baby Sis a normal childhood



Today Jane knows that if she had grown up in Portland she'd not have mistaken crushes for love

Never wanting fame, she clung to original dream of happiness with a husband, a home and children

used to want at home . . . about the way things used to be in Portland . . . about the way they were now.

It all seemed so strange, being fifteen, having a big studio like M-G-M sign you up, all this talk about her being a movie star. Any other girl in the world would be wild with delight. Suzanne Burce, so tiny and pretty with such a bright future, knew she should be the happiest, yet she wasn't. She didn't want to be renamed Jane Powell; she didn't care to be a movie star; and what's more, she didn't even want to live in Hollywood.

The one thing in the world she wanted most was to go back to Portland, Oregon, where she had always lived and go on with her class into Grant High.

She had to admit Hollywood was fun—for a while. She'd met Clark Gable the other day and Mr. Pasternak, her producer, introduced her to Walter Pidgeon, who'd given her a quick kiss on the forehead. No one could be nicer. But still, when you're fifteen, you would rather see Larry Karsen, the first boy who'd ever written you a note, saying, "I love you," or Jack Smith, the first date who had ever taken you to a show, and David Lee, who escorted you to your first formal. David had worn white gloves with his dark blue suit. She was thrilled. The only boy she'd met here in Hollywood was Peter Lawford and he was twenty-five. She didn't know any girls her own age out here either. She had to go to school





In the years of disappointment, Jane has matured into a lively intelligent woman who adores Pat

on the M-G-M lot. Of course, there was one other pupil, but she was a child. She was only twelve and her name was Elizabeth Taylor and all she was interested in were chipmunks.

"You all right, kid?"

Suzanne looked up, startled, at the policeman in the prowler car.

"Yes, I am. I just got a new bike from my father and I got a little scared," she fibbed.

"You live around here? Want me to take you home?"

She managed to laugh now, and then the policeman recognized her. "Aren't you the little girl who was in that picture with Charlie McCarthy? Gaye Stephan was the name, isn't that it?"

Suzanne didn't tell him that Gaye Stephan was her last summer's name. Her newest name was Jane Powell. Neither did she tell him that she wished she could be just plain Suzanne Burce from Portland. But she was polite. "Yes, I am. And I'm fine now," she answered. "I'll just wait here another minute and then I know I can ride home all right."

Home now meant Hollywood. Home was different when it was Portland. It was in Portland that her parents happened to go to a show one Friday night when she was three and, seeing Shirley Temple who was also three, made their decision.

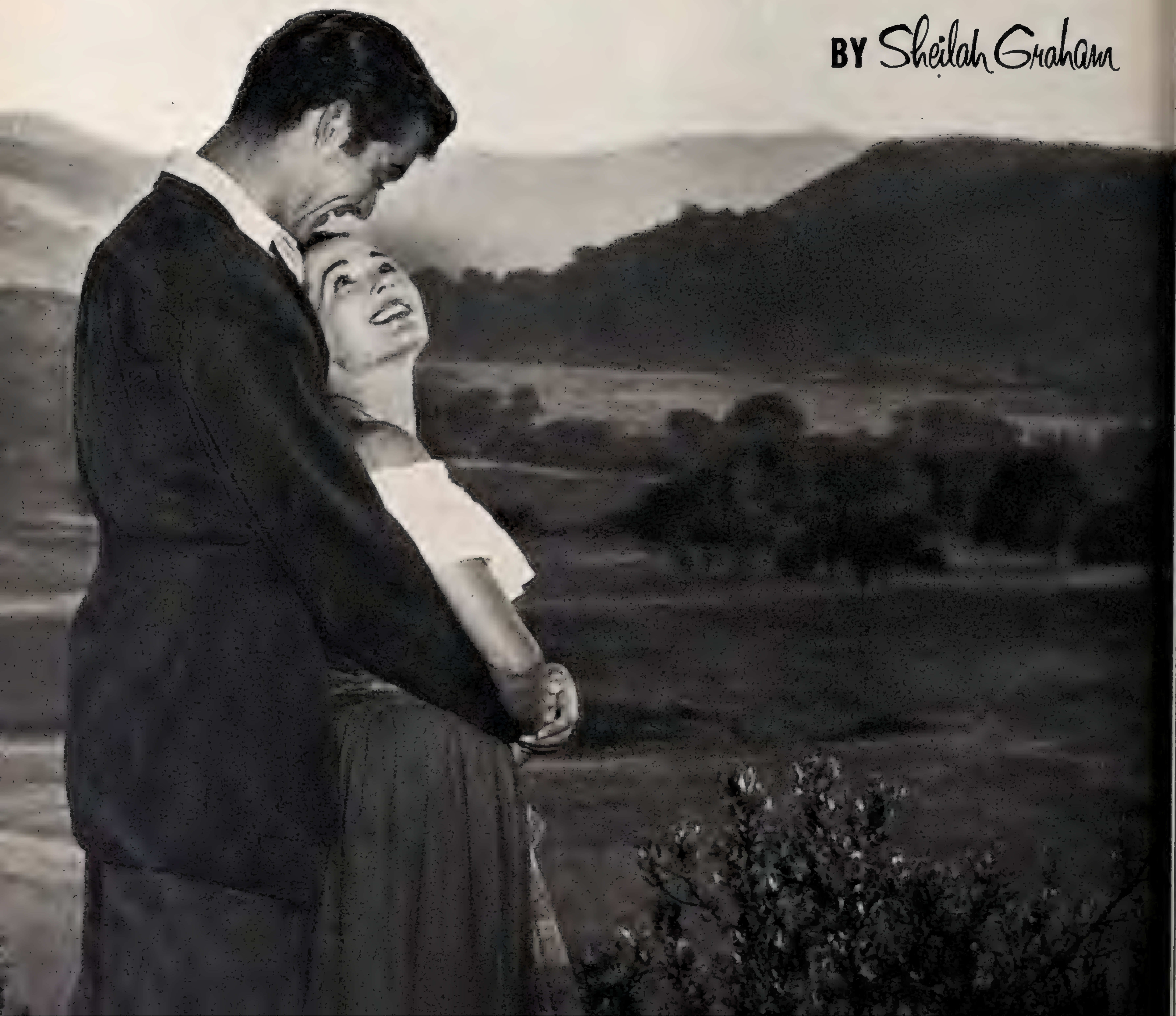
It was 1932 and the depression was

on, and they lived in a house so small that it had only one bedroom and she had to sleep in the living room, but just the same her parents found the money to let her take dancing lessons. Four years later they'd managed to scrape up money enough for her to begin singing lessons, despite the fact that the depression was worse and money scarcer for them in 1936. It was happy-making that at seven she got on a local Portland radio show, and it was positively thrilling when, at eleven, she had her own show over station KOIN. Then the war began and she was made Portland's Victory Girl, which was an important responsibility to her. She (Continued on page 101)

*There's many a quip
about a*

HONEYMOON TRIP

BY Sheila Graham



A marriage ceremony that began with a speed ticket . . . a honeymoon with four hundred people. No wonder Cupid had the jitters before the honeymoon was over!



Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding had just promised to spend the rest of their lives together. But no sooner had the groom turned his back than the bride got lost! It took five hectic hours to locate Liz

● "The funniest thing happened to me on the way from the altar," is the only way Dan Dailey's brand-new wife, the former Gwen O'Connor, can tell the story of the first ten minutes of their married life. She got hit by a blackjack. The blackjack was in the hand of a Las Vegas card dealer, but here's how it happened.

After a two-year, rough-and-tumble courtship featured by more fights than have been seen in Madison Square Garden, Dan and Gwen tied the knot in a hurry. Dan's agent was going to Vegas to see another client, so they went along for the ride, and once having arrived, marriage seemed a sensible idea.

When Gwen finished saying, "I do," she excused herself and started for the powder room. Her path lead through the Sahara Hotel's gambling casino, so she stopped for just a minute at a "21" table to try her luck. Ten minutes later, when the frantic Dan started a search for his bride, he found her still at the table—minus \$700.

"So I won a wife and lost some money, but I still came out ahead," Dan told me.

Well, at least Dan and Gwen were alone on their honeymoon. Guy Madison had to share the first four days of wedded bliss with Sheila Connolly, with four hundred conventioners and the entire University of Miami football team.

As you know, Guy and Sheila were married in Juarez, Mexico, then hopped a plane immediately for Miami, Florida, where Guy was

Continued



It was two o'clock in the morning—the minister had gone to bed, the hotel had no rooms and they couldn't get a license! But that was only the beginning of Bill and Brenda Holden's hectic marriage

It may seem odd for a guy to marry one girl, then go off to Niagara Falls with another. But that is what Tony Curtis had to do after his Connecticut marriage to Janet Leigh and two-day honeymoon!



← *The hotel accommodations were fine—except for one thing. That's why Lita and Rory Calhoun spent their wedding night—sleeping on the hotel room floor!*

HONEYMOON TRIP

Continued

due to make personal appearances for the sponsor of his "Wild Bill Hickok" TV series.

They were never alone a minute—well almost never, anyway. The entire Kellogg's sales force was there with them, and if three's a crowd, four hundred is ridiculous. And as if that wasn't bad enough, the Miami football team was quartered at the same hotel while waiting to play Fordham University. Whenever Guy and Sheila could get away for a walk, they'd be followed by whistles and catcalls from that group of huskies who knew how to take advantage of honeymooners. Guy was really a "wild Bill" by the time he got away from Miami.

Audie Murphy almost shot a man on his honeymoon. He and Pam had gone to the "77" Ranch Motel in Dal-

las, Texas, to spend their wedding night. They were both asleep when there came a scraping at the window. Audie woke with a start. He had learned to be alert to danger when he was earning his title of the "most decorated war hero." He reached under his pillow for his gun (he always sleeps with it), then cautioned Pam, who had awakened by this time, to be quiet. The scraping at the window continued, and in the moonlight outside, they could see the shadow of a man. Audie raised his gun, took careful aim, but as the burglar started to raise the window, Pam could hold back no longer.

"Audie, don't shoot, please," she pleaded in a voice loud enough for the burglar to hear. Before Audie could get out of bed, the man made a swift and definite disappearance.

When the first fright had left her, Pam laughed and said: "Is that what they mean by a shotgun wedding?"

After his Connecticut marriage to Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis went to Niagara Falls, the traditional honeymoon resort, with Piper Laurie.

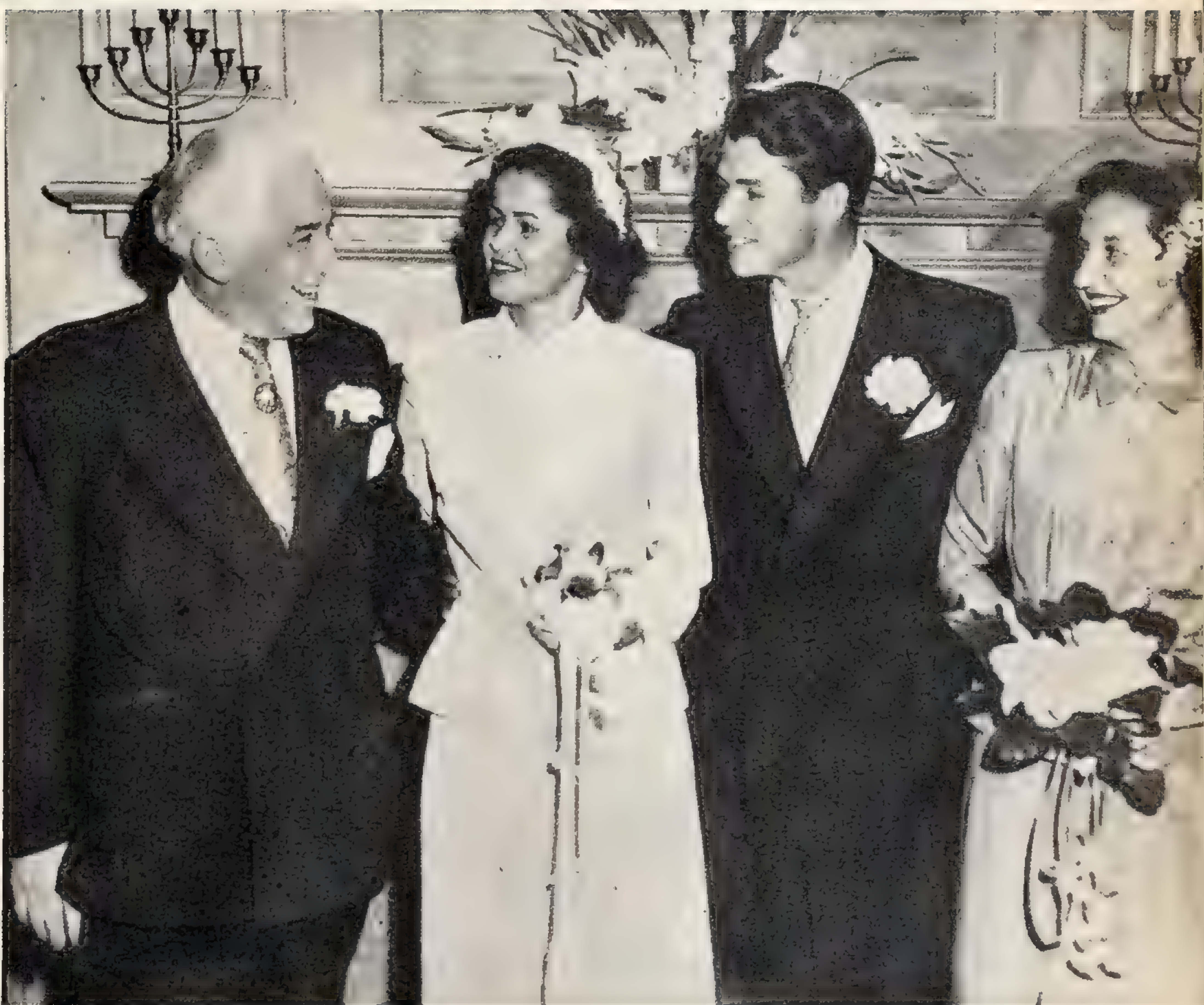
At the time, both Janet and Tony were in the East on picture-plugging stints for their respective studios. They knew they wouldn't have much time together, but for two people so in love, any time is better than none at all. So they were married in haste, spent two wonderful days together and then were separated for the next six weeks. Janet returned to Hollywood and Tony joined Piper at Niagara where she was waiting for him to continue their tour for "The Prince Who Was a Thief."

"Someday I'm going to have to take



Janet there," Tony said recently. "It hardly seems right to marry one girl and then go to Niagara Falls with another."

A mistaken identity gag that would have done justice to an Abbott and Costello comedy preceded the Robert Taylor-Ursula Thiess nuptials. Bob and his bride-to-be had flown to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, for the occasion. On their arrival at the airport, they were met by one of Bob's fishing friends, Jess Wort, who had with him another man, a stranger. Bob assumed he was the airport porter and asked him to carry his bags to the car. Bob offered him a tip, which was refused. He should have known something was amiss there, because what porter ever refused a tip! It wasn't until he was about to be married that (Continued on page 114)



You wouldn't expect a new groom to carry a gun—or nearly shoot a man. But that's what happened when Pam and Audie Murphy, above with James Cherry and Annabel Scheisher, went on their honeymoon

Two's company—four hundred's a crowd. Especially when you add a team of husky football players. That's why Wild Bill Hickok went wild when the Guy Madisons, far left, honeymooned in Miami!

No one recognized the brunette Mrs. Lex Barker on their honeymoon. Which suited the so-in-love Lana. But even her sense of humor was strained when the fans began turning their backs on Tarzan's mate!

They'd been pursued by the press and admirers ever since they'd been married. Now the Mel Ferrers were home. Audrey Hepburn sighed with relief, then shrieked. She thought she was seeing ghosts!

Was his face red! It wasn't until he was about to be married to Ursula Thiess that Bob Taylor discovered that the stranger he'd asked to take care of their luggage—was anything but a porter!



BING-GOES



THAT CROSBY MYTH!

Bing Crosby dares an expose—
and Photoplay dares to print the truth
about the man who destroyed a myth
with his own hands

BY
MAXINE ARNOLD

● Everybody knew Bing Crosby. At least we thought we did. We all believed in the comfortable myth of the casual crooner with the bland blue eyes, the inhibited horses and the uninhibited shirts. Why, he was about the most familiar personality in the world, the nonchalant fellow whose rhythm for living was set to the easy swing of a golf club or the wigwagging of an itchy foot following the beat.

Bing was simply giving his best performance off-screen, underplaying himself. Probably, he would have liked to go right on hiding safely behind the great Crosby myth. But it's too late now, and that's his own fault. He has turned himself inside out for the whole world to see, revealing a man with rare emotional depth and sensitivity, with almost incredible strength.

The revelation began one night, in a projection room on an otherwise deserted studio lot, while a rough cut of "The Country Girl" was being shown to a very chosen few. Among these was a fellow artist of Bing's, his oldest son. When the lights came on at the end, there was a loud hush. Everybody sat there without a word. Finally, near tears with admiration and the emotional impact of the picture, Gary Crosby said, "I . . . I didn't know Dad could do that."

His dad hadn't known it, either, any more than the rest of us—except for the close friends of many years, who could always see behind the myth. William Perlberg, producer of "The Country Girl," says, "Bing's emotions are hidden deep inside. But these are the people who have the most. The fellow who wears his heart on his sleeve is usually lacking in heart."

Bing could hardly have foreseen the far-reaching personal effect of that offbeat role. George Seaton, director of the film, recalls, "Quite a lot of pressure was put on him not to play the part. After all, he'd made tremendous strides in the business already. He'd taken every character and made it into his own image—the most enchanting personality the screen has ever known. With a huge following like Bing's, he could have stayed in the same groove forever. But he didn't. It took plenty of courage to jump into something like 'Country Girl.'"

Actually, challenge has always been Bing's meat. There never was any such person as the easygoing character of the Crosby legend. As a kid, back in Spokane, he

Continued

Bing's next is "You're the Top"



His late father, Harry Lillis, Sr., saw through Bing's casual masquerade, knew his son respected and lived up to the words he, himself, loved—that merely winning isn't enough



Early picture of Bing with Dixie, Gary and the twins. Since Dixie's death, Bing has carried double burden of responsibility in sons' upbringing and at times it has weighed heavily

BING-GOES THAT CROSBY MYTH

Continued

smothered the opposition in an elocution contest with a spirited delivery of "Horatius at the Bridge." One summer, against odds and a lot of brotherly hoots, he entered the city swimming meet against champs who'd all had special training. Young Harry Lillis Crosby came home late that evening tired but triumphant—with eleven medals in his wet, hot hand.

The "lazy" Crosby believes firmly in the character-building value of sports. Years ago, this reporter (then working for the home-town paper) was rounding up stars' advice to young hopefuls Hollywood bound. Pursued to the Lakeside Golf Club, Bing came out of the golf shop whistling, posed genially for the Brownie and gave this advice to kids: "Excel in some kind of sport." Shouldn't they learn to

sing? No, said Bing good-humoredly (a very patient man). Make a name in sports and you'd be in anywhere. More important, you'd acquire a spirit of good sportsmanship, an ability to face competition, a will to win that would help you find success in any field.

For all his offhanded manner, Bing has a solid sense of integrity; merely winning isn't enough. On the wall of his dad's old office, next to Bing's own, are the framed words: When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name—He marks not that you won or lost—but how you played the game." Pop's gone now, but Bing still treasures the words he loved.

Twenty-five years ago, when Bing was hardly known as one of the most responsible characters in show business, William Perlberg saw through the

carefree air. Bing was one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, a boy in a striped blazer, with a captivating croon and an ingratiating way with the ladies. Then an agent, Perlberg was impressed by "an unusual attractiveness about his personality. As a young man, he had a tremendous, warm appeal, which has naturally increased in stature through the years."

Heading back to Hollywood from a very unprofitable tour, Bing wrote his agent a letter including these plaintive remarks: "It has occurred to me you may possibly be able to line up a couple of parties—giving us some work until something more definite pops. Marion Davies or some other . . ."

Perlberg booked the singing trio into Eddie Brandstatter's Montmartre, then Hollywood's (Continued on page 110)



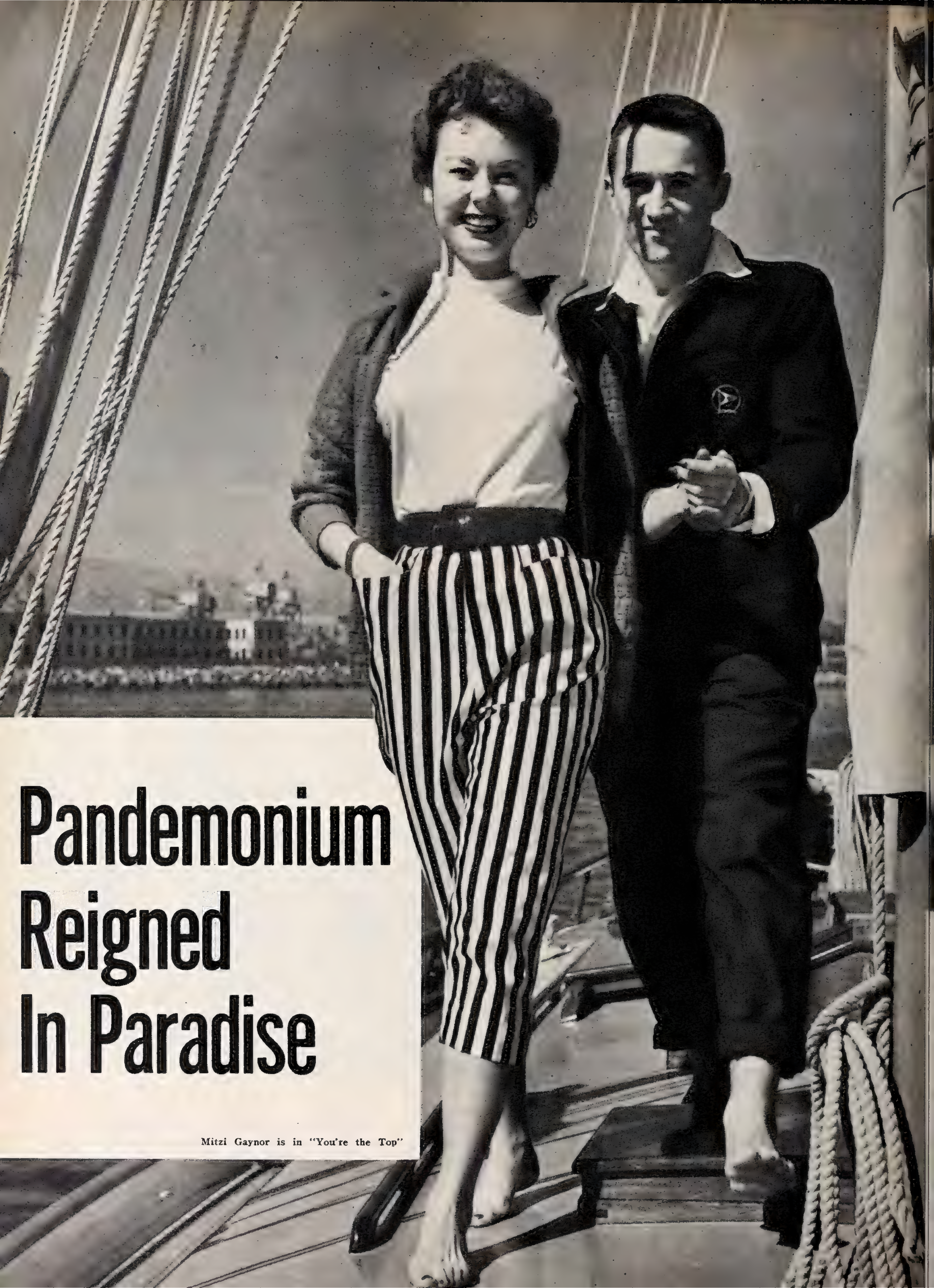
With Linny, Gary and the twins. Of their dad's acting, Gary says "‘Little Boy Lost’ was the warm-up—but ‘Country Girl’ . . . I didn’t know he had it in him. That was the big show!”



“Going My Way,” for which he and Barry Fitzgerald won Oscars, was different from his carefree “Road” films, but Bing was still being himself



He could have stayed in his casual groove. But challenge has always been Bing's meat. Yet even he could not foresee the far-reaching personal effect of roles in “Little Boy Lost,” left, with Christian Fourcade, and “Country Girl,” with Bill Holden, above. No longer could Bing hide safely behind the great Crosby myth!



Pandemonium Reigned In Paradise

Mitzi Gaynor is in "You're the Top"



"The Bean Filing System" at home is something on a corner of the dresser, consists of the overflow from Jack's pockets and travel folders describing places they want to see



Homecoming was hectic. Friends had settled them in new apartment, but the Beans just dashed in and out. It was the day before Xmas and they hadn't bought a single gift



Closet space is scarce, drawers filled to the brim, but though Jack stripped wardrobe down to minimum, Mitzi still had to get rid of eighteen dresses, thirty pairs of shoes!



Only at Mitzi's shower, above with Anne Francis and Mala Powers, did Hollywood stop playing game that had entertained them for months—"When Will Mitzi Marry Jack?"

***The bride forgot the ring,
they had to be married twice.
The sun forgot to shine,
the newlyweds were homeless.
But to Mitzi and Jack—
married life was wonderful***

BY ROBERT EMMETT

● The warm months of 1954 were made notable in Hollywood social circles by a new parlor game entitled "When Will Mitzi Marry Jack?" Any number could play and no theory was considered too fantastic. One romance expert was willing to bet her food freezer that the Gaynor-Bean amour had long since chilled, was being reheated for publicity purposes. Another was coaxing along a hothouse full of orchids in preparation for white satin nuptials, and a third was positive that the love affair would end in a surprise flight to Las Vegas with Mitzi marrying someone other than Jack, and vice versa.

It is only fair to point out that Mitzi and Jack, too, were playing the game and with just as much concentration. However, they had one advantage. They knew what they (Continued on page 98)



Marlon—a dapper two



With Philomena Ignelzi, Gertrude Heim, Pat Mulqueen of Marlon Brando Charity Fan Club



Marlon is next in "Guys and Dolls"



With Judy Garland. That he's well-mannered, well-spoken and well-behaved is no surprise to people who know Marlon

● Scrambling along a jagged rock ledge in New York's Central Park, a well-dressed young man in a blue-gray business suit, super-white shirt with button-down collar and subdued knit tie turned sharply to the three girls running after him and yelled, "Come on, the view's terrific."

Even a few blasé New Yorkers turned and chuckled as they saw the enthusiastic young man perched high on a rock pile. He looked as though he had just achieved the remarkable feat of climbing Mount Everest.

Other folk may have recognized him to be Marlon Brando, and said to themselves, "that guy Brando's a character." This is hardly so to the people who know him, like the three fans who scurried after him in the park. To them, he was a great actor, kind of a hero—and a friend—and they joined (at his request) in his plot to work off some energy with just as much enthusiasm.

"Now that you come to think of it, we might have looked a little funny," says Philomena Ignelzi, who is president of the Marlon Brando Charity Fan Club. "But it was a beautiful afternoon and it just seemed like the natural (Continued on page 89)

A CHARACTER— BUT STILL BRANDO

What do people see in Marlon?

Here are two points of view

that suggest maybe it takes a

woman to understand this man

BY ERNST JACOBI



WHEN A STAR FINDS HEAVEN

Kirk Douglas is in "The Indian Fighter," "Ulysses," "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" and "The Racers"



Ann said no—in four languages—before Kirk could coax her to be secretary! Home-coming saw reunion with sons Mike, Joel. Far right, with producer Aaron Rosenberg on set of Kirk's film "Man Without a Star"



BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

The man in the bathing trunks, the aqua-lung and the goggles, with the snorkel breathing tube in his mouth, was so excited he shivered, even in the tropical waters off Nassau. He had never tried skin-diving before and—like everything else he undertook for the first time—he considered it the greatest.

The water was so clear, the sand at sea bottom so white, the marine grottos so lovely and the fish so exotic that the skin-diver was impelled to comment on it all. What he said was, "What a sensation—what beauty—what mystery. . . ." To the few curious fish about, it sounded like nothing. Then Kirk Douglas lost his snorkel tube, took on a load of limpid sea water and had to be hauled to the surface.

Afterward he confessed sheepishly, "I was so at home in the water that I forgot I didn't have gills."

His embarrassment was unnecessary because the incident was a capsule story of his life: normally he plunges into an alien situation, is delighted by it, identifies himself with it and, having merged with the medium, he comes up triumphant and refreshed.

Zestful is the word for Kirk. He has a dynamism that belonged to the strapping, hard-muscled heroes of long ago: men like *Beowulf* of the north and *Ulysses* of the south, whose life, incidentally, Kirk recently helped to put on film.

During the past two years, Kirk has covered around 50,000 miles. In rolling up this mileage Kirk has worked and/or vacationed in Israel, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Nassau and Jamaica. Usually he has known where he was, but he had an uncomfortable moment in Rome. He was having dinner at the Excelsior Hotel one night when he heard a musical cry fall from the public address system, as follows, (*Continued on page 93*)

She was an angel in a bright red coat and she brought him down to earth. To a place where home and a family are Kirk's idea of bliss!

After two years and fifty thousand miles, Kirk concluded home was America. And Ann happily agrees!



BE CRAZY!



DO CRAZY!



TALK CRAZY!

SAYS
THIS
LOVABLE
ZANY



MOVE OVER

Jane is in "Foxfire" and "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes"



BY DEE PHILLIPS

FOR JANE RUSSELL!



While in London, Jane visited orphan home. Her big ambition is to get parents, homes for kids all over the world!

● A few months ago, on a late Sunday afternoon news telecast, a commentator announced that it had, indeed, been a confusing week. The public could take the anxiety over the postponement of the Nevada atomic tests; it could stand the strain of the recent flareup in north Africa and tolerate the difficulties in the Formosa Strait, but could it be asked to bear up under the confusion of who's body Jane Russell was wearing in the advertisement for "Underwater!"?

To those who know old Jane best, namely the studio people who work with her, there was nothing out of the ordinary in Jane becoming a news incident. Ever since "The Outlaw," she's left behind her a string of small explosions that can be attributed in part to publicity, in the main to her

inherent talent for being the lovable, strong-willed, fun-loving, unchangeable zany that she is. Like, for instance, the time Jane went barreling off to Las Vegas for the premiere of her picture, "The Las Vegas Story." The evening before the premiere she was flitting around town having a ball, completely ignoring the high wind that had blown up—and in the wintertime that high desert wind is pretty potent. So she bounces out of the car, let's go of the door handle, the sixty-mile-an-hour gale smashes the door right smack in her face, and there is the glamorous Jane Russell the night before a premiere with a black eye. At the same time, a hundred of the press were being flown up from Los Angeles to cover the premiere. So ulcers, ice packs, sedatives and (Continued on page 86)



Photographs by Bert & Stan Rockfield

Checked slip-on overblouse with wide cowl neckline, \$10.95, tops Capri pants, under \$8. Cotton and rayon homespun. By Wilroy. Gustave playshoes

TERRY MOORE'S DESIGNS FOR FUN

Hollywood glamour's not all beyond your reach. Take a gander at these time-off-for-fun clothes that predict a magic summer ahead

Summertime, and the livin' is easy, especially in fresh fashions like these from Terry Moore's new wardrobe. Here is the news in 1955 fashion, from the easy overblouse to the well-put-together costume look of a trim swimsuit with its own beachcoat. Shown, too, how to wear your man-tailored shirts tossed over separates for a jacketed look. Look for wearable, washable fabrics like poplin and sailcloth and slim pants everywhere, every length, from very brief to ankle coverage. There's news in knits—the bulkier the better. Note our versatile featured jacket. We show you more new sunclotches on following pages. Here's to a wonderful summer!

For Where to Buy turn to page 86



Lavender poplin sleeveless blouse, lean ankle pants, each about \$8, spiked with a French-cuffed dotted shirt. About \$11. 10-16. Masket Bros.



Slim embroidered swimsuit, pleated gold cotton satin cummerbund matching its wearable coat. Suit, about \$22; coat, \$15. By Cabana



For the cool of summer, brass-buttoned bulky white knit box jacket, with easy raglan sleeve. Sizes 34-40. By Rita Jacobs for Guttman. About \$25

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS



SUZAN BALL STARS IN U-I'S "CHIEF CRAZY HORSE" • LOOK FOR RICHARD LONG IN "CULT OF THE COBRA," U-I

A Treasure of Silver selected by star newlyweds Suzan Ball and Dick Long
More information on following page

SUN-GATHERING FASHIONS

PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS

**Buy Star Fashions
in stores listed
on page 86**

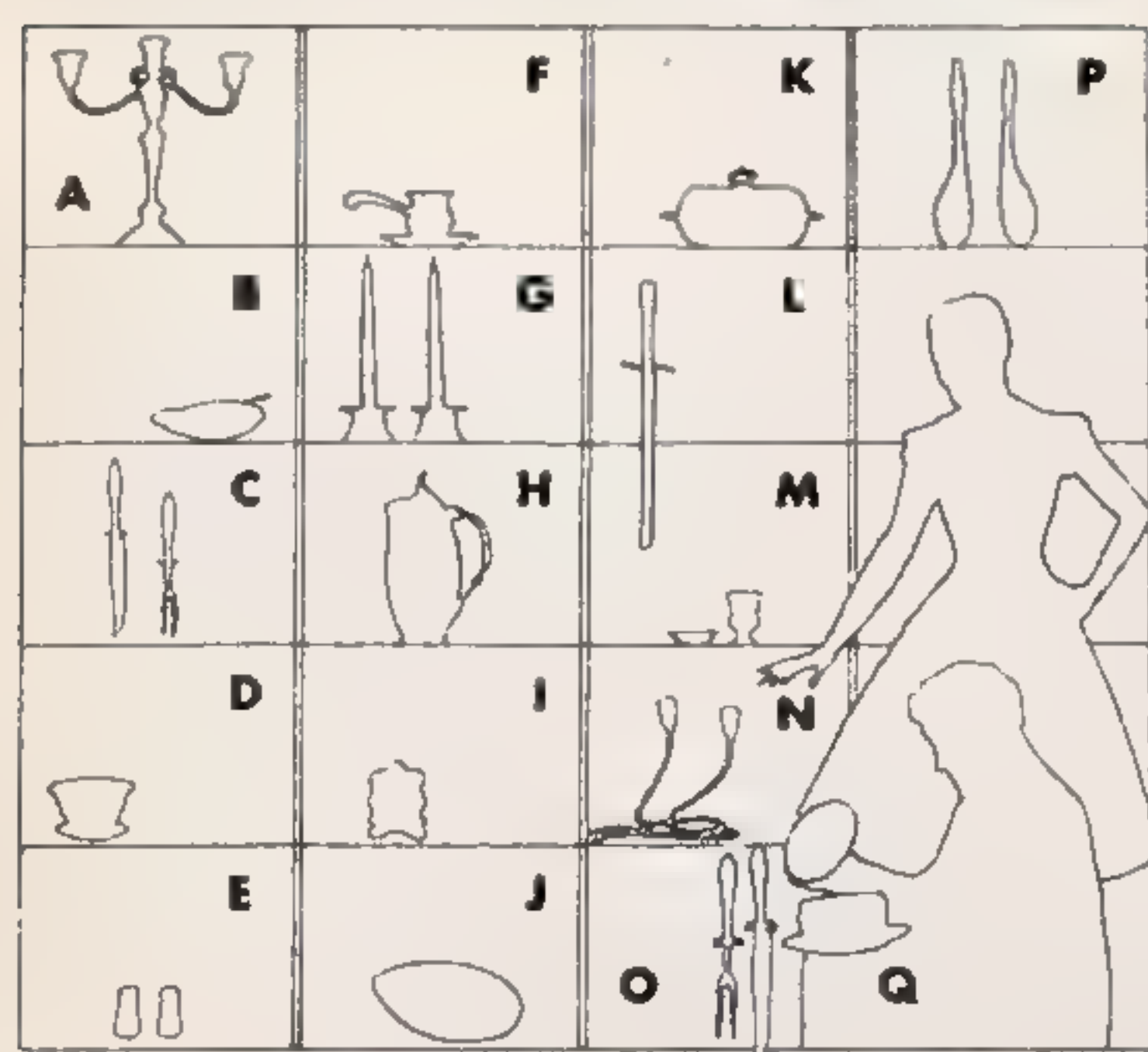


Newer than new, Paisley-printed cotton in a zip-front, one-piece hooded playsuit. About \$9. Its own sheltering skirt, about \$8. 8-16. By Sportwhirl. Bernardo sandals

Patch-pocketed loose overblouse in black and white oval print sailtote, about \$8. Balanced over exclamation point reverse print pants. About \$6. Loomtogs. Beach bag by Kleinert

continued

Key to a Treasure of Silver
(shown on preceding page)



A. Elegance of line and design in sterling Puritan pattern candelabrum. 12¼ inches high. By Gorham. \$37.50

B. Flair pattern silverplate entertainment set. Tidbit dish with serving spoon. 1847 Rogers Bros. \$3.95

C. Reed & Barton's Silver Sculpture
pattern sterling steak set, with fine-
honed stainless mirror steel. \$18.50

D. Towle's handsome bowl in sterling Silver Flutes pattern, fluted edge. \$17.50. Matching tray, \$8.75

E. Young moderns' sterling Trend salt and peppers. Contrast plastic tops and liners. Gorham. \$10 pair

F. Handy sterling pipkin with tray in Silver Flutes pattern. Olive wood handle. By Towle. \$20.95 complete

G. Gorham's sleek-lined, contemporary sterling Trend candlesticks. Use them singly or stacked. \$13.75 pair

H. Handsome Flair silverplate hot beverage pitcher, rattan handle. 10 cup. 1847 Rogers Bros. \$41.25

J. Handsomely shaped sterling bowl in Reed & Barton's Silver Sculpture pattern. 9¾ inches in length. \$25

K. A hostess must—covered English vegetable dish in gadroon-edged silverplate. By International. \$47.50

L. Sterling-handled Classic Rose cake knife, in chivalry sword design. 16 inch. By Reed & Barton. \$29.75

M. Exquisite smokers' gift, silver cigarette urn, \$8, matching ash tray, \$3.75. Both by International Sterling

N. Newest in sterling candelabra, designed for many graceful free-form arrangements. Towle. \$30 pair

O. Holmes & Edwards' silverplate roast carving set in lily-adorned stylized Romance pattern. \$14.75

P. Towle's sterling-handled Contour salad servers in smooth-lined black plastic. Shaped to hold more, \$11.

Q. From oven to table in style
Black ceramic casserole, sterling
cover tray By Towle \$50 complete

Suzan Ball, our young and lovely hostess, dresses as simply and elegantly as the chosen silver distinguishing her home. On preceding page, Suzan wears a sheer English cotton dress, the freshness of gingham checks highlighted by a collar of frosty pleated organdy. Black or brown with white. A Benham Original.



Sweethearts in Swimsuits

For you...
and the one who
makes your
temperature rise...
Catalina look-alike
swimsuits!

Shown here—
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Signature Fabric
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Ladies' swimsuit:
Pharaoh's Darling—\$10.95.

Men's sport set:
Sudan shirt—\$6.95;
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For name of nearest
store, write: Sweethearts,
Catalina, Inc., 443 So. San Pedro
Los Angeles 13

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Catalina



Tan with Tartan





2

SUN-

1 This year's Bloomer Girl, Anne Francis, wears a gingham-checked all-in-one sunsuit with built-in figure shaping. It features softly padded, wired bra, bodice boning. Back has snug lastex section. Red or black with white. 32A-38B. By Lovable. \$5

2 Crisp, clean-looking white sharkskin has returned to the beach scene, shown here in Anne's swimsuit—a sharkskin lastex sheath, paneled princess front, its divided bra and bodice trimmed in navy piping 'n' bows. Sizes 32-40. Sand Piper by Catalina. Under \$15

3 Tan-enlivening white again, here in Marjorie Hellen's halter-necked swimsuit with the neat cling of little boy's shorts. The white cloque pique is flecked with silver Lurex. V-line bodice, deep pockets both silver cord-edged. Sizes 32-38. Brilliant. About \$11

1

Continued



For
Where to Buy
Star Fashions
turn to page 86

Anne Francis stars both in M-G-M's exciting
"Blackboard Jungle" and "The Scarlet Coat"
Terry Moore and Marjorie Hellen are both in
20th's new musical hit, "Daddy Long Legs"

3

GATHERING FASHIONS

continued

The costume look's cropped up
again, on and off the beach.
Anne Francis wears gold cotton
satin ruffly camisole, \$5.95,
with matching man-tailored

shirt, about \$8. They top eye-
stopping pants in striped Sail-
tone, about \$8. All by Loom-
togs. Gustave plays shoes. Right,
Terry Moore in the new one-

piece playsuit, here striped in
brown, black, white. About \$9.
She tops it (inset) with brown
sailcloth overblouse, \$10.95.
Pem Squires for Market Bros.

The Well-Put-Together Look



become an enchantress
in one easy step...

into a glamorous
Nanina[®]
swimsuit



What goes on here? The most flattering swim-
suit ever... striped for drama in figure-
molding Chromspun lastex...divinely
fashioned with Nanina's Pellon-lined
"Adjusta-bra," suit top "Lifeguard Band,"
dainty, patented "Sani-Crotch." All yours
for the most exciting time of your life! Gold
and multi-color stripes on white or navy.
Sizes 32-38.

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Please send me Nanina swimsuit at \$8.95

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PHOTOPLAY

★
STAR

FASHIONS

UNDERLINING SUMMER

**Guided figure lines
shaping what we wear,
everywhere,
all summer**



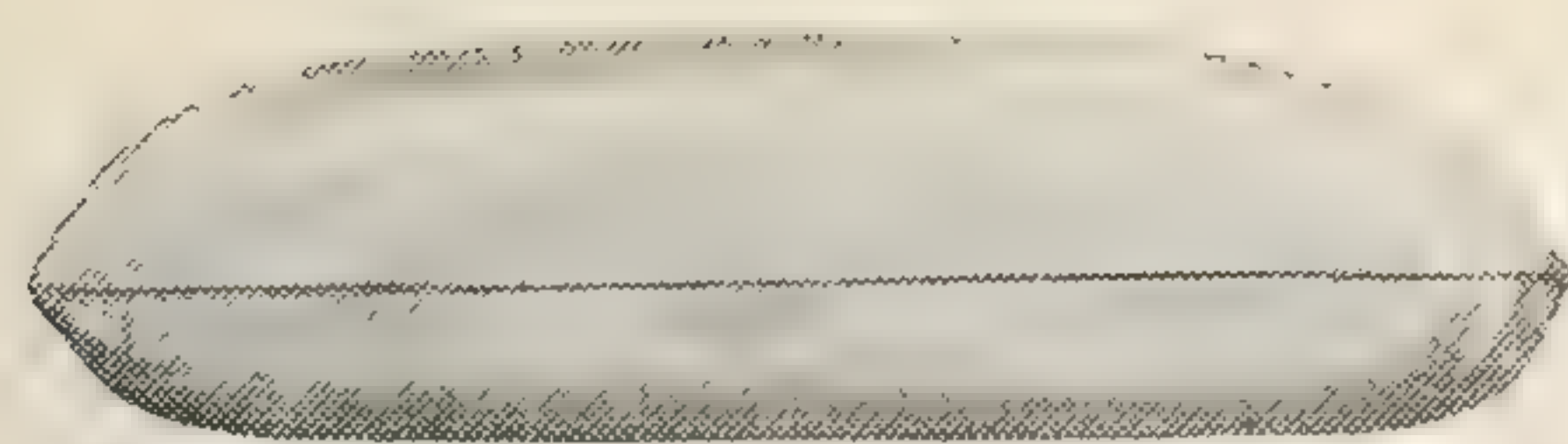
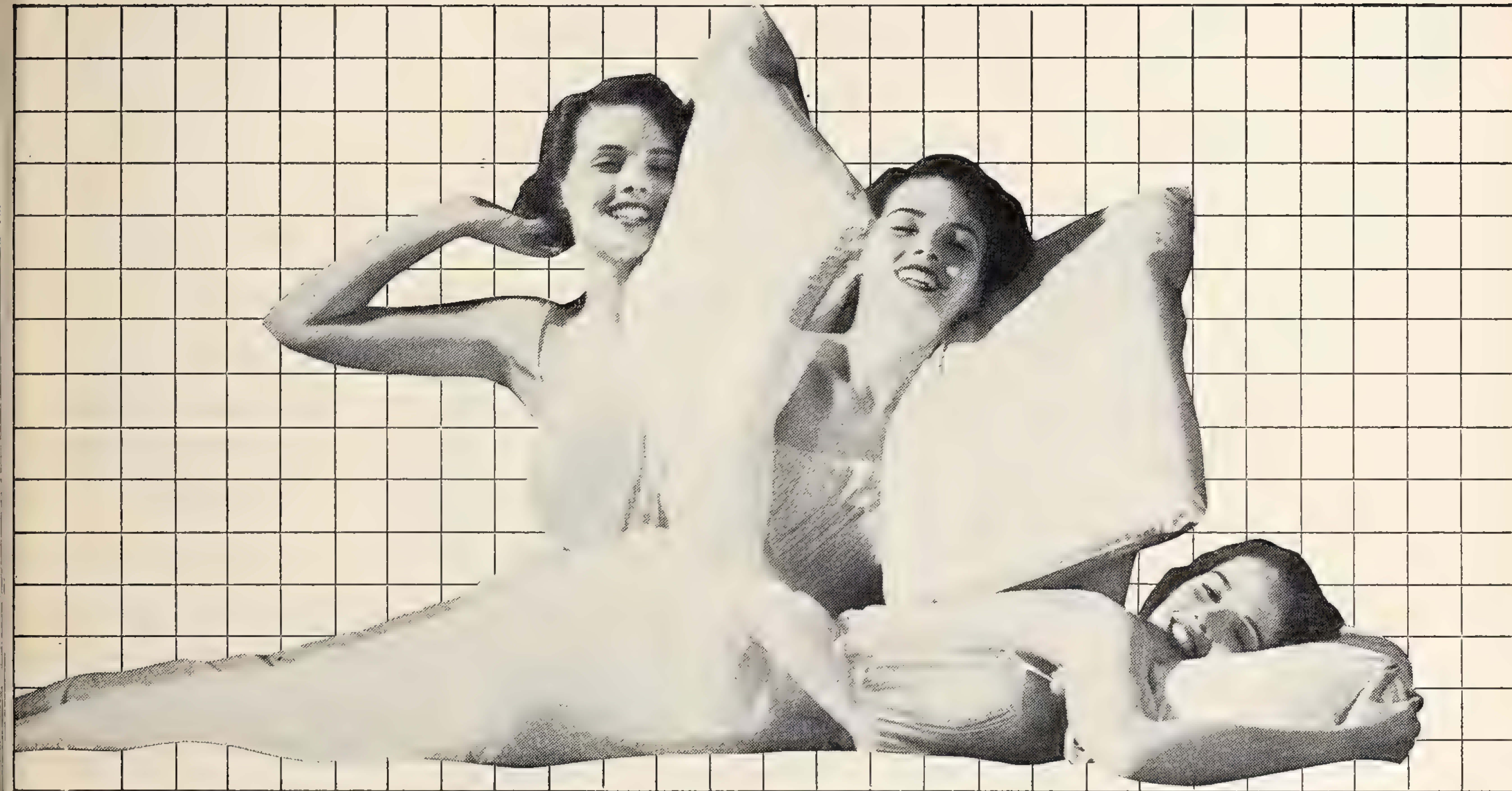
All Star Fashion photographs in this section by Bert and Stan Rockfield

For making the most of summer, a neat figure is your most important asset. It shapes all the exciting new smooth-lined fashions that star, too, a high bosom look. Accomplishing these feats of shaping, the Playtex High Style bra, cut on the "up," comfort-

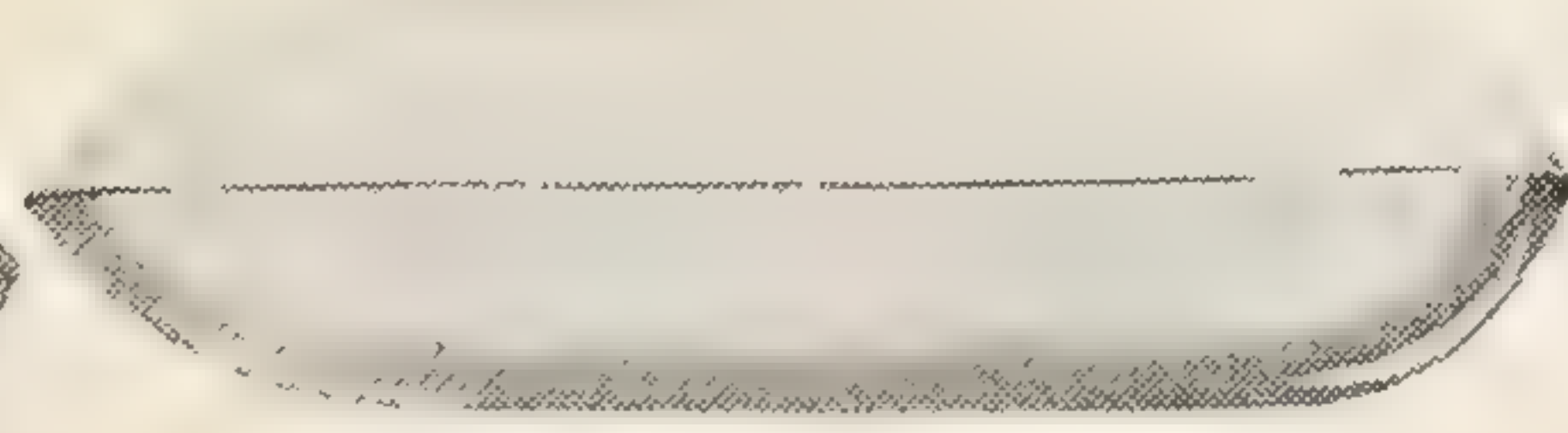
ably lifts as nature intended. Embroidered cotton cups, elastic underband and back. White. 32 A to 40 C. \$2.95. With it, Playtex Magic-Controller pantie brief of soft fabric-lined latex. A boneless, smooth-action girdle. White, pink. Extra-S to L. \$6.95

Available at fine shops and department stores everywhere

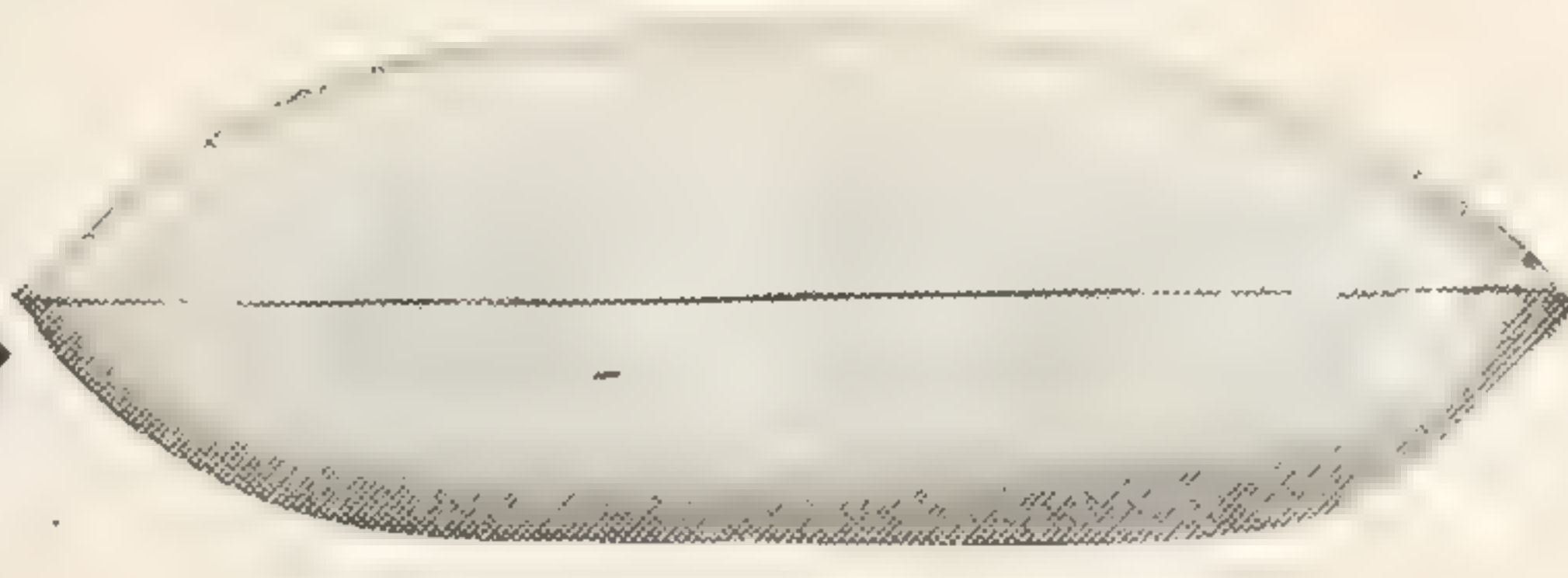
May White Sale



"REGULAR" HEIGHT **495**
usually 5.95



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"KING SIZE" **895**
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PLUMP

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Save now—while savings are plump—while you *can afford* to modernize every bed in your house with PLAYTEX "HEART REST" PILLOWS. They're the best buy in the world even at regular prices—a *must buy* at our May White Sale reductions! Remember, you're *not* buying *just* pillows—you're buying *sleep*—deep, cool, restful, healthful sleep . . . the kind only Playtex knows how to build into a pillow. Every pillow is zipper-covered in extra-fine sanforized cotton with corded edges. Every one is perfect—first quality.

Antibiotics in Your Daily Life



by
**William I.
Fishbein,
M. D.**

The world hears a great deal of "miracle drugs" and most of them represent years of patient and diligent study in the laboratories and clinics.

For example, in 1931, Rene J. Dubos, then associated with the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, discovered tyrothricin. Tyrothricin is one of the most powerful of the antibiotics—stated simply, it is effective because it aids the defenses of the body in combatting harmful bacteria. The general use of tyrothricin has been delayed until research has definitely shown that it would cause no harmful effects or reactions. In the forefront of this research have been the pharmaceutical companies, and no company has been more zealous than McKesson & Robbins.

Tyrothricin is effective in preventing perspiration odor by inhibiting the growth of skin bacteria responsible for this condition—and this "magic" antibiotic is equally effective in skin infections, in sinus infections, for wounds, abscesses and burns, and for hemorrhoids or piles. Research also indicated the amount which may be used without causing sensitivity reactions, yet produce the maximum benefits.

Laboratory and clinical research has enabled McKesson and Robbins to announce a series of preparations for the specific uses outlined above. It is to their credit that they have not introduced them until they were convinced that excellent results would be obtained and that there would be no reactions. Tyrothricin used externally is not absorbed into the blood stream as are certain other antibiotics.

That is one reason why it is particularly suited for direct application to a localized spot of irritation or inflammation on the skin, nose or throat. McKesson and Robbins have developed special products for use on these portions of the body.

*Look for these
McKesson Antibiotic Products
at Your Drug Store*

NEO-AQUA-DRIN LOZENGES—for the relief of minor throat irritations.

NEO-AQUA-DRIN NOSE DROPS—for the relief of congestion due to head colds, sinus, etc.

UTOL—for relief of pimples and minor burns and skin abrasions.

POSITOS—ointment and suppositories for the relief of discomfort due to hemorrhoids.

**BORIC ACID
OINTMENT
AMMONIATED
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To Every Woman Who Has Suffered Underarm Burn, Rash...or Worse...

**NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME...
THE PROTECTION OF
A MIRACLE ANTIBIOTIC
IN A DEODORANT!**



Revolutionary antibiotic New Yodora stops perspiration odor—gives safer, longer-lasting protection. Its light, creamy base keeps sensitive underarm area softer, smoother, lovelier. And New Yodora never cakes—always stays fresh—delicately fragrant. No other deodorant ever promised better, safer, surer protection from perspiration odor.

New Yodora is unconditionally guaranteed by McKesson & Robbins.

Large Size 43¢ plus tax **Economy Size 69¢** plus tax



**The First...the Only
Deodorant with
Miracle Antibiotic
Pertexol* for
Sensitive Skin!**

A MCKESSON PRODUCT

NEW YODORA

**Scientific Facts
About Harsh, Irritating
Chemicals for
Underarm Use**

Laboratory tests show that these dangerous chemicals often invite trouble to sensitive underarm area. This is why you may have noticed redness, roughness of underarm skin.

**Scientific Facts
About Revolutionary
New ANTIBIOTIC
Yodora**

Only New Yodora contains Pertexol*, the miracle antibiotic that combats bacteria responsible for skin irritations. New Yodora gives longer-lasting protection from perspiration odor because its exclusive antibiotic destroys odor-causing bacteria on contact. New Yodora is guaranteed not to contain harsh chemicals that irritate skin and chemically ruin your clothes.



**Imagine a Deodorant
Recommended for Shaving!**

New Yodora with antibiotic Pertexol* is so mild and gentle we can even recommend shaving with it. No other deodorant would dare suggest this!

1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.
2. Shave underarms with slow downward strokes.
3. Remove excess with tissue—smooth remainder well into skin.

That's all you need do to stop perspiration odor. Whether you shave or not, one application daily of New Yodora is the new, sure answer to your deodorant problem. *A brand of tyrothricin

Aldo Ray

(Continued from page 46)

outed his dream to the sea. "I've lived be president. I want to be president of e United States. And I thank you for owing me the way."

When you have swallowed a dream, it not easy to get rid of it, and the dream as still with him ten years later on the and of Saipan. A sailor third class with thing to do in the evenings before the panese bombers came over, he practiced iting campaign speeches. When the arm sounded, he put his paper away d strolled out to look at the sky.

For fifteen nights he stood beneath the ars and watched the planes come over, eir exhausts cutting swatches of flame the midnight sky.

The sixteenth night, he kept the same utch—on a hill that sloped down to the ean below. The first wave of planes me in from the beach and passed over n.

The dream flopped a little in his omach as he looked down at the beach. the darkness, it looked almost like e California coast. Following an impulse at he cannot yet explain, he slid down e cliff.

"I thank you," he said to himself and the ocean, softly, so that no one could ar and laugh. "I thank you for showing e the way. . . ."

And above him, the place where he d watched for fifteen nights was torn fragments by a bomb.

Aldo Ray will most likely never be esident of the United States, and he has t quite gotten used to this fact yet. is is not to say that he couldn't stand chance to be president if he wanted to, t chance and fate have made him a ovie actor instead.

The twenty-nine-year-old, frog-voiced -politician does not know whether to be eased or angry at fate and chance. "You ow," he says a little wistfully, "I think ould have made a good president."

He puts one arm around his wife when says it though, as if to remind himself at she is part of this new dream. He does t say that meeting Jeff Donnell, know- g her, building with her a house over- oking the city is worth anything that he ight miss because of it. He does not ed to say it. It is in his eyes.

"He's a good actor, too," Jeff says. "In et he would be good at anything he anted to do. I think Aldo was born at way."

"Thanks, honey," Aldo says. "A good sband, too?"

Jeff deliberates. "You forget to hang up ur clothes, and you forget to tell me yone's invited us to a party until three ys after the party's over, and you even got to bring money for our marriage ense, but . . ." she smiles at him, . . . a pretty good husband, too."

They are two mature people, building life together on common knowledge and ars of friendship and love. They waited long time before they got married. For e year they resisted all the friends who ranged wedding parties for them in Las egas and Reno and New York. Then the ends gave up. And Aldo and Jeff smiled d looked at each other and were sure d decided last October on a honeymoon the sea.

And Jeff is right about another thing. e is a good actor. With a little more aining and a little more time, he will a very good, a very versatile actor. nance and fate have nothing to do with at. Their job was begun and over with e years ago.

And the part they played was that of nonexistent car. It happened because

HOLLYWOOD FASHION OF THE MONTH



SUMMER CHARM AT A COOL, COOL COST

● Lovely young starlet, Joanne Gilbert, models a midsummer night's dream dress abloom with summer roses. Flattering style has a pie cut neckline and smooth long torso balanced over a wide sweep of unpressed pleats. The low-cost, divinely crisp permanent-finish cotton organdy is easy to work, allows for the fullest possible skirt. Its white ground is scattered with buds blossoming into full-blown roses at a beribboned border which makes the hem and bodice. We've tied it with a velvet streamer. The 39" organdy is a penny-wise 59¢ a yard. You'll find it at most W. T. Grant stores. Dress is Advance Pattern No. 7024, 50¢. Size 14, about 6 yards.

ADVANCE PATTERN CO., INC.
P.O. Box No. 21, MURRAY HILL STATION
NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

Please send me Joanne Gilbert's dress pattern #7024, as seen in Photoplay, in size _____. Enclosed is 50¢ in cash.

Name _____

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Announcing the Winners in March Photoplay's Star Stand-in Contest

Muriel Burton.....Cliffside Park, New Jersey
Miss J. Clancy.....Toronto, Ontario, Canada
Cathleen M. MacMullen.....East Orange, New Jersey
Marilyn Thon.....Bemidji, Minnesota
Deanne-Ray Torbert.....Havertown, Pennsylvania

Aldo's brother Guido did not have a car. Guido read in the San Francisco newspapers that Columbia was looking for football players to be in "Saturday's Hero." He persuaded Aldo to drive him down. Once there, Aldo decided to be interviewed, too.

The man in charge listened to him and laughed. "Come back when you don't have a cold," he said.

"I don't have a cold," Aldo said. "I talk this way."

"Have you ever acted?"

"No."

The man shrugged. "If you can't act..."

"I can act," Aldo said. "Just listen to me." It was a challenge. At that time, at that place, it was the biggest challenge in the world. He had already made a start on his political career. So he delivered one of the campaign speeches that had elected his constable—a job equivalent to police chief—of Crockett, California. The speech won him a part as John Derek's roommate.

The same challenge that kept a young boy from drowning made an older one do something that happens once in a million times, get a good part in a good picture without ever having acted before. That was not luck. It was just something that happens to people who are foolish enough to swallow dreams.

There is something else that seems to happen to such people. They grow up to be very nice. Intelligent, not overly critical of life or people, their hair turned golden by the sun, they are always bounding after rainbows, and the sound that they make is laughter.

There was nothing much for Aldo Ray to laugh about when he was a child. Born September 25, 1926, he was three years old when the Depression left men begging for jobs as day laborers at the sugar refinery in Crockett. Silvio da Re, his father, was one of the lucky ones. His job paid \$4.50 a day. It was enough for a man who had only come to America nine years earlier, a man who still spoke Italian in his home.

By 1937, there was not even a job. There was a strike instead, a strike so important that it was written about in the New York newspapers, so violent that for three months the schools in Crockett were closed.

Silvio and his wife, Maria, and their six children sat home and waited, while goons and scabs from the factory fought in the streets outside. This is Aldo's version of the waiting:

"We didn't have much money, but what did that matter? Every day we looked at the wine that Papa had made the summer before, to be certain it didn't turn sour. Then we went fishing. We fished every day, and there was always fish soup on the stove and fried fish for supper, and Guido and I—we were the oldest—even made some money. I was eleven, and Guido was ten, and we collected old scraps of copper. We averaged fifty cents a week from the junkman."

That was not Aldo's only job. When he was eight, he had gotten a job in a grocery store. He worked after school, Saturdays and Sundays. In return, he got five dollars a month and all the fruit and vegetables that were about to spoil. He got a bonus, too. Each week the market held a drawing for free bags of canned food and vegetables, a drawing that was more important to them than a drawing today for a 1955 Ford. And each week, the owner put one of the bags aside for Aldo.

Even now the owner smiles when he thinks of the boy. "He was always laughing, always dreaming, always running very fast as though there was something ahead that he wanted to catch up to and that he was still too young to catch. But I think we all knew that he would catch up to that goal of his someday."

Aldo does not think that he became really independent until he was thirteen. That summer, Angelo, a friend of the family, gave him a job. Angelo had forty acres of land where he raised artichokes, and he and Aldo worked the land alone.

Angelo called him "Il Matto"—the crazy one.

"He was, crazy," Angelo has said. "I take him out to a field—a big field. I tell to him plow it. I leave him. He does not come in to lunch. Then, about two o'clock, he comes back. He is covered with dust, with sweat.

"How much have you done?" I ask him.

"How much?" he says. "I've finished it."

Angelo scratched his head. "A field that would take a hired man a day and a half. A field I would plow in a day. And he—Il Matto—he does it in four hours."

For his summer's work, Aldo got room, board and \$60. He took the money home, put fifty dollars in his pocket and went to talk to his father. He went to talk about football. In his first year of high school, he had been on the freshman team and he had broken a leg. But now he had plowed all summer, and he knew the leg was well.

He took the fifty dollars out of his pocket. "Papa," he said, "for the doctor, when I broke my leg." Then he smiled.

"Now," he said, "now I can play football again."

The other ten dollars bought two pairs of corduroy pants. Never again did his family pay for his clothes.

"I was the oldest," he has said. "I had to do it."

The next summer his salary was tripled. Angelo felt that his fourteen-year-old helper was worth the money.

When he was not working, Aldo was winning prizes and presidencies. He was an officer of every class from the second grade through the twelfth for at least one semester. The other semester of each year he was such diverse things as Thrift Manager (second grade), Keeper of the Rabbits (third grade), and Commissioner of Boys' Athletics (sophomore year).

He has been characterized as ambitious, determined and determinedly forthright. One of his teachers had reason to remember the last. When he was graduated from grammar school, he took the prize for athletics, the prize for general scholarship, the prize for English, the prize for sportsmanship and the prize for mathematics.

The American Legion Award for all-around student was given to another boy. After the assembly, he walked politely up to the judges and asked why. It seemed to him that if he had won all the other prizes the school offered, he was its all-

around student. He still feels this way.

It is not conceit. It is an honesty that is almost brutal and it is still with him both as his greatest asset and his severest fault. It was also the cause of his first quarrel with Jeff.

They had been married three weeks and friends were coming to dinner. Jeff had made hors d'oeuvres and Aldo had been official taster. The hors d'oeuvres, he said, the worst thing he had tasted in his life.

The rest can be imagined.

Despite his brilliant honesty, he is not a diamond in the rough, waiting to be pounded and polished into shape. He was president of the California Scholarship Federation at Crockett High School for two years and he was awarded a scholarship to the University of California where he graduated.

But it was 1944 and there was a war going on. So Aldo Ray became Seaman Ray and was sent to Saipan. After a while, Saipan was no longer target practice for the Japanese. So, when a notice went up on the bulletin board that tryouts would be held the next day for the "frogmen"—underwater demolition team—Aldo decided to volunteer.

So did every one of the other one thousand two hundred and fifty-four sailors on Saipan. There had been a rumor that the frogmen would be sent back to the United States to train, and they all showed up at the edge of the Pacific for the tryouts.

They were pushed into four lines by the harried commanding officer, told to swim to the coral reef about a mile away and sent off at three minute intervals.

"Some of them couldn't swim at all," Aldo said, grinning at the thought. "They just thrashed around and tried to keep from being stepped on. Finally, one of the officers waded in and pulled them out."

Aldo was in the last line. A hundred yards out, he had passed most of the men in the third line. Five hundred yards from shore, he was first. From then on, he merely lengthened his lead. He was sitting on the coral reef for almost five minutes before the second man panted up.

Aldo and thirteen others were chosen and shipped to Hawaii for training. The training was brief. He managed to get himself attached as a replacement to a team that was going back to the South Pacific. Their job was to reconnoiter and report everything they saw and felt from the point they were dropped off (usually five hundred yards from shore) in to the beach. Three days before American assault troops landed, Aldo and his team swam the beach at Okinawa.

As they did in all their missions, they swam in when it was turning light—the early morning. They had no aquaplanes, only swim fins, goggles and knives and they swam on the surface. But the Japanese shore defense never even found out they were there.

A little later in the war, they were dropped off the coast of Japan. Their job then was to make sure there were no mines, and their mission took them less than forty miles from the bombed city of Hiroshima.

After that, the war was ended for Aldo. He traded his swim fins for his old university scholarship. And the old dream began to flop around a bit again. He looked for a place to start. He decided to run for constable of Crockett. It was a fine job, but there was one obstacle. The man who was constable had been doing a good job for fifteen years.

It is almost impossible to dislodge a man who has been doing a good job for fifteen years. It is even more difficult when you are still in college and you are only twenty-three years old. But Aldo



Color portraits of Janet Leigh, Mitzi Gaynor and Elaine Stewart by Stern; Donna Reed and Mona Freeman by Hayden; Doris Day by Six; George Nader by Bell; Anne Francis, June Allyson, Janet Leigh, Barbara Rush and Kim Novak by Ornitz; Pier Angeli by Six; Aldo Ray by Cronenweth; Jane Powell by Apper; Marlon Brando by Powolny; Jane Russell by Jones

did it. He was elected town constable. He is very proud of the year he spent in office.

"We have a jail in Crockett, but I didn't use it. I didn't make one arrest that year. There was no serious crime, and I've always figured that it's senseless to put a black mark on a man's record for a little thing. So when the old pensioners would get drunk and start trying to knife each other, I'd just go down break it up and make the soberest man my deputy.

"Then the two of us would pile the rest in my car. I'd open the windows and take them back to their rooming houses. By the time we'd delivered the last one, my deputy would be sober enough to walk home himself."

He was a good constable. When one of his "boys" got into trouble with the county sheriff and was put in jail because he couldn't pay a \$100 fine, Aldo paid the fine.

"He had a wife and a kid," Aldo said. "I couldn't do anything else. And he paid me back—every bit of it."

It was then—when he was worrying about his final exams and thinking about running for Congress in a year or two—that his brother Guido needed a car.

After that first picture, he went back to Crockett and bailed out more drunks. Then he got a call to test for the lead opposite Judy Holliday in "The Marrying Kind." (The person who played the test with him was Jeff Donnell, and that was the beginning of that.) When he got the part, he resigned his office and took a house by the ocean in Santa Monica.

There were a few more parts, and then he sat by the ocean and waited. After Jeff's marriage broke up, he learned about Jeff, met her friends, took her son, Mike, to the movies, read her daughter, Sally, fairy tales.

He learned that he and Jeff both liked to cook and he would come over to her house at four in the afternoon, his hands full of difficult recipes and the groceries he'd bought to try to make the recipes. Her first gift to him was a snail tray (for serving cooked snails). His first gift to her was just as practical. It was a gold bracelet with a heart engraved "Happy Birthdays Forever."

"It was engraved that way," Jeff says wryly, "so that he could forget all the rest of my birthdays."

His first gift after their marriage was practical, too. They were honeymooning among the rocky crags of Santa Cruz and his gift was a pair of tennis shoes.

After the waiting came "Battle Cry," in which he plays *Andy* and in which he makes the audience leave the theatre thinking of *Andy* most of all. "Battle Cry" and success. High point of the success right now is "The Gentle Wolfhound," which he is making for Columbia and in which he plays his first real romantic lead.

Has he changed? A sunbeam doesn't change. It may grow more confident of its power to shine. It may stop swimming so fast across the sky. It may grow a little older and settle down for a while on a comfortable cloud. But a sunbeam doesn't change.

Neither does a boy who has swallowed a dream. The dream gets a little bigger perhaps, or even a little smaller. But it still churns around after the last field has been plowed and the last prize won and the last beach unmined.

It causes a queer feeling in the stomach when the last part has been won and the last performance has been the best possible. That is when it pulls you a little faster and heads in another direction.

And when that happens don't take any bets that Aldo Ray won't be president of the United States after all. Don't take any bets at all.

THE END



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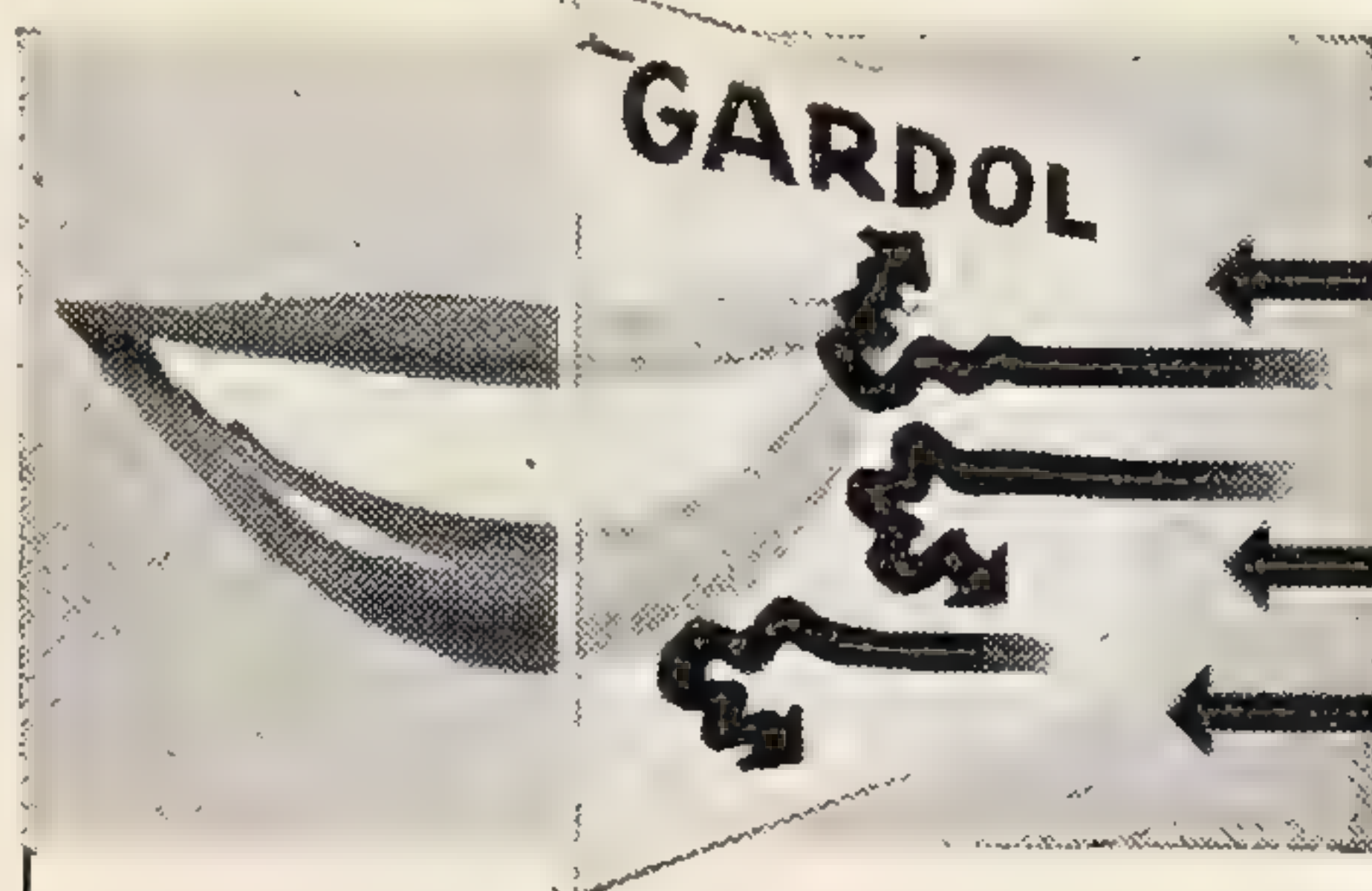


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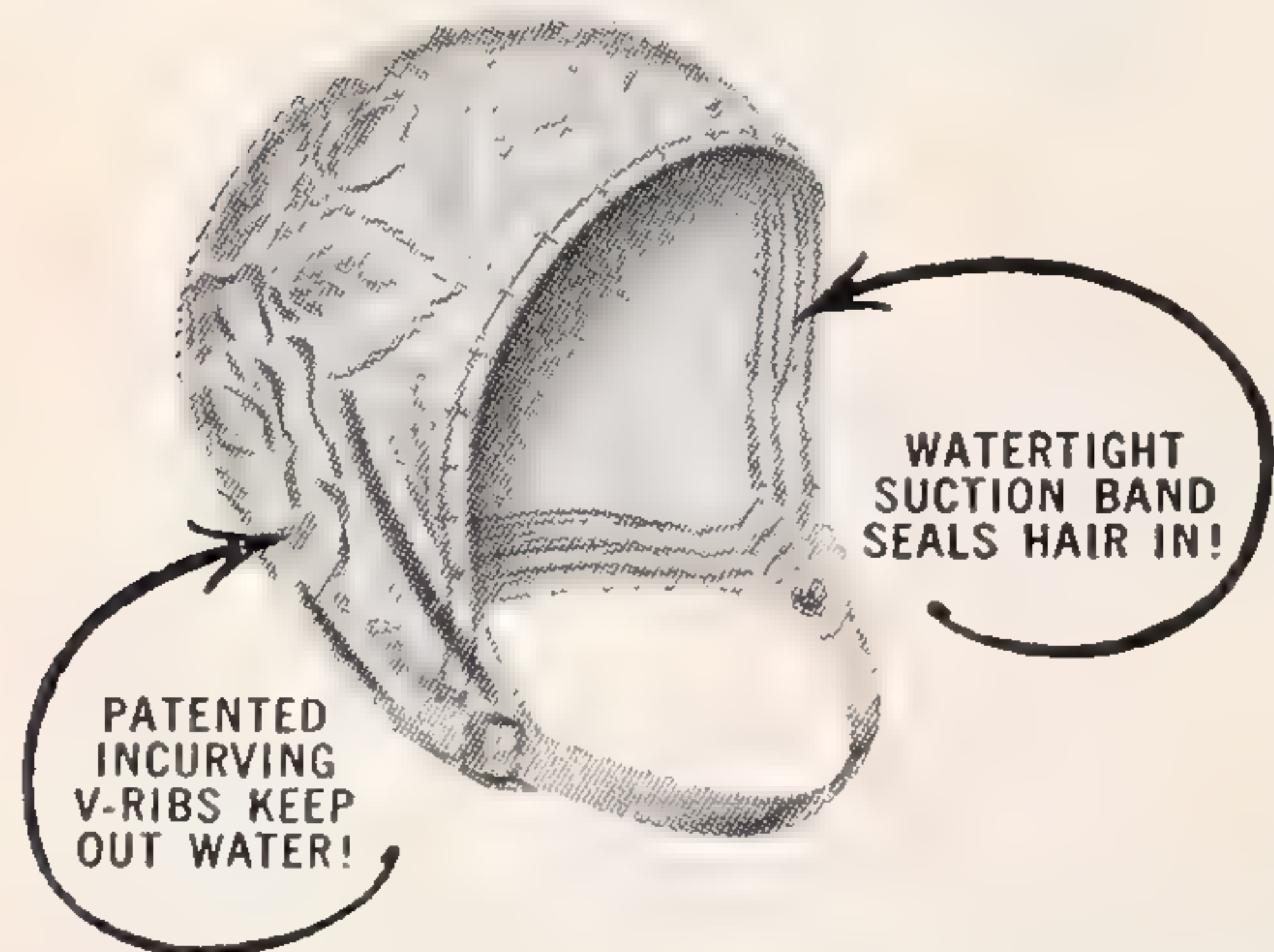
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(Continued from page 39)

train bearing down upon the car carrying her and the other three kids. As she screamed, her father would thunder out at her from the next room, "Doke, you go back to sleep." Trembling, she'd obediently huddle silently under the covers, knowing that presently her mother would steal in to comfort her.

However, she wasn't going to think of this much longer. On this exquisite spring day, she would cheer herself with the sure knowledge that very soon she'd be out again, with the other kids, going down to the ballroom to listen to that wonderful band leader with the curly hair who had played and whom she adored. Or she'd be going out on the scrimmage field to watch the boys try out, and maybe that brown-eyed fellow with the broad shoulders would be there and maybe this time he'd smile at her, even if he was three whole years older than she.

And of course she'd see Jerry Doherty. Why, by June, she and Jerry could certainly go out on the road again, the very day school closed. Five hundred dollar prizes here in Cincinnati they'd won when they were a mere fourteen. But now . . .

She stopped, electrified with her dream. Hey, now she could sing as well as dance. Just suppose, as she danced, she sang something like this "Embraceable You." And just suppose she taught Jerry to sing something like, well, something like, "I've Got You under My Skin." Goodness knows, she could teach Jerry to sing, for what could be simpler? You just controlled your breath a bit, as Grace Raine had taught her. You opened your mouth. You pronounced the words clearly. That was all there was to it.

But in hers and Jerry's act, it would be terrific!

"Wow," said Dorothy Kapplehoff, jumping with excitement.

Then it happened.

The crutches fell away from her. She screamed, as her bad leg gave way beneath her. "Mom," she screamed. The floor seemed to rise up and hit her just as she fainted.

She was a different girl, eight months later, when the doctor finally took that second cast off her leg. Her whole world was different.

Her mother and father had separated. It wasn't one of those friendly things that people talked about in Hollywood. Mom and Pop didn't talk at all. They lived in different parts of Cincinnati now, that was all. And her brother Paul was talking about the possibility of war in Europe and how it might affect all their lives. And her classmates had gone along so far in school without her, she knew she could never overtake them. As for the boys, well Jerry had other interests now, and that man of the world, nineteen, who worked in the drugstore, she couldn't even find trace of him.

"You could have a career," her mother said, when she told her all these sorrows. "One thing these eight months have done for you, darling, is make your voice better and better."

"But what could I do, limping around?"

"You won't keep on limping. Besides, who will know on radio? Grace Raine can get you a job down at Station WLW. She's told me so."

"Oh, Mom, darling, can she do it? Can I do it? Do you really think I can? Just till I get married, of course."

"Of course, just till you get married," her mother said.

Being on radio was heaven. Just sheer heaven. It almost didn't seem right to Dorothy, taking money for doing some-

thing she loved doing so very much. Just standing there, singing, making believe the room in the radio station was a terrific tropical beach on a terrific, warm moonlight night or maybe a room in a New York penthouse, overlooking the whole city and rain falling against the windows, while she sat all cozy and warm in front of a glowing fireplace with the man of her dreams.

"Why don't you try making a few records?" her mother said to her after a few months.

"I could, couldn't I, Mom? Maybe I could send them out to some of those big recording agencies or other stations. Maybe they'd want me for something—just till I get married, of course."

"Oh, sure," said her mother. "Just till you get married."

Dorothy was crazy about all the really big singers. Frankie. Bing. Perry Como. Dinah Shore. She bought all their records, played them constantly, listened to them eternally on radio. But when she got her own finished records, she didn't have enough nerve to send a pressing to any of them. From some resource within her brain, she got the idea of sending one to Bob Crosby. He just sounded so friendly, and his band was so keen.

Her own pet of what she had recorded was "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair." She sent that one to Bob where he was playing, the Blackhawk in Chicago. Her note said, "I love your band. I'd like to sing with you."

This was fresh, she knew. She signed the note "Doris Day," the name Barney Rapp had given her before he'd let her sing a bit with his band. Barney had discovered her right there in Cincinnati, through a song plugger who'd come round to the radio station. She'd sung "Day after Day" for him, and Barney had said she was okay, but her name Kapplehoff had to go. Barney had given her "Day" from the song. Her mom had given her "Doris" from Doris Kenyon, Mom's movie favorite, and "Doris Day" was then in business.

But Bob Crosby was big time!

Two days later, she got his wire. "Come on up," it said.

She went. Like the radio show, it was heaven, being the canary with the band, the only girl among a lot of fellows. Of course, most of the fellows were very much married, but still. . .

Fun, too, learning how to dress. Learning how to travel. One-night stands, the fellows in the band said they got to be a bore after a while, like audiences got to be a bore, too. But she hadn't hit that point yet. It was all a ball to her. Especially since now both her legs were just fine, like her over-all health. Good shaped legs they were, too.

Only Bob wanted to get back to California, off the grind for a while. What would she do when the tour ended? Go back to Cincinnati? The kids she knew there now seemed too young. Her twenties were still a long way off, but she felt so worldly.

Just then, the call from Les Brown—Les Brown and his Band of Renown—reached her. Golly! Les Brown wanted her. Her, Dorothy Kapplehoff. No, no. She, Doris Day. She accepted in a big, fast flash.

She came in to the first morning's rehearsal call with Les Brown and his Band of Renown and the fellows were all lolling around, just as they did at rehearsals with Bob's band. "Hi," they all said to her. All except one. Name of Al Jordan, that one. He had brown eyes, black hair, beautiful teeth and a Ford converti-

ble car. Brother, that was really keen! It turned out Al didn't even belong with the band. No, siree, he was really at the top, trombonist with Jimmy Dorsey's band. He'd just turned up that day with the Brown outfit to do a bit of jamming, if somebody had the urge.

Young Miss Day, very aware of the handsome Mr. Jordan, was happily aware that he was happily aware of her. She sang as effortlessly that day as she had sung to the little speckled bird in the tree outside her bedroom window.

Al Jordan said, "You've got style, style in your phrasing, style in your dressing and manner of handling yourself. Have dinner with me, will you?"

They had many dinners. They had much talk, vivid, discovery talk, like her finding out he was a musician's musician, which was the highest praise in their circle. The boys in the band all looked up to him, she soon saw. He was an artist. But he told her he looked up to her, as an artist, too.

Life, to young Miss Day, became a Bowl of Cherries. Life was a song, and she was a pretty girl like a melody and he was the only boy in the world. When he did ask her to marry him, she didn't hesitate for one second.

He did point out to her that he'd have to be on the road. That meant separations. He did point out to her that her recording of "Sentimental Journey," which she'd made with Les' band, had made her a big, big star (as well as a big pile of money). He wasn't so sure that she should give it all up for love.

But she was sure. Love. Marriage. It was all she wanted. She said she wanted to go back to Cincinnati, to be near Mom and her brother Paul. So she got them a house in Cincinnati's Price Hill section, a wonderful spot, and there she expected she'd settle down with Al and live like a dream forever after.

One trouble with dreams, however, is that they are not worth a darn around a kitchen: Doris couldn't cook at all. Sometimes to get around this she started dinner at ten in the morning to get it finished by five in the evening.

Another trouble with dreams is that they make loneliness even lonelier. In Doris', the bride's, dream world Al was always at her side, adoring her. In fact, this was something quite else again.

She knew it wasn't his fault. He honestly did have to be on the road to make a living. When he was with her, it was true, that he was constantly adoring, constantly babying her. But she got notions in between times. Were there other girls? Did he really miss her as much as she missed him? Even the romance of his daily special delivery letters (which inevitably arrived at 3 A.M.) and his almost daily wires did not quite soothe her.

Once they quarreled so violently, over what he said were just her notions, that she threw her wedding ring away and said their marriage was over. They hadn't yet been married so much as a year when that happened. Al went angrily out on the road, and he was no sooner gone that she regretted it. When he came back, he had a second wedding ring with him.

"Will you wear this, darling?" he begged.

She melted with happiness. And it wasn't too much later that she discovered motherhood was heading her way and her joy knew no bounds. Both she and Al wanted a son, and both of them refused to face the fact that the band business wasn't what it had been. His one-night stands were further and further distances from one another, further and further apart in so far as earning were concerned.

The baby was a boy, and an angel. She named him Terry, and Al was a very proud

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father. Still the baby didn't bring the bliss with him all babies are supposed to deliver. This perfect child brought complications with him, the extra feeding, the extra housekeeping, the continual need for extra money.

It just all got to be too much for dreamers, particularly to young dreamers with temperament. Heartsore, disillusioned, they agreed to divorce.

Dorothy-Doris took the baby home to Mom, took herself down to WLW, her old radio station. "Give me a job," she asked them.

"But you're a big shot now," said the station manager. "I couldn't afford to pay you anything but the straight fee for singing commercials, \$64 a week."

"I can feed my son and me on \$64 a week," she said. "Please hire me."

One of the first nights she was back on the air she sang the lullaby her mother had sung to her, as a baby, and which she was now singing to her son, "Go to Sleep, My Baby." The pain of the sobs she was holding back made her throat ache.

For weeks thereafter the offers from bands poured in to her. She had been singing from her heart and her sorrow, and she hadn't thought of what the result might be. Now she selected from among the offers the Stan Kenton outfit. It meant the road again. It meant leaving her son. But it also meant she could support her son in the manner in which he must be supported in order to be strong and healthy. It meant she could pay Mom's living costs and her own.

She was twenty-two. Terribly old. She told herself she had no dreams left, no time for dreams. So then she met George Weidler, who was the top saxophone man with Kenton. He was the brother of Virginia Weidler, who had been a kid movie star, and he was a fine musician.

From the moment of their meeting, she loved him utterly. The emotions she had felt for Al paled, like her high school crushes, like the passions she had once known for her dolls.

She and George talked, talked, talked. They created music, they danced, they talked. The moment they got an engagement where they settled down for a solid piece of time, they gave themselves time to get married. The place was Mount Vernon, just outside of New York City, where they were playing.

"I'm going to give up singing," Doris told George. "I want to settle down, be a perfect wife and have lots of children."

"Well, as you know," said George, "there were seven kids in our family, even if Virginia turned out to be the most talented."

Actually, it seemed that Doris and George had everything in common including their German ancestry. They had both been brought up in a household dedicated to music. They were both the same age. They both wanted the same things. And they were truly in love.

But, again, things weren't too good in the band business (they seldom are, but young lovers don't stop to think of such things). "If I could just get to the Coast," George said, "I'm sure things would pick up for me. There's radio work, picture work, recording work. We wouldn't be forever dependent on this night-club work."

"All right, darling," said his adoring wife.

When they hit Hollywood in 1946 they discovered the housing shortage. They'd left Terry back in Cincinnati until they got settled, but it wasn't too long before they discovered if they were to have a roof over their heads they had to buy it. They didn't have the price of a house, but they could afford the swankiest trailer you ever saw, so they got that, and had it towed out to a mighty pretty spot which overlooked the mountains and the sea.

Doris adored it. One thing she'd always been in the housewife division was neat as a pin and this was like a game, keeping such a tiny place up. And she had finally learned how to fry a plate of eggs without ruining them, and to boil coffee and of course there were the frozen things really romping into market, which did save their meals.

Doris trotted about in a state of bliss. George loved funny little cafes in out-of-the-way places, loved catching different acts on the night-club circuit. Because he loved it, she loved it, too. And because his eyes would be seeing them, she loved making curtains for the trailer windows and planting window boxes of flowers for it.

However, George was discovering that on the Coast he wasn't so much George Weidler, excellent saxophonist, as he was Virginia Weidler's young brother. He haunted the booking offices, the agency row. Nothing came up.

But because of her records, Doris got many bids. "I'm retired," she said to one and all. However, when the offer of a ten-weeks engagement at New York's Little Club came up, George told her she was out of her mind if she didn't take it.

"You'll come with me if I do?" she asked.

"No, doll. I'll stay here and still hunt some work."

"Then I won't go."

"You know we need it for eating money."

So she let him persuade her. It was mid-winter and the night she was due to open, it began snowing. She knew that she should be excited. It was actually the swankiest place she'd ever sung, but she simply felt cut off from California, from George, from her baby and Mom in Cincinnati. She waited around her hotel room till the last minute, hoping for the phone to ring, long distance from California, but she excused the fact that it didn't, saying it was because they didn't have a phone in the trailer and that George had probably told himself he shouldn't spend the money.

When she came into the club dressing room, however, she saw the telegram. She pounced on it joyously. While outside, she could hear the band about to go into her intro. Because of the weather, she'd decided she'd open with "Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow." She tore the telegram open.

It was from George, but she couldn't believe the words. Even months afterward she could not remember them exactly. Only their meaning. Only their terrible meaning.

"Don't come back," the words screamed out at her. "Don't come back. As far as I'm concerned it's all over. George."

She knew it had to be some dreadful joke. She knew it had to be one of her old nightmares coming back to her. If she sat quite still, if she did nothing, she told herself, it would go away.

There was a knock on her dressing-room door. "You're on, Miss Day," a voice told her. Then, presently, "Miss Day, you're on. There's your cue music."

She went out, and through one of the club windows, she could watch the snow falling. Falling on her heart, she thought. She began to sing, and she shivered, from pain, and the tears began falling down her face. The audience went mad. They thought she was acting.

Her second number was "This Love of Mine." Now she really cried. The audience adored her.

Somehow she got through all the numbers, and then she was backstage, telephoning, calling Hollywood, calling all the places George might be. Only he wasn't at any of them.

She went to the management and begged them to let her out of the engagement. But she was too big a hit. They held her to the letter of her contract.

The next day, she tried telephoning again, and wired and wrote. She didn't reach George. That day or the next or the next or the ones after.

When the impossible ten weeks were up, the management begged her to stay longer. She refused. She had only one thought in mind, to reach the Coast at the earliest possible moment.

Once in Hollywood, she drove straight out to the trailer. There it was, right where she had left it. But the flowers in the flower boxes were all dead from lack of water, and at the open windows, the curtains blew in and out, dirtied by the dust and the rain.

She unlocked the door and went in. George was not there. No one was there. Plainly, no one had been there for weeks and weeks.

She drove back into town, but none of their friends had seen George. No agent knew his whereabouts. She took a room in a small hotel, a very inexpensive hotel, in the center of Hollywood and she started haunting the Boulevard. A dozen times a day she thought she saw him and would turn her head eagerly, her heart beating. Always she was wrong—and disappointed.

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BY AUDREY MEADOWS

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THE MARINERS

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Doris knew she had to get work to send money to Mom for her and Terry. Finally, she went in to see her agent, Al Levy.

"Sure I can find you something," Levy said. "You just sit tight, kid, and I'll phone you every day and you phone me whenever you feel like it. If I'm not in, you talk to my assistant, Marty Melcher."

She noticed that Mr. Melcher was attractive. Nothing more.

Al Levy made an appointment for her to see Bob Hope. They waited hours, then Hope said he couldn't see her. "But she'll be famous one of these days," Levy argued. "When she is, bring her around," Hope said.

Her money ran lower. "Say," said Levy on the phone to her one morning, "I've got an appointment for you to see Mike Curtiz. You know, he'd got that picture 'Romance on the High Seas' ready to go, but Betty Hutton can't do it because she's going to have a baby."

Doris felt a stab of jealousy. A happy girl going to have a baby. "But I can't act," she said to Levy. "And I'm not pretty enough for pictures, anyhow."

"Let's go see," said Levy. "The guys who wrote the songs asked for you, especially."

It was like the Hope appointment. They waited hours. Finally the great director, Curtiz, came out. He gave Doris one look. It wasn't a flattering look. He virtually collapsed when in reply to his question about her dramatic experience, she said all she'd ever done was play a duck in a school play.

"Just listen to her sing, Mike, please," Levy pleaded.

They put a song in front of her, a new song that was to be in the picture. It was called "That's Magic." A love song. They played it through for her once and she loved it immediately. A true love song.

She sang it, and at the end, looked up to see the tears in Curtiz eyes.

"With your kind of heart, you can act," he said.

She called her mother in Cincinnati the next day, after her screen test. "How's Terry?" she asked. "How are you? Yes, I'm fine." It wasn't until she was almost ready to hang up that she added, "Oh, Mom, I'm signed to a seven-year contract at Warners."

It was 1947 and everybody was wonderful to her at Warners. She liked the days, but the evenings, the nights were terrible. She still walked Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, hoping, searching. Or she sat in her little hotel room and played Perry Como records, especially his "Without a Song" so many times that she wore out four pressings of it.

She was a smash hit in "Romance on the High Seas." Bob Hope sent for her. "I was crazy," he said. "Now look what I have to pay for you." She was made a regular part of his radio show. She made a recording of "It's Magic." It sold a million copies.

She was big business. More and more she had to transact things with Levy. More and more Marty Melcher had to handle details for her. She liked and respected him very much and realized never before had she had a male friend. She figured he understood about girl singers because he was married to one, Patti Andrews.

Her income began climbing, a thousand a week, two thousand a week. Her second picture was a smash, too. She said to Warners, "I'd like to make family pictures. About families. Stories about marriages, happy marriages."

Mom was living with her now in a little house not too far from the studio, and Doris was going through the crazy situation of persuading her six-year-old son that she really was his mother. Crazy-wonderful situation, because he was the



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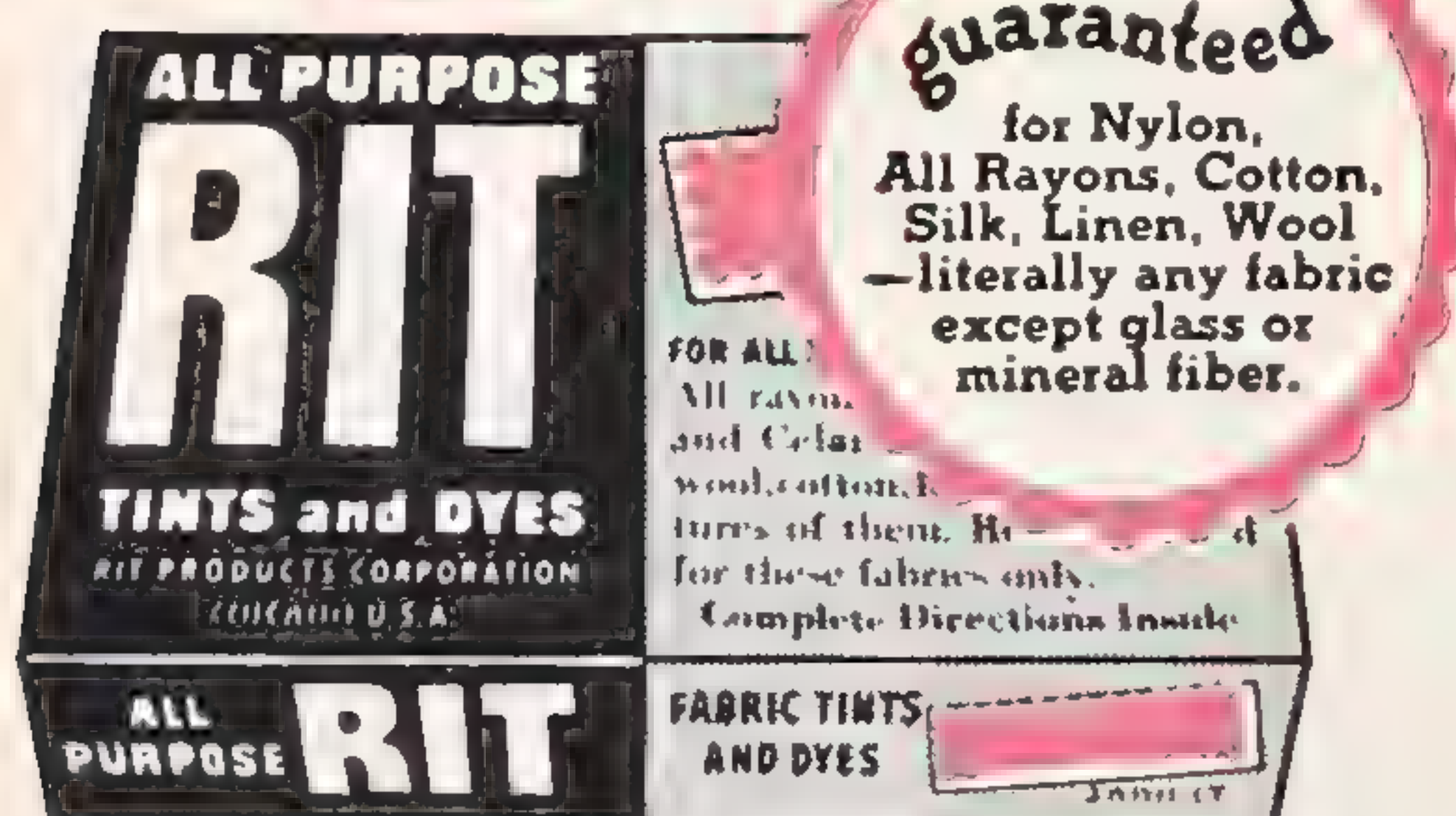
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most all-boy small boy she had ever seen.

Almost a year and a half had gone by since her Little Club engagement when Doris Day, now the very famous star, saw George Weidler coming down the street toward her. As their eyes met, he smiled and held out his hand to her. Because she had dreamed of this moment so long, and had so long given it up for lost, she couldn't think of what to say.

"Let's go get a drink," she said, inadequately.

His eyes were warm and friendly. "I'll buy you one, Dodo," he said. "But I don't drink any more. Nor smoke, either, for that matter."

He had never been much of a drinking man, any more than she was much of a drinking girl. But still!

"What happened? What's happened to you? You look so—well—contented."

"I am," he said. "Don't laugh. What happened to me was religion."

They found a restaurant, and over coffee, he told her all about it. It was Christian Science that had brought him such peace of mind. Yes, he knew of her success, and he was very proud of her, and he reminded her that he had always predicted it for her.

They talked for hours, but when they parted, Doris knew it was all over. Perhaps the source that had brought him such peace would bring it to her, too, eventually.

So now her life took on a new dimension, work during the week, Mom and Terry during the evenings, church on Sunday. And once in a while, and gradually twice in a while, and after a bit, three times in a while, she and Marty Melcher would consult about business matters in the evening. Finally one night, at dinner at her house, she said, "I don't think you really come here on business matters. I know you don't come to see me, as myself. You just come for Mom's cooking."

She was joking, of course, and he smiled at her, but for the first time Marty did talk, then, about himself. She had known for months that his marriage was only a technical one. He lived alone, but like her, he had not sought a divorce.

But now he began talking about himself as a little boy from North Adams, Massachusetts, who had never known his father. Who had gone to work at the age of ten. Who loved people and show business and personalities—and yet...

"And yet," said Marty Melcher, "I've never been able to discover the girl—anyone, for that matter—who wanted to live the kind of simple life I want."

"What kind of a life is that, Marty?"

"Oh, a perfectly simple house, on a perfectly simple street. An early-to-rise, early-to-bed existence. You see, Doris, I've had so much of night clubs, as my business, I don't want any part of them as entertainment. During the day I have to meet so many people, phone so many others, I'd like at evening to find a girl who would be content just to be home, watch tv, maybe, or something equally relaxed. But that's selfish of me. No girl who has been cooped up home all day wants to stay put in the evening, too."

"What about a working girl?"

"What kind of a working girl would understand show business?" Marty asked. "The crazy hours. The crazy demand. I guess I'm stuck with being a semi-detached man, and I don't like it, not at all."

It came back to Doris, again and again, that talk, long after the evening she and Marty had had it. She wasn't in love with him. This she assured herself. She wasn't crazy for him as she had been for Al, nor devastatingly overwhelmed as she had been by George.

He was her friend. Her good, good, intelligent friend. But he was good-looking, and he gave her all the small courtesies she

had never received from any other man. Foolish things, but delightful, like always pulling out chairs for her, holding doors for her, looking around to be sure she had remembered her gloves, little important things.

Besides, Terry thought he was the greatest. Terry was openly matchmaking, while Marty played volleyball with him or helped him fix up a badminton court or swam with him in the near-by pool.

One day she told Marty she thought she should buy a house. He agreed. "I'd like to go hunt one with you, when you start out on it," he said.

She found it, finally, a house on a dead-end street in the Valley, where it would be safe for Terry to play, where there was room for a pool, where it was quiet as a country lane, yet near the studio, too. She'd be able to go to the studio in jeans from there and nobody would be the wiser.

It was the house that Marty liked best of all they had seen, too. She said, innocently, "Oh, Marty, I'd just love to live here. Wouldn't you?" Then her heart missed a beat for she saw the way his eyes were looking at her, wide-open, begging, and nothing hidden in their depths.

They became engaged, as simply as that, and suddenly everything in life became more beautiful than she had known anything ever could be. True, they each had to get their divorces, but there was no strain between them. There was no rush, no lying, no fear. They were each other's best friend, and presently they would be man and wife.

She had her divorce by June of 1950, but they had to wait until February of '51 for Marty's to be final. In that interval they shopped for things for their house. Little things. Little things like window curtains, like a plain rug that a husky young boy could swarm on and not harm, things to make into planters. Simple things, but Doris loved the shopping and so did Marty. And they talked of going to New Orleans on a honeymoon.

But when the spring of '51 finally did get there, and Terry was writing his name "Terry Melcher" experimentally and calling Marty, "my intended father," New Orleans seemed very far away from the house that would be theirs.

Doris' birthday was approaching, the third of April. "That's as good a time as any to be married," she said, so with her brother Paul and his wife standing by as their attendants, she and Marty were married, with complete simplicity in the little town of Burbank. Even as they drove over for the ceremony, Doris saw some curtain material she wanted in a shop window and they stopped and bought it.

They came back for a meal with Mom. "What a beautiful package deal I got," Marty said. "You, Mom, Terry and Doris." They were in their house at last.

"Well, you certainly must go somewhere on your honeymoon," said Mom. "You just must. You'll have years to live in this house."

"Oh, gee, must they?" said Terry.

"I guess we really should," said Marty.

So he and Doris headed out for Phoenix, only they got lost, and ended in the tiny town of El Centro, California. They couldn't get a room except in a motel. The temperature was 94 degrees and Marty's long legs dangled way beyond the length of the bed.

Next day they set out for Grand Canyon. To Marty's horror, Doris couldn't remember whether on any of her one-night stands she'd ever been there. So she came up to the rim of the world's greatest view, said, "Nope, never saw it before. Marty, let's go home."

"Forever," said Marty—and they did.

THE END

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 37)

Alberghetti is now allowed to have unchaperoned escorts and Ben Cooper is her number-one choice. On their first date the captivating couple went to *Ciro's* for ice cream!

It's the Truth: That Jane Powell's congratulatory wire *wasn't* the first to reach former husband Geary Steffen when he married singer Anne Salva! . . . That Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer finally decided it's much wiser to wait until they've been married longer, before merging as a professional team. . . . That Dale Robertson is impatient for his freedom and anxious to marry Mary Murphy (she's weary of waiting!), which is why he filed a cross complaint to his wife's year-old divorce action. . . . That neither Vera-Ellen or Mitzi Gaynor are expecting the stork and their studios are *that* relieved!

Talented Tourists: As a surprise for Doris Day, one of those dreamy little cars will be waiting at the dock when she arrives in Europe. Marty Melcher even had it painted Doris' favorite powder blue. . . . And if Tony Curtis can arrange it, when Janet Leigh finishes "Pete Kelly's Blues," they'll take a long trip. Cary Grant gave Tony the name of a slow freighter that only accommodates a handful of passengers. No one has to make polite conversation or dress for dinner. And there are no daily gossip columns to curdle the coffee—this Tony likes best of all!

Personal to Texas: No, you weren't seeing double! That *was* Rock Hudson who went along for the ride with director George Stevens who was scouting "Giant" locations—and incidentally, getting better acquainted with his star. Speaking of *el Rocko*, when U-I sent him to the Chicago premiere of "Captain Lightfoot" recently, he wired fan-club president Myron Welge in Missouri (they had never met) and invited him to Chicago. Rock entertained Myron and thirty club members backstage. Back in Hollywood he considerably confided to Cal: "I met a wonderful group of people, but one girl worried me. Her camera wouldn't work and she was so disappointed. Of course I didn't mind, but on my next trip I'll pose for her specially!" No wonder Hudson rolls along so successfully!

Silver Lining: Rory Calhoun is a happy man! He now has everything, *including* peace of mind. But by sad and strange coincidence he punished himself unnecessarily for years. It wasn't generally known that Francis Timothy Durgin got into scrapes that landed him in reform school. There were contributing circumstances, and although the callow youth grew into an exemplary citizen, helping countless unfortunates along the way, he still had a guilt complex about his past. Many Hollywood reporters (including Cal) knew Rory's story, but respecting his sensitivity, kept silent. Now comes the blessing in disguise! One of those "exposé" magazines has told all. In so doing, instead of hurting Rory, they've actually released him from fear and the nice, deserving guy never has to worry again!

Did You Know: That Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger exchange weekly diaries while he's in India making "Bhowani Junction" and she's in Hollywood in "Guys and Dolls"? . . . That Tab Hunter hasn't missed a Sunday morning in church since his sixteenth birthday? It's a fact.

THE END



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Move Over for Jane Russell!

(Continued from page 67)

prayers were called on heavily that night by everybody from RKO. What seemed like a nightmare to the studio turned out to be a publicity man's bonanza. It hit the wire services and the headlines of every paper in the country. And somehow, Jane's black eye managed to turn in a healthy profit for "The Las Vegas Story."

Two weeks after the Las Vegas incident, Jane took off for New York. She and her traveling companion were accompanied to the plane by one of the men from the studio. As the man unloaded Jane's stuff from the limousine, he whispered to the traveling companion. "I don't envy you, traveling with her. She's like a white elephant—you can't hide her any place. Besides, she refuses to act like a movie star."

The traveling companion was soon to find out exactly what he meant. In Chicago Jane trudged off the plane in her usual getup: slacks, fur coat, moccasins, ear muffs, ear plugs, sleep mask, scarf on her head—and absolutely no make-up!

"I caught up with her in the ladies lounge," her companion related later. "She was in need of coffee and so was I. So at 7 A.M. I went scrounging around the airport looking for coffee. When I got back to the ladies lounge with the stuff, the teenagers had, with that sixth sense of theirs, found out that Jane was on the plane. She was surrounded. Looking like the wrath of God, she gaily waved an autograph book in the air and roared, 'Well, here's your White Elephant.' She had overheard our conversation and loved it."

"But Chicago was nothing next to New York. You see, Jane loves jazz. For most people this is a good, clean hobby, listening to live and recorded jazz. But for Jane it means using every free moment to find out-of-the-way places all over New York where she can hear her beloved modern jazz. Refusing to accept the responsibility of a star, she'll just start out, trailing, of course, the entire New York office, whose function it is to see that nothing happens to this expensive product. But once Jane has her mind made up, who's brave enough to change it? For she's as strong-willed as she is unpredictable."

When Jane landed in New York from London last January, after finishing "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," she was worn out and champing at the bit to get home to husband Robert Waterfield and her kids. When the powers that be at RKO decided she should go to the Florida premiere of her picture, "Underwater!" everyone started putting up odds that the top studio diplomat would never persuade Jane.

Apprehensively, the woman approached Jane that afternoon. After she explained what a fix the whole situation put her in, old Jane's big, bleeding, cantankerous heart acquiesced. Her only provision was that her two children be air-mailed special delivery to her in New York immediately. After a couple of days with the children, Jane took off for Florida all graciousness and charm, which continued to be, until, unpredictable again, she ate some stale food and became violently ill.

Why RKO's most valuable property should be fed stale food would be a news story in itself, if it were not for the fact that Jane did the feeding. She awoke one morning around 3 A.M. and decided she was hungry. Rather than check room service to see if anyone were on duty, she found a tray of tired food from the party the night before and started nibbling on a few of the stale goodies. Hunger appeased, she went back to sleep until she awoke again, violently ill, at 7:30 A.M. Within half an hour everything was under control, but

by this time half the hotel personnel, all of RKO and the press were flipping.

Jane, weak and wan, just about made the plane that took her back to New York and her kids. Perry Leiber, RKO's director of advertising and public relations, waved goodbye, holding his throbbing head and muttering, "Any other movie star would be demanding caviar and Baked Alaska. Ours gets sick on garbage!"

"On stale food," a second studio executive hurriedly corrected. Leiber was in no mood for argument. "Yeah, on stale food," he amended.

Jane has a good reputation around Hollywood as a girl who can really blow her stack. Such temper tantrums can usually be traced to her oversized heart. She just can't say No to anyone. She'll take on at least twenty projects at one time, more than any human being could accomplish. Then, when she's caught up in the middle of production, plus her extra jobs, she gets completely worn out and eventually blows her stack. The bellow can be heard far beyond the studio gates.

While she was making "Son of Paleface," with Bob Hope at Paramount, her home studio made it a habit to let Jane say Yes or No on benefit performances. When the studio representative approached her one morning in her dressing room with a "What do you want to do about the benefit—" Miss Russell didn't let her get the words out of her mouth before she blew her stack. For five full, healthy minutes, she blew, then collapsed as suddenly into her former position, exhausted. Never glib, she didn't know how to apologize, but the unhappy expression on her face said more than merely I'm sorry. And once the pent-up emotions were released, Jane readily accepted the benefit engagement.

In fact, Jane can rarely turn down a benefit request. Half the time her studio doesn't even know how many she's promised to do—like the time she promised to do the benefit at Victorville. It seems a cousin of her sister-in-law was on a committee in Victorville to get some sort of entertainment for a charity benefit. A week before the benefit, Jane informed the studio she was going to be on the program. The studio couldn't get any more out of Jane so after two talks with the sister-in-law, three talks with the cousin, a bottle of aspirin and five long-distance calls to Victorville, they got the facts. Jane Russell was going to appear in a small movie theatre with a three-piece combo at the premiere of another picture from another studio! No other star in her right mind would ever think of putting money in the boxoffice for a rival studio. But this was different. This was for Jane's sister-in-law's cousin!

Because of her heavily loaded schedule, Jane's impatient, wants things done fast. To get her into wardrobe long enough to get her properly fitted is a job. She's docile and quiet for three to five minutes, and then her impatience sets in. She begins to wiggle and squirm and finally, very firmly, brings the fitting to an end with "We've done enough for today." Then, when she wears the gown in a picture or on a personal appearance and it doesn't fit, she'll roar, "Why don't I get called in for fittings? I'd come right over." But then again, when the gown fits perfectly, the designers admit it's worth all their efforts.

Jane hates to wait, hates delays, hates to waste time. She'll march through a restaurant or down a street in galloping strides, letting nothing interfere with her plan in mind. She's impatient with chit-chat, wouldn't be caught table-hopping. She firmly believes all conversation should be stripped to the bone. Translated (to her co-workers), this means everyone except Jane must be clairvoyant at all times. On occasion, she has snapped out, "Tell that shortish, bald-headed man I said No." Since the world is filled with short, bald-headed men, this usually leaves the messenger delivering the message to the wrong bald man.

Waiting makes her nervous. Recently she was going to a preview at the Fox Beverly, and the parking lot across the street was filled. She hit her brakes within an eighth of an inch of the "Full" sign and tapped impatiently on her horn. Luckily, the attendant recognized her and let her in or else the car probably would have remained right on the street until they had space. To top it off, when Jane came out of the movie and went to pick up her car, she found she didn't have any money—another Russell habit. The attendant merely said, "It's quite all right, Miss Russell, pay us next time," obviously aware from past experiences, that Jane never has any money. She blithely says that her husband handles money matters. Absolved of all financial interest and responsibility, she feels no need to carry it.

Not that Jane isn't aware of the worth of a dollar. When she was in Paris and Monte Carlo making "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," she had a Scottish hairdresser named Pearl. Whenever Jane saw something she liked, she'd poke an impatient finger at the object and leave Pearl to do the bargaining. The result was some mighty good bargains that movie star Jane Russell could never have finagled. Although it might be said that Jane isn't bad at finagling.

For instance, the coat she wore all through Europe last fall. It was a lovely

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

All silver featured on page 69 available at leading jewelry and department stores across the country.

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Ardmore, Okla.—Jean Lee Shop
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beige coat and looked marvelous on her, despite the fact it wasn't hers. Seems a writer called at her home for an interview some time in the spring and left the coat. She forgot to call back about it until early fall. When she did, she was informed Miss Russell was in Europe and the coat seemed also to be missing. A news picture of Jane on the Riviera in the coat verified the writer's dark suspicions. When Jane finally arrived home in January, the writer cornered her point blank and asked about the coat. Jane looked vague and then sheepish. "Oh, no," she moaned. "You mean that beige coat is yours. . . ." To this day, the writer isn't sure Jane wasn't acting.

This doesn't mean that Jane isn't absent-minded—she is. Her favorite things-to-forget are appointments. She doesn't have the little annoying habit that most people do. She never shows up late for appointments; she just forgets them.

Take the time she discovered she was going on location in Las Vegas and didn't know anyone there. She invited her cousin and his wife to drive up from Arizona to visit with her during the making of the picture. A few nights later she was sitting in a car, in what is called an exterior set, waiting to drive in to the main set, when a policeman came up to her with information a lady wanted to see her.

Miss Russell frowned her forehead but to no avail. "I don't know anyone in Las Vegas," and she dismissed the matter lightly. As he thanked her and turned away, she shouted, "What's her name?"

The officer read the name off a card. "No, don't know her," Jane answered. The officer was fifty feet away when a roar that could be heard over the slot machines of Las Vegas came from Jane's direction. "Hey, wait a minute—that's my cousin."

After seeing her cousins for a few min-

utes she promised to meet them at their hotel after the shooting. That is, she had intended to. But she forgot. Instead she grabbed something quick to eat and went back to her motel to retire early. Not until the following afternoon did she remember that she had cousins in town.

After this incident, Jane herself decided to do something about her forgetfulness and started to make a daily schedule, adhering to it closely, checking frequently her appointments. She organized it beautifully, marked each appointment down faithfully—then forgot to leave herself enough time to keep them. She'll leave a note on the door of her hotel room, with a careful engraving of a skull and crossbones, saying: "Don't dare wake me before five minutes of eight." Her timing is magnificent. Between five minutes of eight and eight o'clock the hairdresser, the make-up man and the wardrobe girl must have Jane out of her sound sleep, fully clothed, made-up and hair dressed, all ready to face her eight o'clock appointment. This, of course, is a complete impossibility. But for five minutes, pandemonium reigns as the impossible is attempted.

And, of course, if someone should not heed her warning on the door—she's in for an experience, as the woman manager of the motel in Arizona where Jane stayed can testify. A long-distance call from Europe came in at 5 A.M. and, despite the warning, the woman knocked on Jane's door and made known her news. Old Jane came charging out like a black bull. She thought the place was on fire. When she found out it was only a telephone call—well . . .

Hardly the dignified, self-conscious actions of an actress, true, but then, as we said, Jane will never act like a movie star, will always be amazed when she receives

the fanfare of one. Also, what seems like perfectly normal behavior to Jane sometimes looks a little odd to everybody else. Like the morning she was on her way to the airport in one of the company's chauffeur-driven limousines. She hates to drive up winding hills and, unfortunately, her traveling companion, whom they had to pick up on their way to the airport, lived on top of such a hill. Before ascending, she asked the chauffeur to stop and, getting out of the car, requested he pick her up on the way back. Taking a magazine and her make-up along with her, she planted herself, at 7 A.M., on the grass of a near-by lot. This might not have been too conspicuous if she'd picked another plot of grass, but being Janie, she chose to plant herself three feet away from the main traffic artery in Hollywood—Sunset Boulevard. She was thoroughly provoked and amazed at the attention she received!

But in all fairness to Jane, it must be pointed out that this is only one side of her character. The warm, real, human simpatico Jane is the other side. She is mother-confessor to the hurt, the troubled, the lovelorn, an impulsively generous, openhearted woman, a good wife and a loving mother. Her big ambition is to see that kids all over the world get parents and loving homes. She works tirelessly with the organization she started, WAIFS, trying to raise money and inform the public. She greets everyone with, "If you have any extra money, send it to WAIFS, Hollywood 51, California." And if anyone wants a personal letter from Jane Russell, all she need do is slip a contribution into an envelope and send it there. She'll have Jane's ever-lasting gratitude, for it's true, an elephant—particularly this White Elephant—never forgets.

THE END

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 14.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

✓✓✓ AMERICANO, THE—RKO, Eastman Color: Lively Western. Texas rancher Glenn Ford delivers prize bulls to Brazil, gets into a range war, with Frank Lovejoy and Ursula Thiess on opposing sides. Vivid location shots. (F) March

✓✓✓ BATTLE CRY—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Aldo Ray and Tab Hunter are among young Marine recruits being trained for World War II by Van Heflin. Emphasis is on love stories, notably Aldo's and Nancy Olson's, Tab's and Mona Freeman's. (A) March

✓✓✓ BLACKBOARD JUNGLE—M-G-M: Effective, shocking close-up of a slum-section school. Glenn Ford plays a courageous, dedicated teacher; Anne Francis, his young wife. (F) May

✓✓✓ BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Simple, well-acted story of carrier-based jets over Korea. William Holden's a pilot; Grace Kelly, his wife; Fredric March, an admiral; Mickey Rooney, a 'copter pilot. (F) March

✓✓✓ CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT—U-I: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Filmed in Ireland, this engaging swashbuckler casts Rock Hudson as a 19th century rebel against England's rule. Jeff Morrow's his leader; Barbara Rush, his love. (F) April

✓✓✓ CHIEF CRAZY HORSE—U-I: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Victor Mature's the great Sioux warrior; Suzan Ball, his wife. The story's substance and Dakota's weirdly beautiful Black Hills counterbalance routine handling. (F) April

✓✓✓ COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

✓✓✓ DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE—Rank, Republic; Technicolor: Funny, rambling, irreverent tale of students working or trying to bluff their way through medical school. British-made, with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. (A) March

✓✓✓ EAST OF EDEN—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Brilliant drama, charged with emotion. Moody, youthful James Dean hungers for the love of his father (Raymond Massey), covets his brother's sweetheart (Julie Harris). (A) May

✓✓✓ FAR COUNTRY, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Vigorous, skillfully made Western. In old-time Alaska, hard-bitten James Stewart is stranded in a town terrorized by hoodlums. Corinne Calvet's a tomboy; Ruth Roman, an adventuress. (F) March

✓✓✓ GLASS SLIPPER, THE—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Charming musical version of the *Cinderella* story, with Leslie Caron as the slavey, Michael Wilding as her prince. (F) May

✓✓✓ HIT THE DECK—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Lively musical comedy gets Navy men Vic Damone, Russ Tamblyn and Tony Martin into amusing jams on a Frisco leave. The girls of their hearts are Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Ann Miller. (F) April

✓✓✓ JUPITER'S DARLING—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Sprawling, lavish musical presents Howard Keel as the conqueror Hannibal, Esther Williams as a Roman lady trying to save her city. With the Champions. (F) April

✓✓✓ LIFE IN THE BALANCE, A—20th: Distinctive suspense movie, filmed in Mexico. Ricardo

Montalban, unemployed musician, fights a murder charge, romances Anne Bancroft. (F) May

✓✓✓ LONG GRAY LINE, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Ty Power stars in the true, warmly sentimental, humorous story of a beloved sergeant stationed at West Point for fifty years. Maureen O'Hara's his wife; Bob Francis, one of the cadets Ty counsels. (F) April

✓✓✓ MAN WITHOUT A STAR—U-I, Technicolor: Lusty Western. Drifter Kirk Douglas and protege William Campbell get embroiled in rancher Jeanne Crain's battle to rule the range. (F) May

✓✓✓ MARTY—U.A.: Wonderfully warm, funny and sympathetic big-city love story. A lonesome bachelor (Ernest Borgnine) and a drab schoolteacher (Betsy Blair) find each other—but family problems come up. (F) May

✓✓✓ PURPLE PLAIN, THE—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Action, gentle romance, vivid war scenes combine in a story set in Burma, but shot in Ceylon. Gregory Peck, neurotic RAF flyer, finds healing in a Burmese girl's love. (F) February

✓✓✓ RACERS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Against varied European backgrounds, Kirk Douglas plays a ruthless auto-racer, with no regard for other drivers. (A) April

✓✓✓ RUN FOR COVER—Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Engaging horse opera about the results of a near-lynching. James Cagney's an old hand; John Derek, a bitter youngster. (F) May

✓✓✓ SILVER CHALICE, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Pageant of the Roman Empire, with handsome sets. Sculptor Paul Newman weds a Christian girl (Pier Angeli), remains infatuated with Virginia Mayo, assistant to a power-mad magician (Jack Palance). (F) March

✓✓✓ SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS—U-I: Rapid-fire cops-and-robbers yarn. Cop George Nader tries to reform Tony Curtis, juvenile delinquent who becomes a master crook. (A) March

✓✓✓ SMOKE SIGNAL—U-I, Technicolor: Dana Andrews, under arrest as a traitor, and Piper Laurie are among whites fleeing Indians on a risky river voyage through a canyon. (F) April

✓✓✓ UNCHAINED—Warners: Earnest, moving close-up of an honor prison designed to rehabilitate inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; Elroy Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January

✓✓✓ UNDERWATER! — RKO; SuperScope, Technicolor: Humorous, excitement-filled treasure-hunt tale. Jane Russell, husband Richard Egan, pal Gilbert Roland borrow Lori Nelson's yacht to seek a galleon sunk in the Caribbean. (F) March

✓✓✓ UNTAMED—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Aggressive Susan Hayward and adventurous Ty Power are lovers in a highly colored epic of South Africa's pioneer days. (A) May

✓✓✓ WAGES OF FEAR, THE—Filmsonor: Unbearably suspenseful French film (dialogue in both French and English). Derelicts volunteer to drive truckloads of high explosive over rough roads to a Central American oil field. (A) April

✓✓✓ WHITE FEATHER—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Substantial Western. Bob Wagner's a sympathetic surveyor; Jeff Hunter, a proud Cheyenne; Debra Paget, an Indian maiden. (F) May

A Character—But Brando

(Continued from page 62)

thing to do. Which is one of the most wonderful things about Marlon. He always makes you feel natural and relaxed. He knows how to bring you into things and into the fun. And as you can imagine, Gertrude (Heim) and Patricia (Mulqueen) and I were pretty nervous about the whole idea of meeting him.

"It all started one evening last January. I had just gotten home—I had an evening class at Hunter College that night—and Mother had kept some food warm for me. I was just sitting down to eat when she casually said, 'A young man called today and wants you to get in touch with him.'"

"'Who?' I muttered rather disinterestedly, tired from the long day.

"'He says his name is Marlon Brando,' Mother answered, trying with all her might to keep calm.

"'Marlon Brando,' I screamed. 'You're kidding,' and I couldn't eat another bite. To boot, he'd left his telephone number for me to call him back!

"The reason Marlon knew of me was that I'm the president and one of the founders of the Marlon Brando Charity Fan Club, and I'd recently sent him a copy of our first club journal. It took quite a few phone calls back and forth (I was a nervous wreck), before we reached each other. But when we finally did, he was very interested in the work we were doing and asked all about us. He said he liked our journal very much and fully appreciated and approved of the charitable work we were doing on his behalf and in his name. Then he asked, 'I'd like to meet you and some of the other girls in the club. Could you make it?' Could we! 'We'd love to,' I answered. So he suggested we call his secretary and ask her to set a time since 'she's the one who keeps track of my engagements.'

"Miss Medwick, Marlon's secretary, made a date for three of us to meet him for lunch at one P.M. the next Saturday at the Russian Tea Room on West Fifty-seventh Street.

"I've been a real ardent Brando fan for fully five years, ever since I saw him in his first movie appearance in 'The Men,' and I've seen every one of his pictures. In fact, 'Viva Zapata!', my favorite next to 'Waterfront,' I've seen five times. So the thought of finally having lunch with him was exciting beyond measure.

"I had met Marlon once before. During the summer of 'fifty-three I traveled to Ivoryton, Connecticut, one weekend to see him in a summer stock performance of Shaw's 'Arms and the Man.' Marlon was playing *Sergius* (and getting rave reactions). It was a wonderfully funny part, in fact, Shaw had called *Sergius* 'my comic Hamlet,' and Marlon was terrific. I arrived early and was waiting on the lawn outside the theatre when I saw Marlon drive up with a bunch of his friends in an old car, get out and go into the small near-by restaurant. While one of the fellows was taking some props out of the trunk of the car, I went over to him—quite timidly—and asked if he could introduce me to Marlon after lunch. He said he'd see what he could do.

"When finally they finished eating and came out of the restaurant, Marlon was immediately surrounded and I figured that was the end of my chance to meet him.

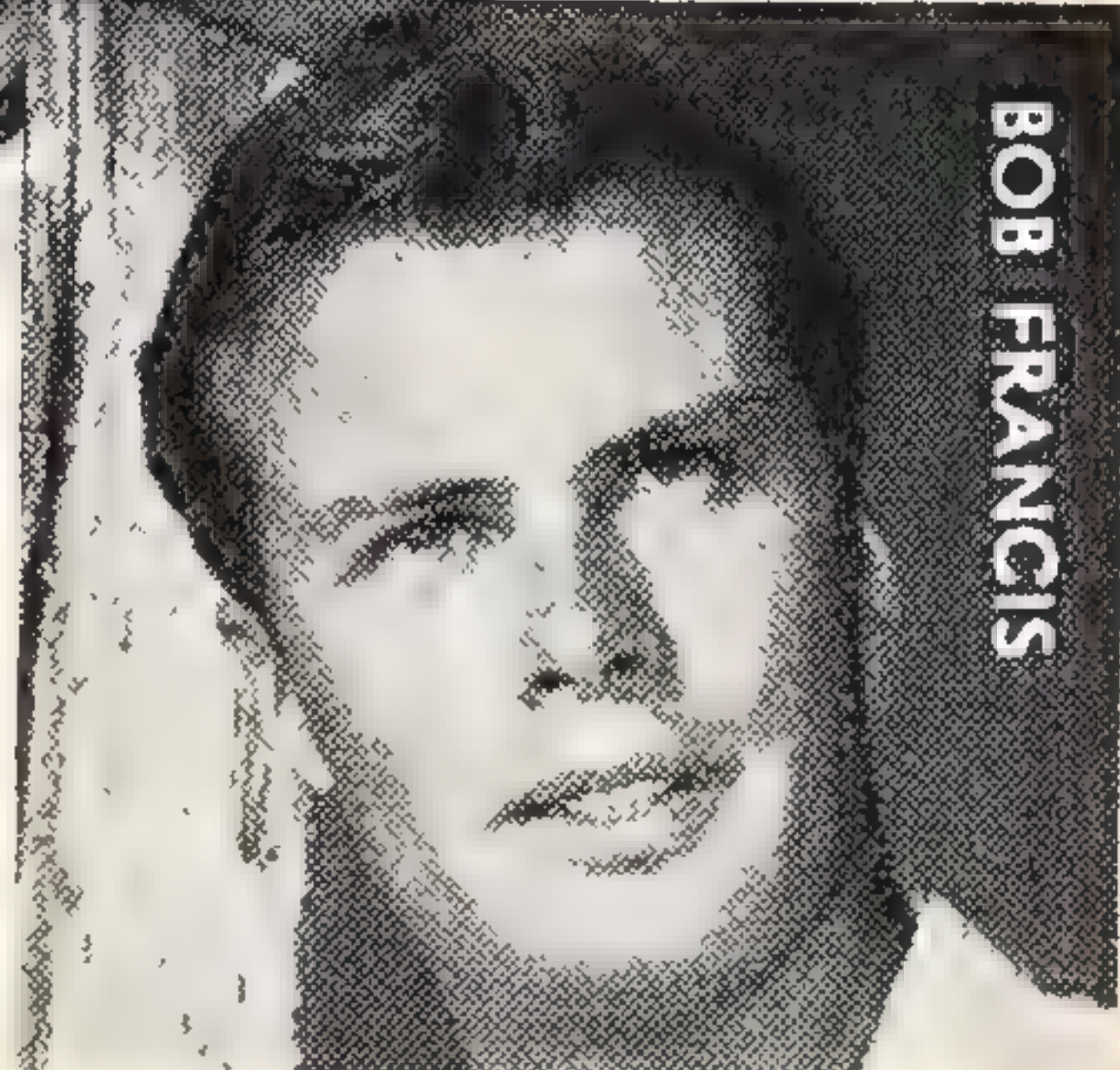
"But I was wrong. While still talking to the group, Marlon looked up and around, then said something to the boy I had talked to. He took me right through the cluster of people and introduced me to Marlon. I was very impressed with Marlon's courtesy, his sincerity and his genuine interest in the people around him.

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"Henry Josten, who's the local newspaperman, summed up the local opinion of Brando with 'he's one actor who's completely down to earth. No prima-donna airs about him, no superiority either. He's a friendly, warm person, and I feel we folks around here probably have gotten to know the real Marlon Brando better than anyone in Hollywood or even New York.'

"The following winter I finally plucked up enough courage to write to Marlon and ask him for permission to start a Marlon Brando fan club that would be devoted to charity. His reply in longhand:

Dear Philomena:

To be plain, I am totally indifferent to fan activity and all that. You mention that there might be some connection between the fan club and charitable work.

If my name could be lent to any (but strictly charitable) work, I happily and willingly donate my name, for whatever it is worth, to the purpose of establishing an organization devoted to charity.

I wish you the most complete success in your plans and future.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) Marlon Brando

"When we finally met Marlon at the Russian Tea Room, as he had suggested, Marlon was a little late. The first words he said, while joining us at the table his secretary had reserved, were, 'I'm terribly sorry—I was held up. I hope you haven't been waiting long.' (He was a far cry from the jeans and T-shirt type he's accused of being. His diction and voice are pure and distinct and he was dressed in a neat gray suit—with tie!)

"I introduced myself and Gertie and Pat. We were afraid, beforehand, we'd be too tongue-tied to do much talking, but nobody has a chance to be shy around Marlon for very long. Before you know it, he's asking you questions about where you live, and what kind of work you do, about your family and about your club work, and you're laughing and kidding, forgetting all about your earlier fears.

"When it came time to order we weren't very hungry. I guess we were too nervous, so we ordered sandwiches. But Marlon wouldn't hear of us eating everyday American food in a Russian restaurant.

"'You don't want to eat a sandwich,' he said. 'You must try some of the Russian specialties on the menu.' And then, very patiently he helped us select some of the foods that were his favorites—since we didn't know anything about Russian food. He insisted that we try the Borscht, then ordered specially prepared steaks for us. He, himself only ordered scrambled eggs and coffee. I was sitting there, kind of toying with my bowl of Borscht. Seeing that I had hardly touched it, he merely pulled the dish over in front of him and finished it himself. There's no nonsense about Marlon!

"Marlon was genuinely interested in the kind of work the club was doing. We told him about our various projects of sending get-well cards to people who are very ill and badly in need of a little boost for their morale and of collecting, repairing and sending toys to children in hospitals. When you talk to Marlon, he listens very carefully and looks at you with such interest that you cannot help feeling that what you say is very important to him.

"'Wouldn't it be great,' he said finally after listening to us talk, 'if we could raise enough money really to help? And not just help the ones who are sick. Imagine if we could send new clothes to a little girl or a little boy who really needed them. Think of how they must feel having to go to school in ragged, hand-me-down clothes.' He promised to help us in any way in our work and even suggested a

fund-raising ball. Marlon's very much interested in social work, and I'm convinced that he never would have lent his name to any fan club activity if it weren't for charitable purposes.

"As a result of my talk with him, I started devoting one evening a week to a Cub Scout den of the East Side Settlement House, which is all I can sandwich in between club activities and going to Hunter College night school. But I hope to do more for, as Marlon explains, we can all contribute to helping others—we don't need big names or important contacts or lots of money—just a little sincerity and a little of our time.

"But to get back to lunch. When we were through with coffee, I asked Marlon if he would autograph a photograph I had brought along.

"'That's a terrible picture of me,' he said laughing.

"But I told him I liked it very much and he said 'That's all that matters.' He inscribed it: 'Dear Phil, If it weren't for you a lot of people would be a lot less happy. That's the best I could hope to say about anybody. With gratitude, Marlon.' I'm very proud of that inscription.

"During lunch, Marlon had asked me to put my own picture in the next journal. I told him I'd only do that if he would be in the photograph, too. 'Sure,' he said without hesitation. 'Too bad we don't have a camera with us. We could do it after lunch.' With that, up came two cameras, till then hidden underneath the table.

"We left the tearoom—walked over to the park and took a whole roll of pictures. Marlon, of course, knew a lot more about photography than we did so he'd pick out the spots and help us with the lighting. We spent the afternoon in the park, walking and climbing up the rocks. Altogether, Gertie, Pat and I agreed—it had been a beautiful afternoon—and it wasn't just the weather!"

A long-time friend, and just as staunch a Brando fan, is Stella Adler—who has known Marlon ever since he first arrived in New York in 1941, a teenager from Libertyville, Indiana, and applied at the Drama Work Shop of the New School. While Miss Adler won't credit herself with foreseeing Marlon's outstanding career from the beginning, she can be quoted as having said, after one week of instructing him, "This puppy thing will be the best young actor in the American theatre within a year.

"What people don't seem to understand about Marlon," Miss Adler said one afternoon in her school at 50 Central Park West, "is that he is an actor. When he studies a new part, it is an intensely creative process with him. Louis Calhern once made the remark that on the set of 'Desirée' there was a guy by the name of Napoleon who thought he was Marlon Brando. I think that can be said of Marlon whether he plays the poet Marchbanks in 'Candida,' or the ex-pug Terry Malloy in 'On the Waterfront,' or Sky Masterson in 'Guys and Dolls.'

"Marlon's an actor twenty-four hours a day. I've heard it said that anyone as intense as that must be a schizophrenic, a split personality seeking escape from his own identity by assuming another on the stage. I'm no psychiatrist, but to me that doesn't make much sense. I believe that most people who have a talent, a vocation in life and who do a job superbly well, don't just work on it for eight hours a day, but carry their work with them wherever they go. With Marlon, everything he sees or does, every person he talks to, every contact is grist for his mill. After watching a person for two minutes, Marlon can imitate him precisely. He

constantly observes. He constantly studies. This isn't necessarily a conscious act, for the truth is, Marlon isn't very good at any methodical studying. He's like a sponge—he seems to absorb information and knowledge through his pores. I've known Marlon for a long time now, and he's never impressed me as being anything but a perfectly normal, highly talented young man.

"And I emphatically won't go along with people who say Marlon is eccentric. He's high-spirited and full of fun—perhaps a little reckless at times, true—but he's always been very young and I don't particularly see where this makes him so different from millions of other American boys. He'll go off on a kick—from playing the bongos to boxing, fencing, interpretive dance and riding a motorcycle. When he was on his motorcycle kick I was worried about him because I was afraid he might get hurt, but this is, after all, his own business. After he learned all about motorcycles, he outgrew them. Besides, he needs an outlet for his energy. Marlon can never sit still for any length of time, he's so full of energy, a kind of nervous vitality. But one thing is true, he'll take a chance or a risk only when he alone is involved. I've never seen him—or heard of him—doing anything that might harm someone else. He's always very considerate of others and he'll go out of his way to do a friend a favor.

"Once he went forty miles—way out to Long Island—to surprise me. It was during his motorcycle period, and I'd casually mentioned a special kind of pastry I liked which only seemed to be available at one bakery on the south shore of Long Island. The next time Marlon came up to the house he brought some of that pastry with him. He'd gone all the way down there and back just for a dollar and a half purchase.

"Contrary to legend, Marlon is always dressed very neatly when he comes visiting. He'll wear a T-shirt and a baggy pair of pants when he goes to rehearsals—but then so does everybody else. Also, I've never known him to be anything but well-spoken, well-mannered and well-behaved.

"It would be surprising if it were otherwise in view of his fine family background. Marlon's father is a successful Illinois businessman; the Brandos had a comfortable home and a very pleasant family life. You'd have to look far before you'd find a nicer all-around American family. All the Brandos are very creative people with an interest in the arts. Marlon's mother, who passed away about a year and a half ago, was at one time an actress with the community playhouse of Omaha, Nebraska, and a very beautiful, girlish creature. His sister Frances is a painter, and kid sister Jocelyn, also a talented young actress, best remembered for her role in the play 'Mister Roberts.'

"And Marlon always went to good schools—several of them. I guess Marlon didn't get along any too well in school. At his last one, Shattuck Military Academy in Minnesota ('the military asylum,' he called it), he was caught in a prank and asked to resign shortly before graduation, in 1943. During the following summer he worked as a tile fitter for a drainage construction company in his home town of Libertyville, Illinois. For all I know, he might still be doing that if his father hadn't offered to stake him to a professional education. Marlon decided on acting and came to New York that fall to live with his sister Frances, who was studying at New York's Art Students League. (He worked four days at Best & Company, balked at calling out 'lingerie' and such things and quit.)

"One of the things few people realized about Marlon is that he's quite without

drive. Success as such doesn't mean a thing to him. He has no desire to outstrip his competitors. While he appreciates money, it is certainly no end in itself for him. I think Marlon would be a failure if he tried to do anything that doesn't deeply interest him—or rather, I don't think he'd make the effort.

"With acting it's different, of course. He broke through very quickly, and from that moment on acting got under his skin. His performances in the drama workshop of the New School attracted attention from the very first. It wasn't difficult for a professional to see that he showed a good deal of promise. For one thing there was his great physical beauty—not just good looks, but that rarer thing that can only be called beauty. And for another, he had a quality which in the theatre we call 'visibility.' It's a sparkle—a gift of God—there's no explanation for it. Without doing anything, it made him stand out in any group. The eye would just naturally travel to him and stay there.

"As a drama student—whatever his shortcomings may have been in other schools—Marlon was very easy to get along with. He was disciplined and serious, and if he ever did cut up, it never reached a point where it interfered with our work. I remember one rehearsal when nothing seemed to go right and everybody was becoming irritated and tense. We were doing a scene from 'Ghosts,' by Ibsen, with Marlon taking the part of the tragic young hero. When he made his entrance, he was wearing the most fantastic putty nose I've ever seen. Everybody was in hysterics for about five minutes, which relieved the tension, and afterwards the rehearsal went well.

"In this respect, Marlon is a real ham. He loves to fool around with make-up, putty, false noses, beards and wigs. And

he has a wonderful ear for inflections and accents, along with a natural gift for mimicry.

"Marlon has no difficulty at all in imitating all kinds of voices and accents. When my husband and I ran into him in France one summer he surprised us by the beautiful French he spoke. He was easing himself into the language the way he eases himself into a part. He sounded like a Frenchman. He picked up a working knowledge of Spanish in two weeks. He'll never call up the house without disguising his voice. I confess that after all these years he still succeeds in fooling me each time, whether he puts on a British, Mexican, Italian or plain Midwestern accent. I think that's a measure of how good he is.

"I remember how surprised critics were when he spoke with perfect diction as Mark Antony in 'Julius Caesar.' They failed to realize that he had to learn to talk like Stanley Kowalski in 'Streetcar,' that he did not normally speak that way. After all, one of his earliest parts on the professional stage was Marchbanks, opposite Katherine Cornell in Shaw's 'Candida.' He spoke beautifully.

"Perhaps Marlon's nicest trait is his loyalty and devotion to his friends. During the twelve years I've known him he hasn't to my knowledge dropped a single one of them—nor has he lost any. Unfortunately, that is not always true of others who have become successful so quickly.

"Another thing which is well-known about Marlon is his gentleness. In the mind of the public Marlon's become identified with tough parts, implying a degree of brutality that's entirely foreign to his real character. Actually, he's a real softie who can't bear to hurt anyone's feelings.

"Once I sent him a play written by a young friend of mine. 'How did you like the script?' I asked him the next time I

happened to see Marlon at a friend's house. "Terrible," he blurted out, not realizing that the author was standing right next to me.

"Though it had really been my fault for putting him on the spot, Marlon was inconsolable. He was remorse-stricken for weeks over what he considered his unforgivable lack of tact.

"I can say, though, that there's one thing Marlon can't do well. That's lying. Not too long ago, he came up to the house with a beautiful shiner around his left eye. When I asked him about it, he was ashamed to admit the reason and concocted some cock and bull story instead. I didn't believe him for one minute and he knew it. We both started to laugh. He can never keep a straight face when he's lying. Yet he's marvelous at telling a story, exaggerating and embellishing it for dramatic effect. This is probably where a lot of the Brando stories circulating around can be traced to, but Marlon doesn't consider this lying, it's all part of acting, of telling a good story.

"When you've known Marlon as long as I have, you can discern between the two and know when he's pulling your leg. But in the meantime, if you're trying to puzzle him out, the important thing to remember is that you can't judge him as you would a businessman, think of him as a Bohemian intellectual or classify him as a matinee idol. He is none of these—by his own choice. Marlon is an artist—a great artist. People may call him a character, but he's still in reality just Brando."

THE END

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Marlon Brando Charity Fan Club works with fans throughout the world. If you want to know more about the activities of this club, write to Miss Philomena Ignelzi at 149-41 45th Avenue, Flushing 55, New York, sending along a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

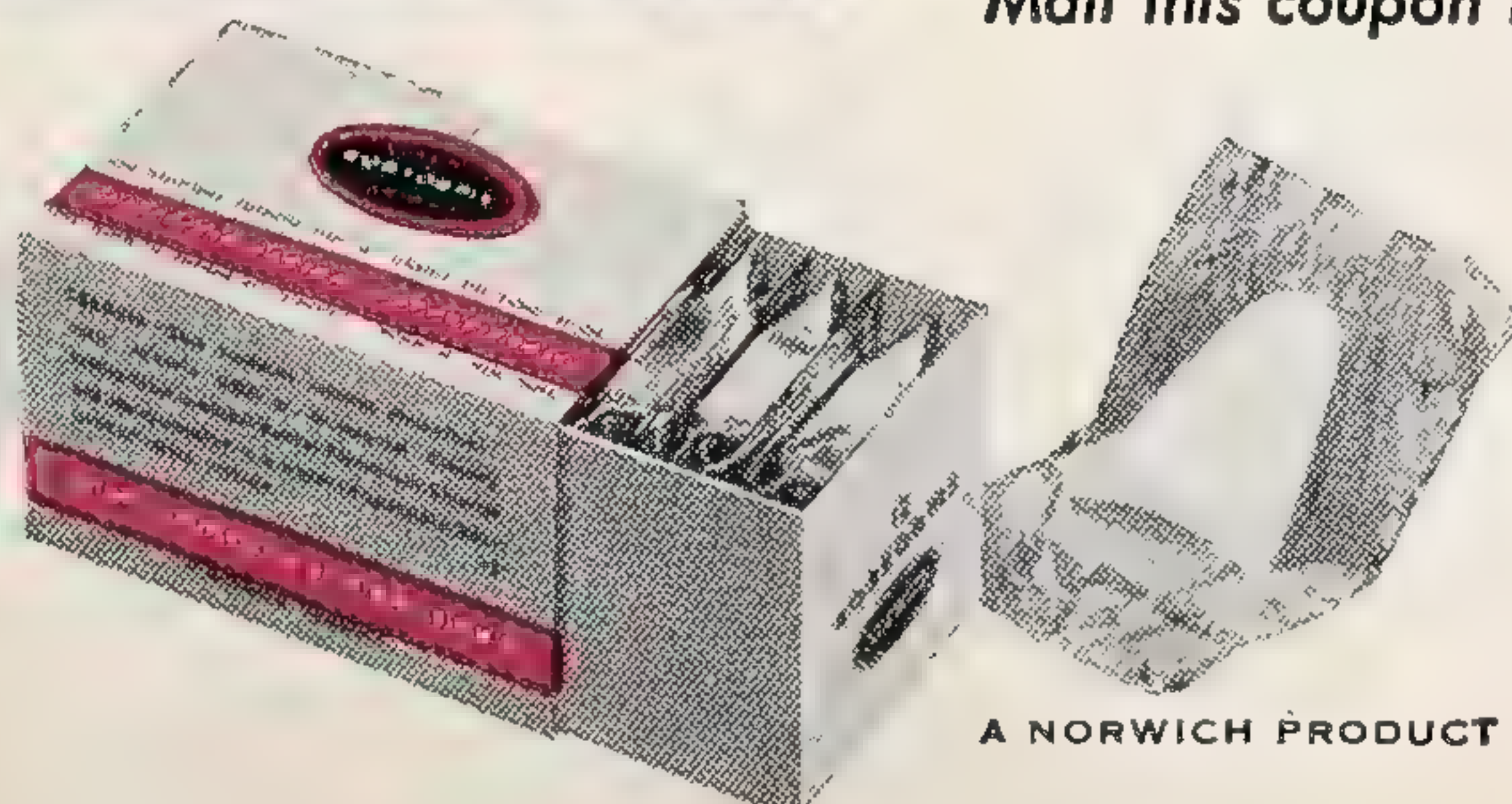
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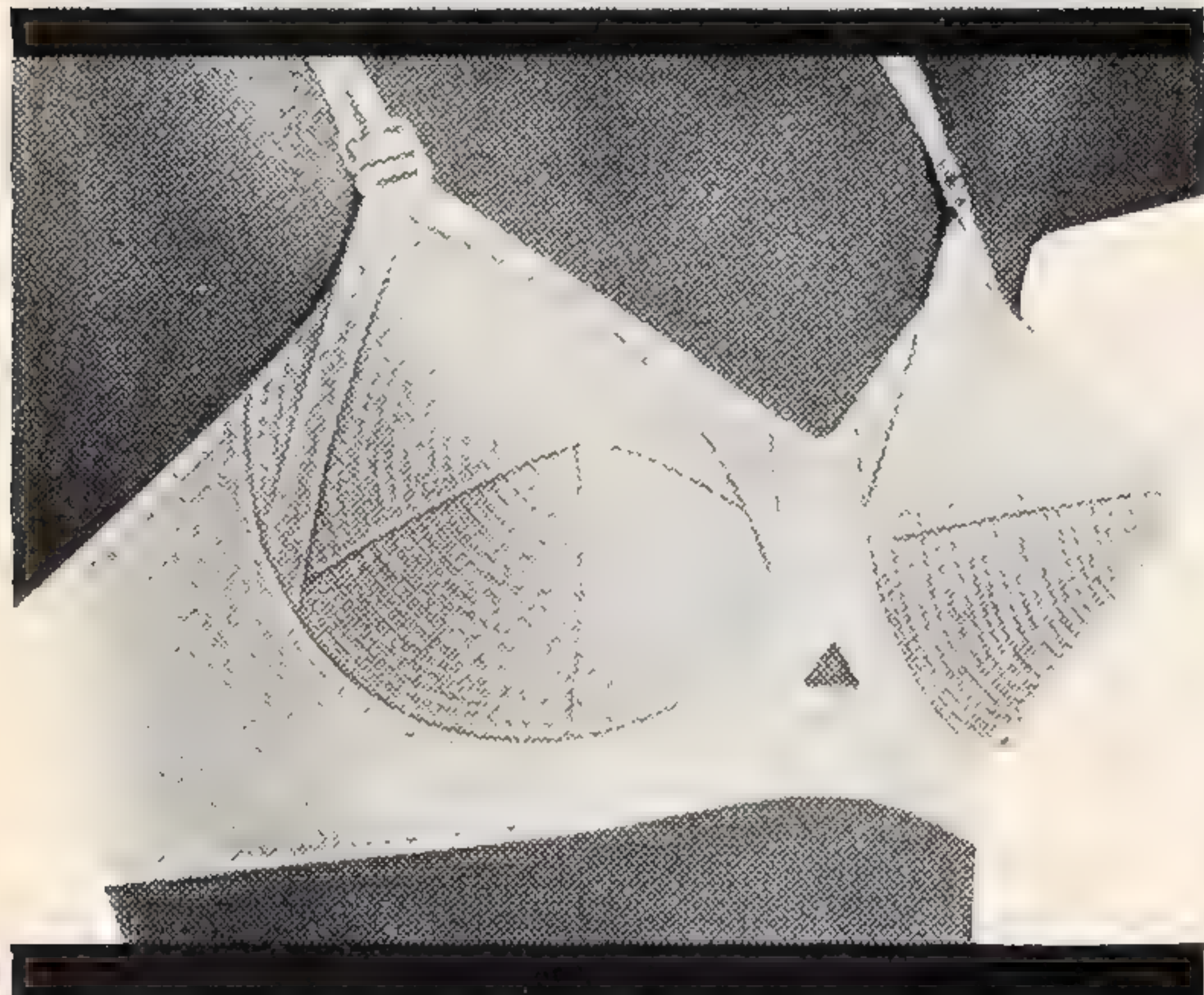
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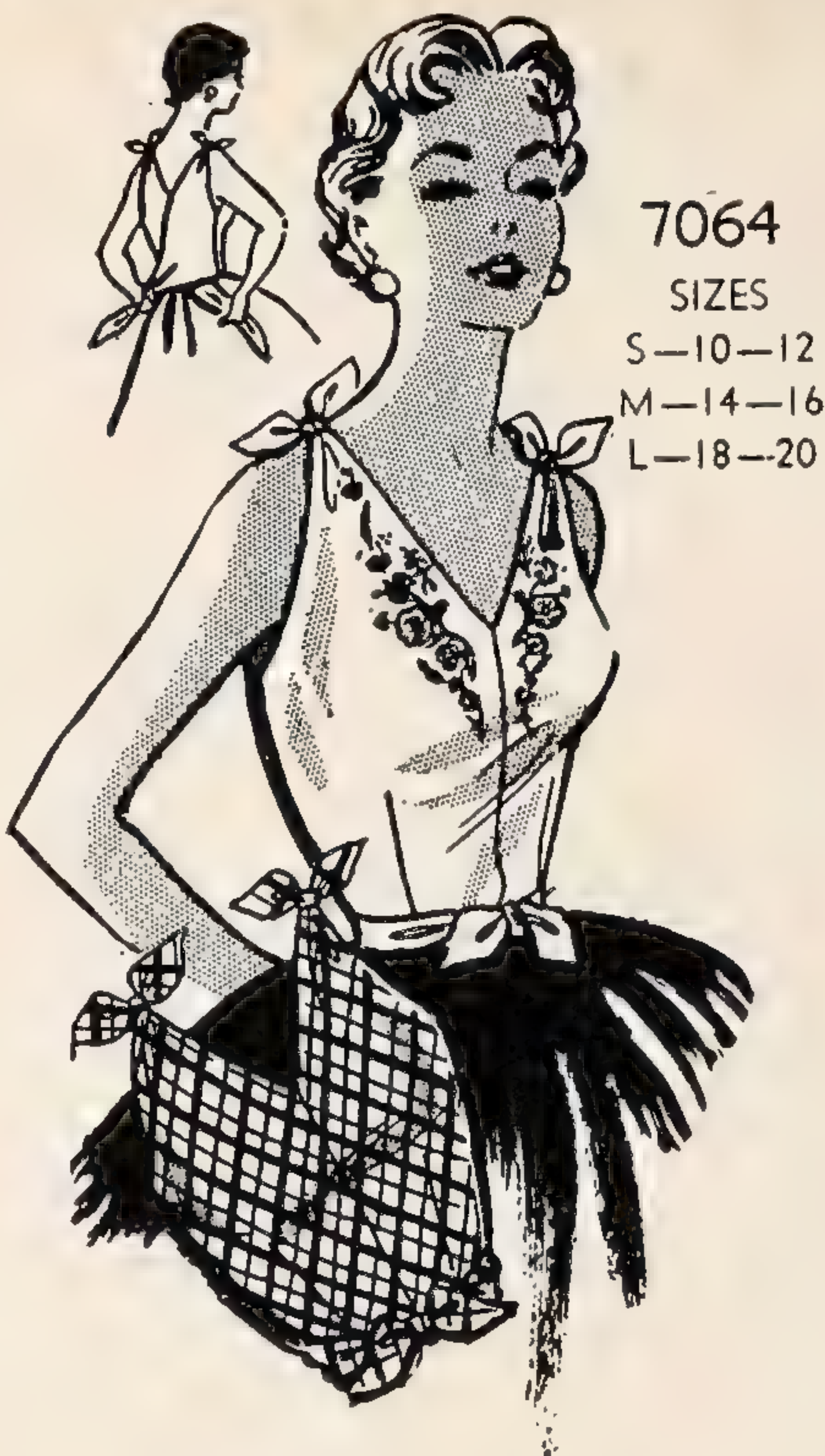


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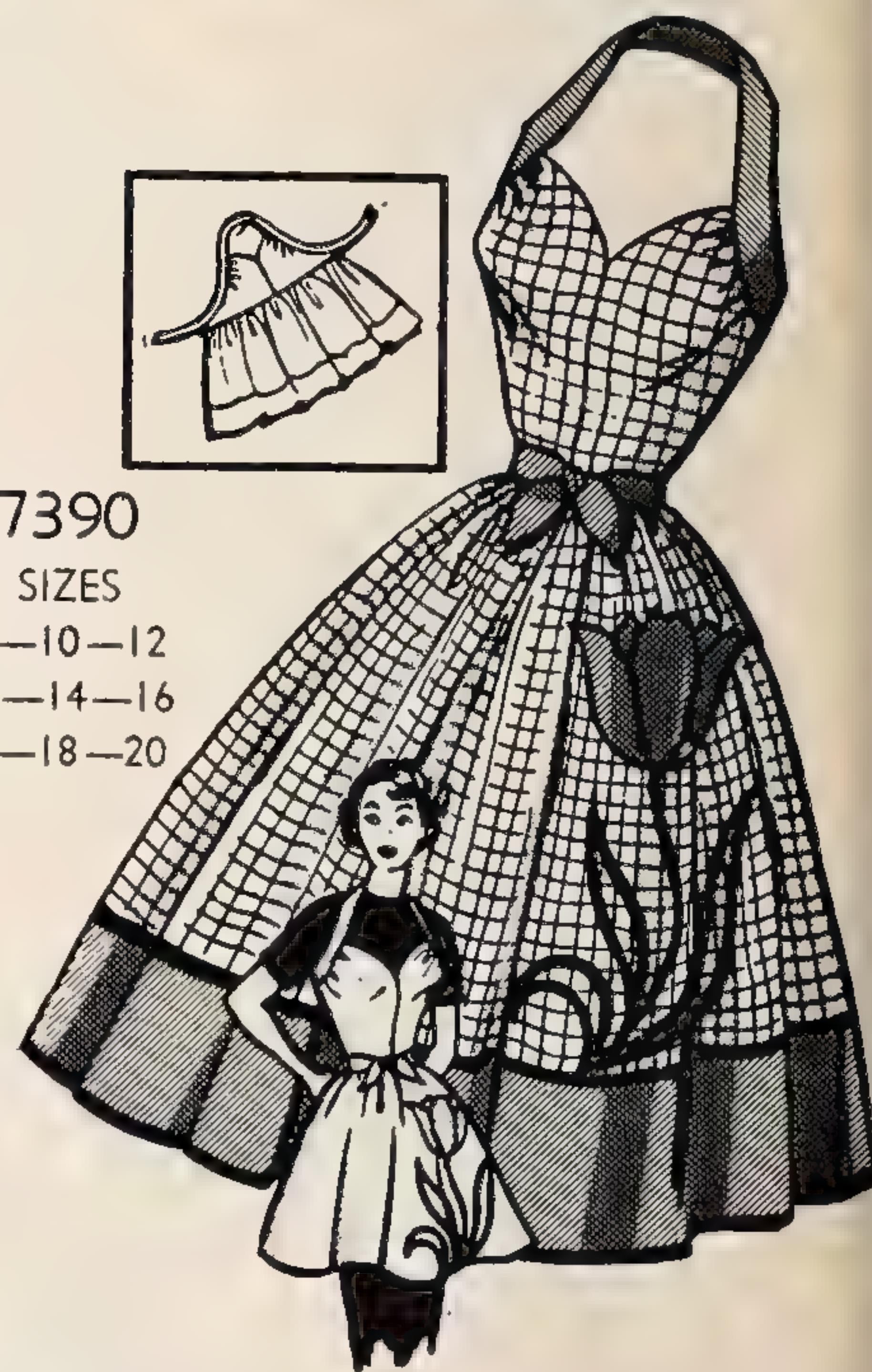
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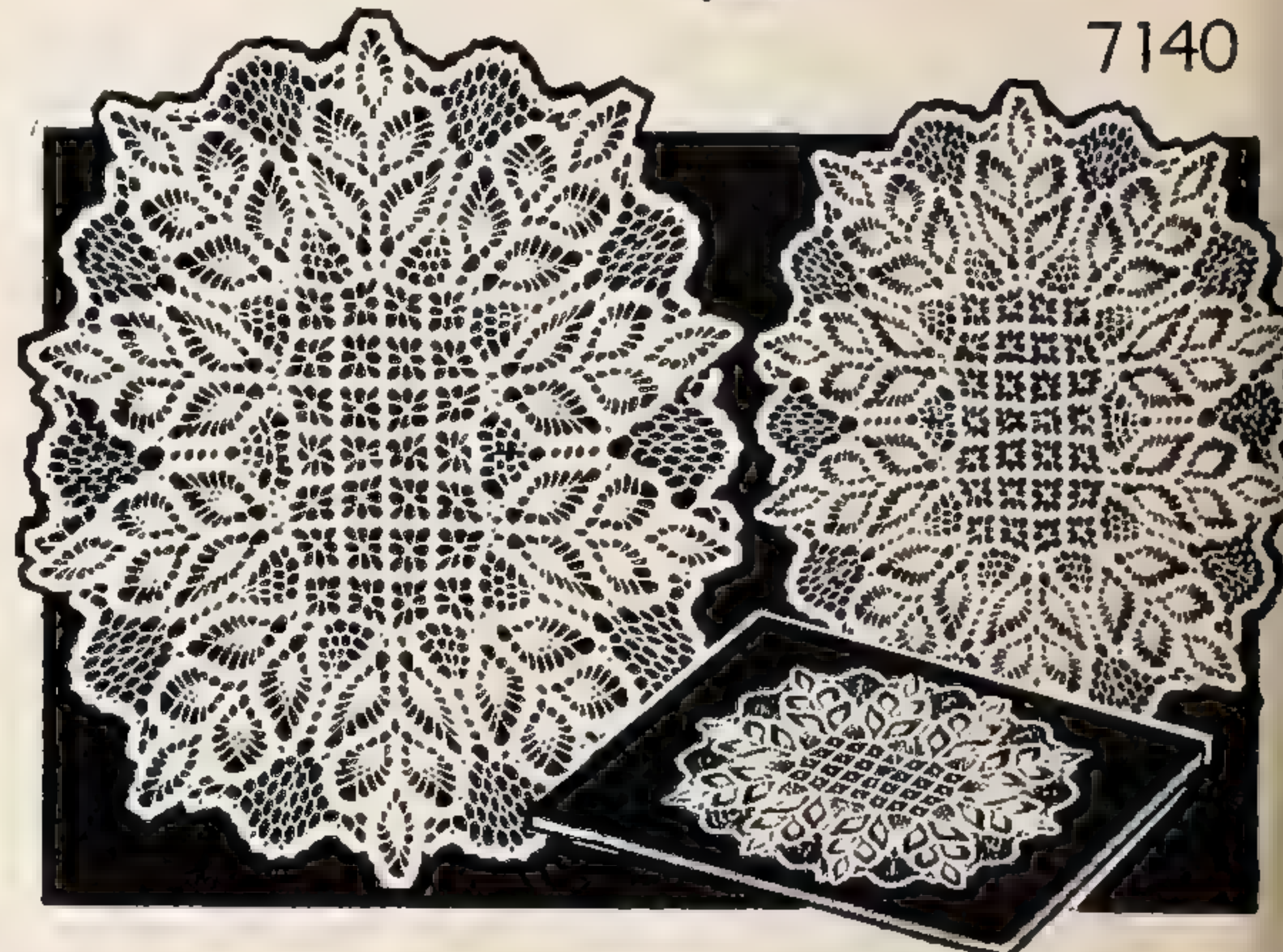
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When a Star Finds Heaven

(Continued from page 65)

"Kee-airk Doo-glah, telefona; Kee-airk Dooglah, telefona." Idly, he mused that an able song writer could do more with it than could be done with some such sound effect as "Sh-Boom," but dropped the matter there.

Somewhat later a friend joined Kirk at table, and asked why Kirk had failed to answer the page. Kirk said nobody had paged him. "In Italy," said the friend, "when you hear 'Kee-airk Dooglah,' get with it. That's you."

Not only did he fail to recognize his name over the loud-speaker, there were times when he was stranger to the character whom he observed in the bathroom mirror getting his teeth brushed each morning. The interloper was wearing a curly red-gold beard which was the pride of a local barber.

The barber had taken charge of Kirk's facial hedge when it was as fine and few as a mouse's eyelashes. As the weeks went by, the skilled scissors snipped a bit here, a bit there, shaping, coaxing, sculpturing. "I began to feel like a French poodle." Throughout the picture's shooting schedule, Kirk had to return—every few days—to the barber to keep his facial costume in satisfactory Ulysses trim.

Probably the happiest American east of Rothschild's Beverly Hills haircutter was Kirk the day he was told that the picture was finished, there would be no retakes, and he could find out if he still had a face under the feathers.

Dropping into the barber chair with a joyous grin he said, "Off it comes."

The barber took one step backward in an eloquent Latin gesture of shock and managed to shake his head. "No," he said, brandishing a pair of razor-sharp scissors. "You keep. So beautiful. So thick, So curly." His hands shaped a beard in the air. "Boys have faces like girls. Men have beards."

The discussion continued with Kirk begging for a shave and the barber begging for the life of his masterpiece. "Let's put it this way," Kirk said finally. "If you won't shave me, I'm going to someone who will."

That was the haymaker. The barber asked for a picture of Kirk wearing the beard, then set to work to destroy what he considered an obvious work of art.

The original *Ulysses* loaded his ship with odds and ends of merchandise picked up from the shores he touched, including now and then a slave maiden. His Douglas counterpart did okay with the exception of the slave maiden; in that case he secured a stunningly better break. We'll get back to that later.

Not one to collect tangibles ordinarily, "I'm not a personal possessions guy," Kirk broke a rule by having several pairs of alligator shoes handcrafted for him by Cucci of Rome. He bought slacks on the island of Capri, sport shirts in Venice and ash trays made of Arabic bracelets in Israel. These additions to airplane luggage presented no particular problem, but Herr Douglas fixed himself up just fine in Munich.

In one of the mesmerizing top shops he spied an electric train that did everything except sing "On the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe."

Kirk once told an interviewer, "No man is completely a man who has lost out of himself all of the boy."

What happened next proves that Kirk is completely a man without having lost the small boy touch. He bought two trains. "Because," he explained quickly, "I have two sons. Can't come home without a present for both."

Also, the trains were impressive bargains.

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The exchange was to Kirk's advantage and he was spared the import duty which adds heavily to the cost of imported toys when purchased in the U.S. However, the trains were so heavy that before he had finished paying the overweight airplane baggage charges as he lugged the presents over the face of Europe, he could have bought a diesel unit for the Super Chief with the outlay—"Darned near, anyhow."

Of course, the intangibles that a man brings back from two years in faraway places are the things he keeps forever. Kirk has a dream sack full of them.

He reached Venice late one afternoon and was shown to his room in the Gritti Palace Hotel. Strolling to the casement windows, he was overwhelmed by the sight of sunset turning the Grand Canal golden.

Everyone carries away a bit of Rome. The portion that stuck in Kirk's memory is the cobblestone Piazza di Spagna from which ascend the Spanish Steps. On the corner still stands the little house in which John Keats died in 1821, at the age of twenty-six.

On that corner Kirk would meet Anne and they would set out to explore the fabulous city. Together they found another treasure: an Italian love song, "Com' E Bella." Kirk would like to record it some day, with a French ballad, "Tu Ne Peux Pas Te Figurer," (You Can't Imagine) on the flip. (Incidentally, have you picked up a copy of Kirk's Decca pressing of "Whale of a Tale," backed by "The Moon Grew Brighter?" Good listening.)

What man who has been to Paris has failed to take away with him something of "the city that is loved as a woman is loved?" Not Kirk. He started modestly then scored a grand slam. He loved Paris; everything was great—with one exception . . . He was having a certain amount of trouble with his guidebook French.

Like the night he sped out of his hotel, pressed for time, and told the cabby, "Paramount Theatre, s'il vous plait."

"Comment?"

"Paramount. PARAMOUNT. . . ."

"Comment cela?"

Kirk sprinted back into the hotel, summoned a bellboy and explained his destination. Said the bellboy to the cabby, "Pah-Rah-Moont Theatre. Pah-Rah-Mont!"

Dawn burst over Eiffel Tower. The cabby's eyes expanded, his eyebrows leapt upward, and he shrugged as only the Parisian can shrug. "Ah—mais oui—Pah-Rah-Moont."

Kirk settled himself in the furthest corner of the back seat and revised, with some frustration, the remnants of his college course in German—his only attempt until that moment to master a foreign language. Phrases bubbled to the surface of recollection, things like "Ich liebe Dich," "Du bist ein schönes Mädchen" and other airy persiflage. "I'll never use it," Herr Douglas told himself glumly.

The only certain thing in life is its uncertainty.

She came on the set for "Act of Love" one day. She was wearing a bright red coat—unusual for the black-loving Parisienne—and Kirk wanted to know who she was. He was told that her name was Anne Buydens (pronounced approximately Bwedaw), that she had been born in Germany. She spoke four languages fluently; French, German, Italian and English.

Madame Buydens and Kirk finally met through their mutual friend, Anatole Litvak, who knew Kirk was in need of someone to steer him through French and allied hazards and to serve as press-relations expert.

Kirk explained to Madame Buydens that she had been mentioned glowingly by several persons, Tola Litvak among them, and that it would be deliverance if someone who knew her way around both the mo-

tion-picture industry and the continent of Europe would come to his aid.

Madame Buydens said thank you very much, but she had never done that type of work, so she could not consider herself the proper person to undertake the assignment.

Could he take her to dinner that evening and discuss the problem? Kirk ventured.

Madame Buydens thanked Mr. Douglas pleasantly, but she had a dinner engagement.

Well, then, could he drive her home and discuss it on the way?

That was thoughtful, but she drove her own car.

Kirk gallantly escorted her to same. At the time he was driving a Simca, which is—roughly equal to a Ford. Anne Buydens was driving a Porsche, a German car equivalent—roughly—to a Buick.

Trumped again.

The ancient *Ulysses* lashed himself to the mast in order to avoid bodily injury while listening to the siren's song. His modern counterpart exhibited no such concern for life and limb. When, in the course of conversations overheard at parties attended by both Anne and Kirk, he learned that she was going to Klosters, Switzerland, for the skiing, he rushed to the resort in advance.

Outfitting himself from cap to boots in what the upright skier should wear, he took a few lessons so as to remain that way. When, a few days later, Anne's train pulled into the Klosters station, there stood the American skier, Kirk Douglas, ready for the snow job of his career.

Quicker than you could say "slalom," a romance developed, and the first thing Kirk knew, he was wandering through gift shops, collecting sweaters, purses and gloves in Anne's favorite shade of blue.

Back in Paris, she cooked small dinners in her apartment for Kirk. By that time Kirk had begun to take a knowing interest in oils; he fell in love with a Brayer which hung above the apartment fireplace. It recorded a peasant festival, and it was a delight to the color-loving eye. Long afterward Anne was to say, "I shall never be entirely sure whether Kirk married me for myself or in order to become half owner of the Brayer."

When Kirk had to visit Brussels, he asked Anne to guide him, since she had lived there. She convoyed Kirk through a series of art galleries and restaurants, two of which proved to be memorable. Kirk spotted an oil by Utrillo—the study of a church and a crowded street under brilliant sunlight—which he coveted. (Not being clairvoyant, he had no idea that this canvas would one day be his wedding gift from Anne.)

The restaurant was Le Filet de Boeuf, situated on the square (La Grande Place) where it had once been a fine home like others along the street. Its exterior trim was gilt so that in the red sunlight of late

afternoon Le Filet and its phalanx of neighbors looked like a picture torn from a child's storybook. The restaurant's dining room contained only six tables, but there the simplicity ended. The linen, the crystal, the heavy antique silver, as well as the china, were treasures, and the dinner proved to be merely the best Kirk had enjoyed in Europe. Kirk told Anne so as she sat opposite him, smiling in the soft candlelight.

Not long after, he traded candlelight in Belgium for sunlight in Jamaica, and set to work in "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

He was entranced by the island, by the Round Hill Hotel, by Calypso, by the explosive shirts, by the frenzied native dances. He could have done without the native driving, but even that supplied a small pivot on which great events turned.

Driving to location one morning, a jet process through villages which jumped backward—both man and beast—to make way for the careening car, the driver was unable to avoid a fine fat pig. After a shrug for the departed pedestrian, the driver would have charged on if Kirk hadn't intervened. "We'll have to find out who owned the pig and pay for it," he insisted.

The driver thrust out his head and yelled, "Hey, pig-owner! Pig-owner! Pig-owner!"

No response. After a few more calls the driver flung out his hand in a gesture of dismissal. "Boss, this pig ain't got no owner," he announced and drove on.

Kirk thought about it with a wry grin. There in the road lay a fugitive wanderer, having lived his brief, careless life and having ended in the dust without an owner to claim him—or to collect his insurance.

Even, mused Kirk, the great *Ulysses* had finally come home after twenty years. Perhaps he wished he had done so earlier. In any case there came a time when one had to admit to various ownerships. Possibly that was one of the great lessons of travel.

So Anne Buydens was invited to California to see whether she liked the country, the people, Kirk's two sons, Mike and Joel, and Mr. Douglas. A three-ply affirmative vote took her to Las Vegas on May 29, 1954, to become Mrs. Kirk Douglas and are planning a new addition to the clan.

In other respects Kirk is sinking roots. Kirk has now gone into business for himself, having established Bryna Productions and made releasing arrangements through United Artists. The first picture will be "The Indian Fighter."

After two years and fifty thousand miles a man must have absorbed a conviction or two: Kirk admits to one major conclusion. "The more you see, the more you realize, humbly and gratefully, how wonderful it is to have been born in the New World, in the Americas, where opportunity is as real and sustaining as the air we breathe. I've never forgotten that I'm the kid who sold newspapers, collected bottles for pocket money, waited table, drove trucks, earned my way through college, got a picture break and wound up in Hollywood. Some of that flashed through my mind as I stood in line at the Command Performance reception, wearing white tie and tails, and awaiting my turn to be presented to Her Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth II."

The Queen murmured a friendly phrase to Kirk, something like, "How nice it is to have you visit us," and afterward reporters besieged Kirk to find out what, exactly, had been the royal words.

Kirk was not going to give up to the printed page the moment he, himself, could not quite believe. "What Her Highness said is a secret between the two of us," he murmured with quiet dignity.

Wonderful world, huh?

THE END



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What Are Angels Made Of?

(Continued from page 44)

cancelling the show. I just can't leave Anna now. (Vic calls Pier by her given name, which he pronounces Ah-nah). We're trying to get somebody to substitute for me. I've done it for other people in the past and I hope they will come to my aid now." But even if a temporary replacement could be found for this one engagement, Vic, heavyheartedly admitted he could not remain by his wife's side very long for he was booked solid until May. Luckily, Mrs. Pierangeli and Marisa could be with her. All filmdom who hoped and prayed with the grieving young crooner shared in his joy when doctors reported later the baby was saved.

A few days before the tragic accident, Pier drove up from Palm Springs (where she and her mother had taken a house for a month while Vic was to be away on tour) and Pier was delighted as she talked about the two who are closest to her heart—handsome, curly-haired Vic Damone and the anticipated baby. Pier, a creature of moods, was vivacious and charming, bubbling with talk and plans and sheer happiness. Not even morning sickness or a slight automobile accident on the way dimmed her gaiety. "A little white MG came right in front of me; I couldn't see it—so bang! But the driver is all right and I am all right; only the cars suffered. It is nothing.

"What I am thinking about now is our house. Vic and I drove for days and days before we were married to look at houses—we wanted to be so sure—but it is not perfect. When we decided to marry so soon after we announced our engagement, everybody said we were so impulsive. Now the marriage is three

months old and it is perfect. But the hilltop house we spent so much time finding is not. And I thought we were following Mama's advice: 'Before you do anything, think it over three times.'"

The rented house, ultra modern, of glass and stone, is circular in construction and perched, like a boat, in a sea of clouds, high up in a lonely section of Beverly Glen canyon. It would seem to be a perfect setting for Pier, who's one of the few authentic beauties in the motion-picture colony. In her charming Italian accent, Pier talks at times with the touching wistfulness of a small child; at other times, with the mature wisdom of a woman. Her English has improved; no more does she call a hotdog "a sandwich with the fingers on top" or speak of "hombuggers and smashed potatoes" or massacre the bebop phrases which Debbie Reynolds has painstakingly taught her. As she moves around the room, she has the look of a little gazelle in motion.

The house occupied Pier's attention. "The rooms are on different floors. Now I cannot walk up steps and steps. Even our maid—she gets exhausted carrying the—how you say?—vacuum cleaner up and down.

"But even worse is the aloneness. No houses are near. When Vic and I saw it, we fell in love with it; we thought, How wonderful it is for two lovers to be hidden away where no eyes can see. At night the view from the terrace is divine—the whole city, a blaze of colored lights like a lovely necklace. But Vic must be out singing and rehearsing and recording at night and I haven't been feeling too well so Vic thinks it better for me no longer to go with him so some nights I stay alone.

Many wives do not mind being alone. But for me, I have never been alone at night before. In the windows I see eyes shining, like tiny electric lights. Bobcats, Vic jokes. And owls go 'whooo' till your heart feels it will explode! And the thump-thump-thump I hear—I don't know what it is, but Vic says it is just the branches of trees in the wind.

"When Vic left to go on a recording session one evening not long ago, I asked him to lock me in the bedroom." Pier shrugs. "Then I started to read. But in the window are the eyes shining, the thump-thump, the whoooo sounds. Our darling little parkakeets suddenly answer and the sound in the still house is like bullets. 'Anna,' I say to myself like a stern father, 'you are not a child any more. You are a grown up married lady. You are going to be a mother.' But I do not feel at all grown-up. Just then the phone rings. And it is like a scene in a mystery movie before the murder. I jump. It is a friend of Vic's coming to return his dinner jacket. When he arrives, I make him take me to the recording studio way downtown. I sit on a chair. And I get tired as it is two o'clock, then three. So I stretch out on the floor and sleep a little. When it is six o'clock we go home—Vic and I—and we eat breakfast and the sun is shining and we are together and the view is so wonderful from the terrace that I flip. Debbie Reynolds taught me the word 'flip.' It is expressive, no?

"Then I say to myself, how can I be so silly and worry Vic so much. But when the blackness comes and I am alone, then it is not silly. So—we must find someone to rent the wonderful honeymoon house. And move where there are neighbors and no

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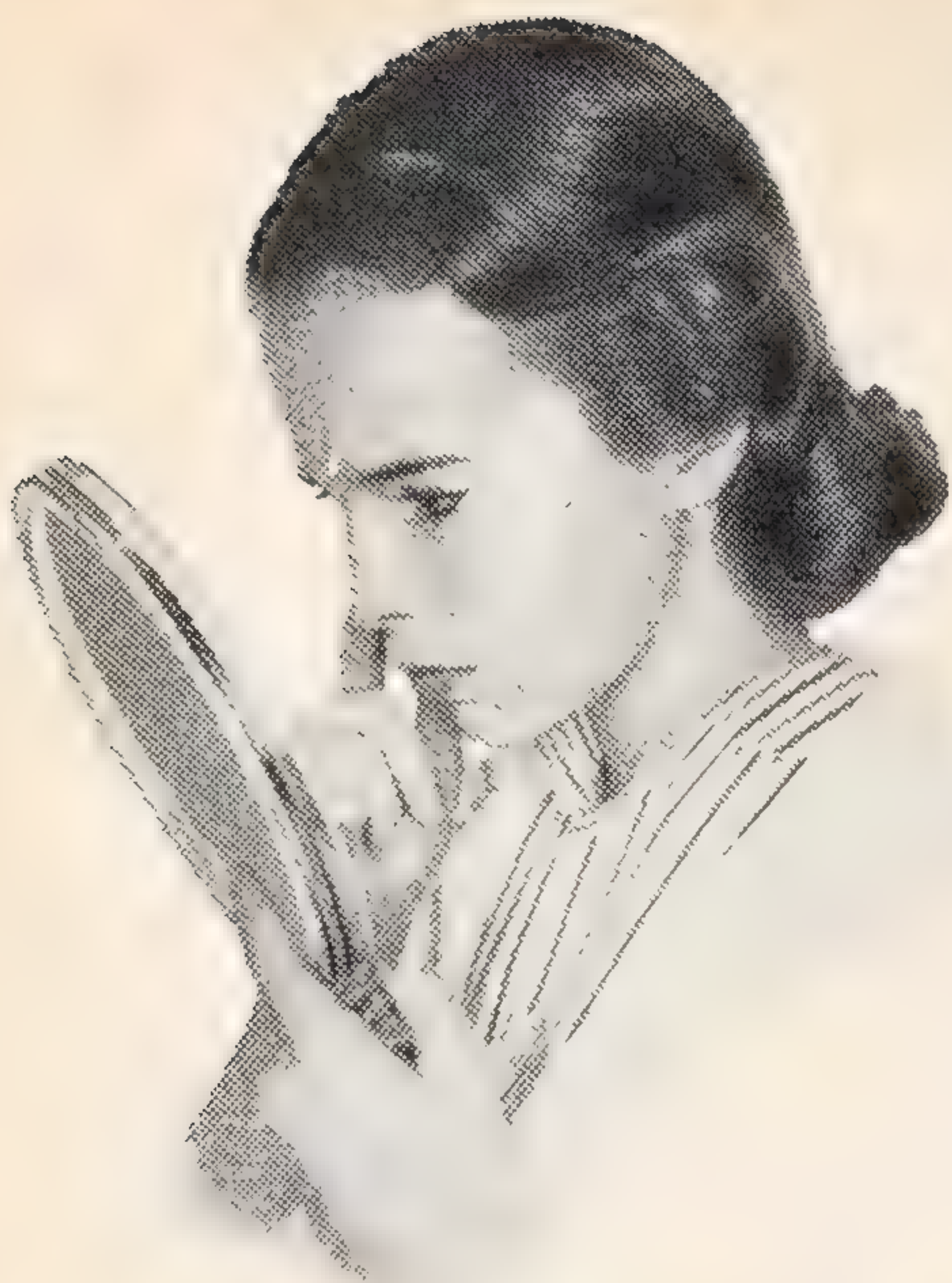


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steep steps for me to have to climb."

As Pier talked it was easy to see that all this was but a small cloud on her horizon. Nothing could take from her the miraculous sense of fulfillment which she experiences in her approaching motherhood. She cannot talk of babies without feeling "a little tightness in my throat. I love babies," Pier tells you, her eyes shining with warmth, "I've loved them since I was little more than a baby myself in Rome. Every baby I saw I wanted to feed and bathe and cuddle in my arms. 'You will make a good mother,' Mama would say. And later, she would laugh because always when I see a so-beautiful little baby, fat and laughing in a magazine photograph, I'd cut it out. And I'd put it under the glass on my bedroom lamp table.

"I know how to take care of babies. My little sister Patrizia is six. And when she was born my mother was not well and I used to take care of the baby, feeding her and changing her and being so careful to hold her head and not to stick the pins in her fat little bottom. And when she would cry, I would cry in sympathy."

When Pier was interned for a month in the hospital in Palm Springs, surrounded by the bouquets of flowers and messages from well-wishers, yet unsure of what was to happen to her and Vic's future she found strength and peace of mind through prayer. For the young star is, by nature, deeply religious. A devout Catholic, each morning before she headed for the studio, she stopped at her church to attend Mass. Her goodbye to those she loves is invariably "God bless you." And when, after her marriage, a reporter asked her about children, she said simply, "I want as many children as the Lord will send me."

This is not alone the feeling of Pier. Vic, who comes from a large, happy family, loves children and believes that babies cement a marriage. As Pier tells it, acting out the pantomime, "Our friends think Vic has lost his mind when they suddenly see him take a bundle of air and sit it in a chair while we're all at dinner. Then he says, 'So you won't eat your spinach, eh? You want Daddy to feed you? Is that it? No? You want to feed yourself? Okay. Look, you're getting the spinach all over the rug.' Then Vic cleans up an imaginary spot. And he wipes an imaginary face. Or he will turn to me and say, 'Anna, you will have to teach this bambino of ours some manners. He's making mud pies in the living room. And you know what? He prefers Eddie Fisher's records to mine.' He is mad, that husband of mine, really mad.

"But then, I'm mad, too. And maybe that's why we've had three wonderful, wonderful months together. Always I write little notes to Vic. Under the pillow I put them saying, 'I love you. Anna.' Or on a little bottle of champagne to celebrate a month of marriage I tie a little note saying, 'You go to my head.' Or pinned on the draperies, a little note. Even in his pocket he finds them. And once I put one by his soup plate and it fell in and the ink came off in the soup! When we were away on tour sometimes, I'd call him up from the hotel lobby and say, 'A telegram for Mr. Vic Damone. Will you have a date with me? I will be waiting at the cigarette counter in the lobby. Signed Anna.'"

These shenanigans have made the hours gay for the youthful pair and have helped Pier forget the discomforts of pregnancy. For Pier hasn't felt entirely well during her pregnancy. Tired from picture-making, from the demands of a large wedding, furnishing a house and much travel, the doll-like beauty realizes she needs rest. Her doctor advised her not to travel with Vic but to rest. He's also advised her not to gain more than eighteen pounds. Since Pier is five-feet-one and weighs but one hundred pounds she will continue to look trim. It's unthinkable that Pier will ever need to diet. She doesn't walk, she swings along always in a hurry, full of bounce and vitality.

"Friends," explains Pier, "are worried that Vic and I must be apart so much. But we aren't worried because we knew this from the start. I'd like to go with Vic, but he'll be doing six shows a day and I'd be by myself in a hotel room most of the time. That's not good for me. It worries Vic when he has to sing and knows I'm not well. He's so sweet, so kind, and I don't want to add to the strain he's under. As an actress, I know any performer is filled with butterflies when he has to go on-stage. Even Tony Martin, after all these years, admitted to me how he feels before each performance. In this life we cannot have everything. This we know, even though the partings are hard to take. But Vic cannot stay in Hollywood all the time; he must move around the country. He's going to Australia, too. But we hope he'll be here soon making a picture. And when I can, I'll go with him."

Even so, Pier maintains she could not have married anyone but an actor. For only an actor would understand the demands made on his actress wife. And, in turn, she understands his life. "I work hard," she explains, "and I'm nervous when I'm working. At times I want to be alone. It's the same with Vic. If he should go off by himself I understand and I don't pout, as I might if I were a non-working wife. As I told Vic, 'You're married to two people. I belong to you and to the studio.'"

At twenty-two, Pier can't understand why she is thought of as a child bride. She realizes that she looks about fifteen, but in her heart she knows that she is a woman. "It's true," she says, "that three years ago when I was making 'Devil Makes Three' with Gene Kelly, during our love scenes he'd say, 'Stop looking at the floor, Anna. Look at me. Don't you know what it is to be in love?' And I'd shake my head. Three years is a long time in the life of a girl. Now I know how to express love. Because I am in love."

In her pixie way, she's drawn up a surprising list of ways by which a wife can maintain a husband's interest. First off, she lists a change of moods, an unexpected quality, to keep a marriage from growing monotonous. "Who," she asks reasonably, while wrinkling her pert little nose, "wants to eat spaghetti with tomato sauce over and over? But if you serve the pasta with clam sauce, with garlic and oil, with butter and cheese, it never grows tiresome. And when a wife changes her moods she's treated differently. Sometimes Vic treats me like a baby (he even says I'm spoiled, but I don't think so); other times he treats

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me like the woman I believe myself to be. "And I try to please him. Now, I like my hair long, though the brushing and brushing makes me tired. But when Vic and I saw Doris Day in a movie with short hair, Vic said, 'Why don't you cut your hair?' So, when most American actresses are giving up the Italian haircut, here is an Italian who just got one. And I like it very much for a change."

And, indeed, Pier's chestnut-bronze hair, curled about her face, is most becoming. The slim black toreador trousers, the Italian hand-fashioned turtle-neck sweater she wore made a distinctive costume with a huge greatcoat of tangerine and an oversize carryall purse of the same material.

"Maybe," she smiled impishly, "I am so interested in the romance of marriage because in the kitchen, in the apron, I do not shine. I can cook—spaghetti, lasagna, chicken cacciatore—but the smell of the food while I am preparing it takes away my appetite and I can't eat. So Vic is unhappy. But he is a wonderful cook—a great cook. And he loves to cook beautiful Italian dinners. Even my mother who is herself a great cook compliments Vic on his skill. Vic and I are a little wacky, too, on how we eat. In the middle of the night we go to Pepe De Lucia for a big dinner; at odd hours we simply must have a pizza from the Villa Capri. And Mama, knowing how important food is to a husband, trained our maid in Italian cooking while we were honeymooning at Las Vegas. But to run a house right I have a lot to learn. 'Just keep out of the way of the maid,' says Mama. She knows I haven't had time to learn housekeeping."

What Pier cannot understand is why her adoring bridegroom often insists on believing that she is unable to do the smallest thing. He likes to make jokes about this. "For instance, when friends ask where I am, he will answer. 'Oh, she's home, washing down the walls of the kitchen.' Or 'She's busy in the garage giving my Thunderbird a Simonizing job.' Pier looked down at her delicate, slender ballerina fingers and pouted, "I don't know what is Simonizing. But I could learn to do it—if I had to."

Not as easy, though, is the handling of finances. Vic, who is a thorough businessman, is helping to teach Pier the value of budgeting. Presents for others and clothes for herself are her downfall. "When I get money in my pockets—poof!—it's gone," Pier cheerfully admits. "But that's changing now. It's Vic's money and I'm learning to be more careful in how I spend it."

Still clothes and shoes—beautiful spiky heeled, handmade Italian and French shoes make her flip. "If your shoes are beautiful," maintains Pier, "it doesn't matter what else you wear. But I don't think that designers would agree with me." Pier dresses in exquisite taste and has closets of fabulous clothes from Marie Gromtseff of Paris, Fontana, and House of Antonelli of Rome. It's true that beautiful clothes and shoes make her happy. But that is only a secondary happiness. The main ones come from her husband and the knowledge that children will bless this marriage.

Both Pier and Vic admit that "September Song" is *their* song. They played it in Germany when they first dated. And they played it again when they met unexpectedly at M-G-M. It's a strange song for young lovers, instead is more suited to those at the twilight of life with its haunting words: "And these few precious hours I'll spend with you."

Laughing Pier has a solution. "Just take out the word 'few' and the line is just right for Mr. and Mrs. Vic Damone," she says. "No matter what, we know, Vic and I, that ours will be a long lifetime of precious moments together."

THE END



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For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (June-Wom.) 5

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\$200 FOR YOUR child's photo (all ages)—if used by advertisers. Send one small photo for approval. Print child's parent's name-address on back. Returned 30 days. No obligation. Spotlite, 5880-FPW Hollywood, Hollywood 28, California.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Wanted items from your Newspaper for Publishers. Some worth up to \$10.00 Each! Write for information. Newscraft Publishers, 5-PW, Columbus 5, Ohio.

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EARN EXTRA MONEY Weekly mailing Folders to New Mothers! Send stamped, addressed envelope. Allen Company, Warsaw 1, Indiana.

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EARN SPARE TIME Cash mailing Advertising Literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, O.

HOMEWORKERS NEEDED! EVERYTHING furnished. Guaranteed Pay. Genmerco, Box 142N, Boston 24, Mass.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash Daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Mass.

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SEW FOR BIG Money! Women 18-60 wanted. Earn to \$100 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Free placement service. Factory secrets, methods. Complete information, Write Garment Trades, 6411-B Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California.

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BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS: UP to \$5 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. Free Samples and details supplied. Write Studio-Girl, Dept. P-65, Glendale, Calif.

MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING World's cutest children's dresses. Big selection, adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. Rush name. Harford, Dept. N-6359, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

HOME WORKERS WANTED! Self employment home jobs listed. \$20—\$50 weekly possible. No experience necessary. Maxwell, Dept. B-6, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

HOME WORKERS. MAKE hand-made moccasins. Good pay. Experience unnecessary. California Handicrafts, Hollywood 46, California.

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WOMEN. SEW READY-Cut Wrap-A-Round, spare time—profitable. Dept. D. Hollywood Mfg. Co., Hollywood 46, California.

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SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Mass.

TYPISTS! MAKE MONEY at home! Mailers, 2 Madison, Greencastle, Indiana.

PERSONAL

BORROW BY MAIL. Loans \$50 to \$600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. F-69, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

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MAKE MONEY AT home as renewal headquarters for all magazines. Liberal commissions. No experience—no capital needed. Supplies furnished. Write for Free catalog. McGregor Magazine Agency, Dept. 150, Mount Morris, Illinois.

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\$40.00 CERTAIN LINCOLN Pennies. Indianheads \$60.00. Others \$5.00-\$3,000.00 Complete Catalogue 25c. Illustrated Catalogue 50c. Three Illustrated Complete Guarantee Buying-Selling Catalogues \$1.00. Worthycoin, Boston 8, Mass. **WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies.** Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoin, Box 61-DD, Whitestone 57, New York.

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ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. P-119, New York 11, N.Y.

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EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-14, Chicago 32, Illinois.

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SEW BABY SHOES Home for Stores. Tiny-Tot, Gallipolis 19, Ohio.

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Never Before
Anything Like It!



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Pandemonium Reigned in Paradise

(Continued from page 61)

were talking about. First, they were in love, had been since their meeting on February 9, 1953, when they were included in a party attending Harry Belafonte's opening at the Cocanut Grove. Next, they were going to get married. The problems started at that point.

One of the problems was the nature of the Hollywood romantic cliché. News, particularly that concerning dating, love affairs and their course toward altar or anvil, is so precious that Hollywood writers collect around the first discernible spark like prospectors around a fluttering Geiger needle. It's a wonder that most Hollywood romances get started at all, considering how impossible it is to mine for uranium at Sunset and Vine.

Another problem was the heckling of Hollywood dreamers to whom a long engagement was admission of a low metabolism. The proverb of the headlong has always been: Marry in haste, repent with lawyer Jerry Giesler.

Finally, nobody seemed to take into consideration the character of the prospective bridegroom. Jack Bean (and don't kid about his name; he's heard all the jokes a thousand times) is not the standard young-man-about-Hollywood. Born in Minneapolis, he was reared by parents who instilled the time-honored virtues in their son, one of which is the simple, unquestioning belief that a man does not marry until he is prepared to assume the responsibility of a household.

Jack's college career (he had just been initiated by Alpha Delta Phi) was interrupted by the war; he served fifty-three months in the Army, lived through the Battle of the Bulge (to name only one experience in action), spent a year in Paris and a year in Vienna with the Army of Occupation. Returning to civilian life he earned his Bachelor of Science degree in 1948, following it with a M.S. in 1951 from USC. He worked for CBS and MCA before joining with Bob Rose to form Bean & Rose, Public Relations and Industrial Promotion, in 1954.

As it is for any new corporation, the going was rough. Make it "very rough." They rented office space on a lease basis, paid the customary deposits, and set up a series of appointments. The ink was still damp on the datebook when a pair of burly gentlemen arrived to reclaim the furniture. A good deal of desk pounding was going on when explanation arrived in the form of the building owner.

Jack and Bob had not been dealing, as

they thought, with this gentleman, but with a sublessee who had failed to explain this simple fact before taking their money. The sublease had expired, the furniture payments had lapsed . . . so Bean and Rose transferred their business conferences to Booth 9, Beverly Hills Brown Derby.

Many of their clients and prospective clients were domiciled in the Midwest, so Bob Rose decided to invest some of the company's capital in a sales trip; in conference, Jack and Bob decided that Bob was the logical member of the firm to make the trip. He and the worst floods in years hit the Mississippi and Missouri basins simultaneously. Office after office was closed because staffers were unable to get to work; where offices were open they were manned by skeleton crews exchanging flood experience talk. Bob heard more versions of the "We're interested, but not right now" postponement than you could stuff in Pandora's box.

Meanwhile, back in Los Angeles, Jack was being put on the matrimonial spot every time he and Mitzi stopped at a drive-in for a hamburger. There was always someone to loom out of the darkness to ask if a wedding date had been set.

Offhand, no marriage counselor would suggest this sort of thing as seasoning for a bride, yet it worked out that way. Mitzi was learning. There were times when Jack would keep a date, giving every outward appearance of being composed and in normal good spirits, but would withdraw into some secret conference room as he and Mitzi drove along. At first she tried to question him, or to kid him out of his mood; a time or two she also tried silence. Nothing worked.

It took months for Mitzi to learn what a successful Mrs. Bean must know: Jack could not be cajoled, motivated or hurried. In his own good time he would begin to discuss his problem, but until that moment had arrived no outside influence could elicit his confidence.

There were other adjustments: Mitzi smokes; Jack doesn't. Like all smokers, Mitzi will roam from room to room, depositing ashes in four to forty different ash trays. Like all non-smokers, Jack has the orderly inclination to empty the ash trays as rapidly as they have been used. Whether Jack was at Mitzi's apartment, or Mitzi and a group of their friends were spending an evening with Jack, Mr. Bean made his appointed rounds.

Many a pair of newlyweds have had their first spat over exactly such a minor

personality difference, but Mitzi and Jack had learned to take for granted one another's behavior in this matter while they were still restrained by conventional courtesy. There is much to be said for getting accustomed to a foible before one feels he has a right to comment frankly on it.

Psychologists know now that one of the major matrimonial adjustments is necessitated by individual differences in peak hours of well-being. One person hits the deck at dawn and feels great. Another gets up reluctantly, doesn't begin to live until mid-afternoon.

One of the first things Jack admired about Mitzi was that she was "a tremendous date, full of zest and vitality." He had never seen her in pictures or on the stage, so his attitude upon meeting her was exactly that which he had brought to dates with hundreds of other girls. Inclined to be quiet, Jack delighted in Mitzi's effervescence.

He was even more impressed with her the first time he called for her on a Sunday morning. At the time, Mitzi was living with her mother, had already prepared coffee "and was under full steam. She might have been shot out of a cannon. This seemed remarkable to me, because I don't fight my way out of the feathers until noon."

One of the most beautiful songs ever written is "Getting to Know You," from "The King and I." During the eighteen months of their courtship, Mitzi and Jack lived the lyrics "getting to feel free and easy when I am with you" and finding that "you are precisely my cup of tea."

At this point two lovely things happened: the firm of Bean & Rose signed several highly satisfactory contracts and Mitzi completed one of the best roles of her career to date in "There's No Business Like Show Business," at 20th Century-Fox. The studio asked its singing-dancing-acting star to make a series of personal appearances in conjunction with eastern openings of the picture.

"The hand of Fate," said Mitzi, who is not superstitious—just Hungarian.

"I'm not going to let you out of my sight for six weeks in the midst of New York's winter when the wolf season is at its height," said Jack, who is not jealous—just practical.

At this point we'll have to peel back the calendar several years to the time when Mitzi was singing and dancing in the stage production "Jollyanna." While the company was in San Francisco, Mitzi was given a copy of "Alice in Wonderland," by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. French, who acknowledged themselves to be Gaynor fans.

Mitzi was so impressed by the unusual nature of such a fan gift that she wrote a warm note of thanks, which led to a meeting between Mitzi and her admirers. Mitzi fell in love with them. They were urbane, mature people old enough to be her parents, even though they suggested almost at once that Mitzi call them Bill and Clara.

Bill and Clara joined Mitzi's fan club in order to keep in close touch with her every career move and, whenever the Frenches were in Los Angeles or Mitzi was in San Francisco, Bill and Clara, Mitzi and her beau of the moment got together for dinner. Inevitably San Francisco became Baghdad by the Bay to Mitzi, a romantic and fabulous city transporting delight and adventure on its many winds. Also, inevitably, Jack Bean met Bill and Clara and was given the French seal of approval.

"When you two decide to get married, let us know," they said. "We want the ceremony performed in our living room."

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Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll
Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Overwhelmed, Mitzi thanked them but explained that time, distance, confusion, families, studio policies and so forth would prove to be terrifying troublemakers. "I wouldn't think of causing you so much difficulty."

Yet, when a wedding seemed possible, Mitzi and Jack talked it over and concluded that for true romance, for loving-kindness and for a wedding unmarred by those undercurrents of antagonism that create problems for the famed, there was but one perfect place: Bill and Clara French's San Francisco living room. Mitzi telephoned to the effect that it was time to kill the fatted calla lily and set the date as November 18, 1954.

Yvonne Ruby and Bob Rose were asked to serve as witnesses, a few additional close friends and relatives went along and the traditions were observed. As "something old," Mitzi carried the rose point lace handkerchief carried by the mother of Mrs. French on her wedding day; as "something new," Mitzi wore handmade lingerie; for "something borrowed," she cajoled 20th Century-Fox into loaning her the pale blue woolen suit adorned with a pale blue fox cape-collar and the matching blue horsehair hat that Mitzi had worn in "Show Business"; for "something blue," she wore the traditional blue garter. For luck she wore a penny in her shoe.

Standing before the flower-banked fireplace at 12:35—just past noon as the minute hand of the clock started its lucky upward sweep—Mitzi and Jack exchanged vows and Jack placed the engraved gold band on Mitzi's finger.

At this point the bride uttered a small gasp and murmured in a mildly stricken voice, "But there's another ring. There's one for Jack, too."

The magistrate paused. He considered. "A double ring service, hmmm? Well,

we'll have to start again at the beginning."

This incident crowned Mitzi's nuptials with the happy status of the unique in Hollywood. Mercurial as matrimonial habits are supposed to be in the film colony, Mitzi is the first bride ever to take a second husband within thirty seconds of having acquired the first, simultaneously satisfying those who maintain that the only truly happy marriages are the original matings and those who insist that second marriages offer the best chance of contentment.

A champagne breakfast was celebrated at the Garden Court of the Palace Hotel, and that evening Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bean emplaned at 9:30 for New York. Observed Mitzi, "When we reach New York, everyone is going to say that—as newlyweds—we came out of the clouds and down to earth in record time."

Come out of the clouds they did: the clouds dumping tons of water onto New York. Mitzi, in her honeymoon suit, was drenched before she could rush from plane to terminal, and during the ensuing week she was to ruin two more of her shining new honeymoon outfits. "It's lucky," she insisted valiantly.

The Beans checked in at The Plaza, a sentimental journey because Mitzi—during her early eastern dancing days—used to yearn over the plush hotel as youngsters will and promise herself that someday, *someday*, she would be one of the perfumed and befurred golden girls who swept along the Plaza's resplendent corridors.

Before the Beans had ordered ice water, the calls began to come in; flowers and telegrams began to arrive every few moments. It was altogether fabulous. Together Jack and Mitzi read the messages. Among them was a communique from Los Angeles explaining that a minor problem

had arisen. The house they thought they had leased, having given a check for the first and last months' rent, had been taken off the market. The owner had decided not to lease.

"Oh well—I can always move into your apartment, or you can move into mine," Mitzi said. "Lucky that we planned to leave our belongings in our apartments until we could get home and supervise the moving ourselves—think what a mess if our stuff had been sent to that house. . . ."

Jack agreed that a little thing like no future housing should not be allowed to cloud a honeymoon.

The following morning they received a call from Los Angeles. Bob Rose had a scoop for them: Mitzi's landlady had rented her apartment. A very desirable tenant had come along and the landlady was afraid that if she waited until Mitzi returned the tenant would have gone elsewhere.

"It's okay," said Mitzi. "I'll move into Jack's apartment."

Later that day Jack asked dreamily, "Mitz, how many pairs of shoes do you own?"

"Not as many as I did when I left home," said Mitzi, referring to the evening slippers ruined by the New York rain. Both she and Jack knew that her answer was a diversion and that eventually Mitzi's footwear would be stacked like cordwood in the living room of Jack's apartment unless their west-coast living arrangements could be improved.

"Oh well, I can always carry *my* wardrobe in a carryall bag in my car, I suppose," said Jack.

The following morning there came another call from Los Angeles. Jack's partner wanted to know the name of Jack's automobile insurance carrier. "Nothing serious," he said. Just a little wreck—car

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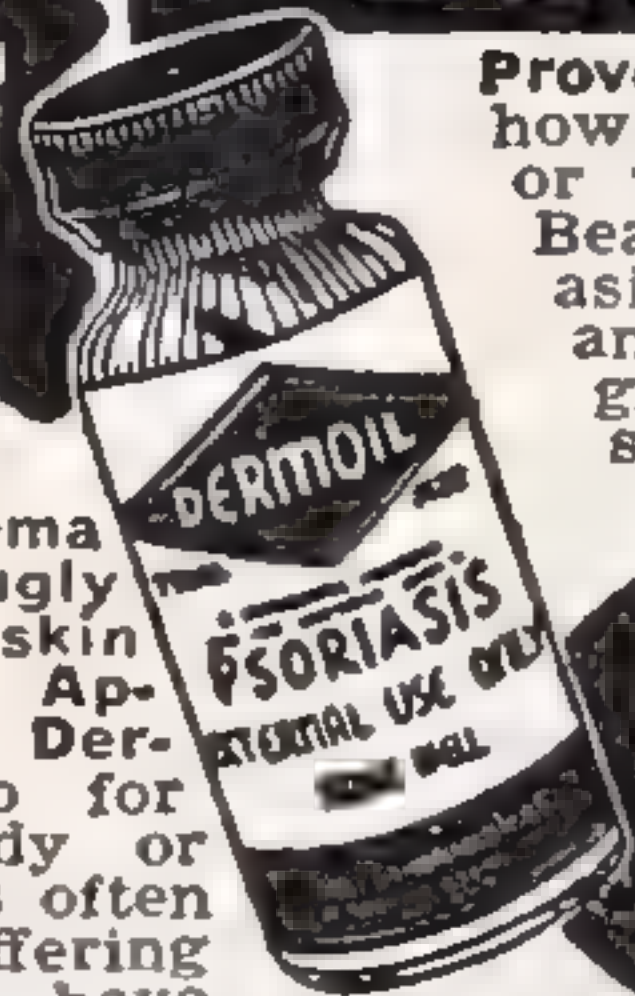
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would be in the repair shop for a week, maybe ten days. Nothing to worry about. "There went my wardrobe closet," said Jack.

The fourth day both honeymooners winced when the telephone rang in unmistakably long-distance tones. "Nothing more can happen," reasoned Mitzi.

"One thing," corrected Jack. "A perfectly dandy tenant could have come along to rent my apartment."

This was Mitzi's first indication that her spouse was psychic, and she could have gone on indefinitely without the revelation. What could be done with Jack's possessions? They might be stored in the basement until he returned. Too bad he wasn't there, on the spot, because—said the caller—there was a two-bedroom apartment available. "I'll take it," said Jack. "Just dump everything in there for the time being, and perhaps you could make arrangements to have Miss Gaynor's, I mean Mrs. Bean's things moved, too."

This happened, appropriately enough, the day before Thanksgiving, providing ample cause for celebration. For years Jack had heard glowing stories about Stonehenge Inn, Connecticut, so it was there that he and Mitzi had their first married Thanksgiving dinner.

Another memorable event took place in New York upon their return. Ethel Merman, whom Mitzi had met and grown to love during the shooting schedule of "Show Business," gave a stupendous party, honoring Mitzi and Jack, at the Stork Club, and Mitzi realized the secret thrill of every girl on earth: She danced with the Duke of Windsor.

From New York the Beans went to Detroit, then to Minneapolis where they visited with Jack's family and on to Denver where they spent four wonderful days with Ethel Merman and her husband, Bob Six, on Six Acres (which, they like to point out, consists only of 5.7 acres).

Dropping down into Los Angeles two days before Christmas proved to be somewhat overwhelming. The clarion sunlight and shining green trees after the storms and barren trees of the East seemed unreal.

"I feel as if I should be hearing the orchestra starting the overture to some fabulous production in which I am playing Sleeping Beauty in the South Seas," Mitzi admitted, a little dazedly.

The daze was increased when Mitzi and Jack were ushered into their new apartment. Pictures were in place and lamps were connected. There was salt in the salt cellar and sugar in the bowl, as well as cream in the refrigerator. Mitzi and Jack's friends had moved the Beans, record collection to Scotch Tape.

"Of course, it was impossible to get into any of the closets," Mitzi remembers. She gave away thirty pairs of shoes (Jack had long since learned that his wife's pet extravagance was footwear), two dozen sweaters and eighteen dresses. Jack still insists that he stripped down his own wardrobe to the point where the only social function he could have attended was a costume party, and he would have had to appear there as Gunga Din.

The following morning the Beans rolled

out before the smog had descended and drove to Beverly Drive in Beverly Hills, armed with lists. The date was December 24 and neither had purchased a single Christmas gift. Jack took one set of names and Mitzi took another and for several hours they passed one another with time only to exchange a nod.

While Mitzi and Jack had been in New York, Mitzi had admired a festoon necklace in the window of Bergdorf Goodman. Repeatedly Jack had tried to slip away long enough to buy the costume jewelry, but it had been impossible. He had thought of writing, wiring, or—as time ran out—telephoning, but gave up in belief that the necklace must have been sold.

While wandering around Beverly Hills that morning, Jack spotted a duplicate of the necklace in a velvet window and promptly bought it. He encountered Mitzi twenty minutes later and his triumphant expression inspired the little wife to demand, "Have you finished already? Where are all your packages? What's with you, anyhow?"

"Merry Christmas, Mitzi. See you later when you've accomplished a little more. Personally, I'm doing fine. Holly, anyone? Mistletoe? Christmas trees?"

As it turned out Mitzi managed her own shopping very well, to wit: cuff links, a cashmere sport coat, matching sox, several books, etc., etc.

As 1955 arrived, good fortune caught up with the Beans, making up for that Awful Week. Mitzi signed to star in "You're the Top," at Paramount, and Jack's company added a brace of smart new clients.

Of course the honeymoon adjustments continued: Jack learned that Mitzi's idea of the perfect remembrance was an armload of violets. Mitzi learned that Jack loved wine cookery, a result of his years in Europe. She also learned to live with what Jack labels "The Bean Filing System." Each evening he unloads his pockets when he changes into leisure clothing. The next morning he returns to his pockets only those things he really needs for that day. The rest remains on the corner of his dresser.

"If that stuff should fall on anyone, it would crush the victim," volunteered Mitzi, studying the mounting monument.

While attempting to straighten some of the stacks, she came across a vividly colored folder describing Geneva and wanted to know what that was all about.

Jack said he had picked up that folder and a second similar one at a local travel agency; one described Geneva "the loveliest city in the world" and the other described Salzburg. "Two of the dozens of places in the world I want to take you, Mitzi," he explained.

"Guess I'll start my own filing system with these," she murmured. "They're worth keeping." For several moments she pawed through drawers trying to find a place in which to store them, gave it up, stacked the folders on the corner of her dresser. "The Gaynor Filing System," she said, grinning.

The adjustments continue between Hollywood's happiest honeymooners, and undoubtedly will go on for the next fifty years or so. We'll keep you posted.

THE END

GOING TO THE BEACH—DON'T FORGET YOUR COPY OF PHOTOPLAY

- Read about the bright new "East of Eden" stars—James Dean and Dick Davalos
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THE JULY ISSUE WILL BE ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND ON JUNE 7TH

No Longer Lost

(Continued from page 51)

went all over the state on Bond drives. Daddy and Mommy said she mustn't let any of this go to her head. It was just her good luck and nothing to be conceited about. And she wasn't. She was terribly, terribly grateful, but what she was really grateful about (though she wouldn't have told a soul) was that her being on radio and the Victory girl and all that, did make the boys and girls like her better.

Which was really her real ambition—to have everyone love her and eventually be loved by one special boy. Then she'd love and marry and live happily ever after with him and their children—five, she thought.

If only Daddy hadn't had that three-week vacation in the summer and they hadn't come to Hollywood to sight-see and she hadn't gone on Hollywood Showcase and sung an aria from "Carmen" and met Janet Gaynor.

Miss Gaynor was the star of Hollywood Showcase and just darling and little. Suzanne had met her first talent scout because of Miss Gaynor's help, which had led to the Chase and Sanborn show, and then "Song of the Open Road" and "Delightfully Dangerous," the two pictures in which she'd been known as Gaye Stephan. All that had been fine, because it still was something she could work in during vacation time and didn't have to leave Portland permanently for.

But now all this—a new name, a contract with M-G-M!—all this meant the end of Portland, the end of all her friendships. . . .

Suzanne wheeled her bike along until she got back to her own street again. Then she climbed up on it once more and pedaled furiously up to her house. Daddy was standing on the steps, watching for her.

"Go all right, honey?"

"Just wonderful, Daddy, just perfect."

"Honey, the studio called while you were out. You're to come in tomorrow for pre-recordings on 'Holiday in Mexico.' That's all right by you, isn't it?"

"Why wouldn't it be?"

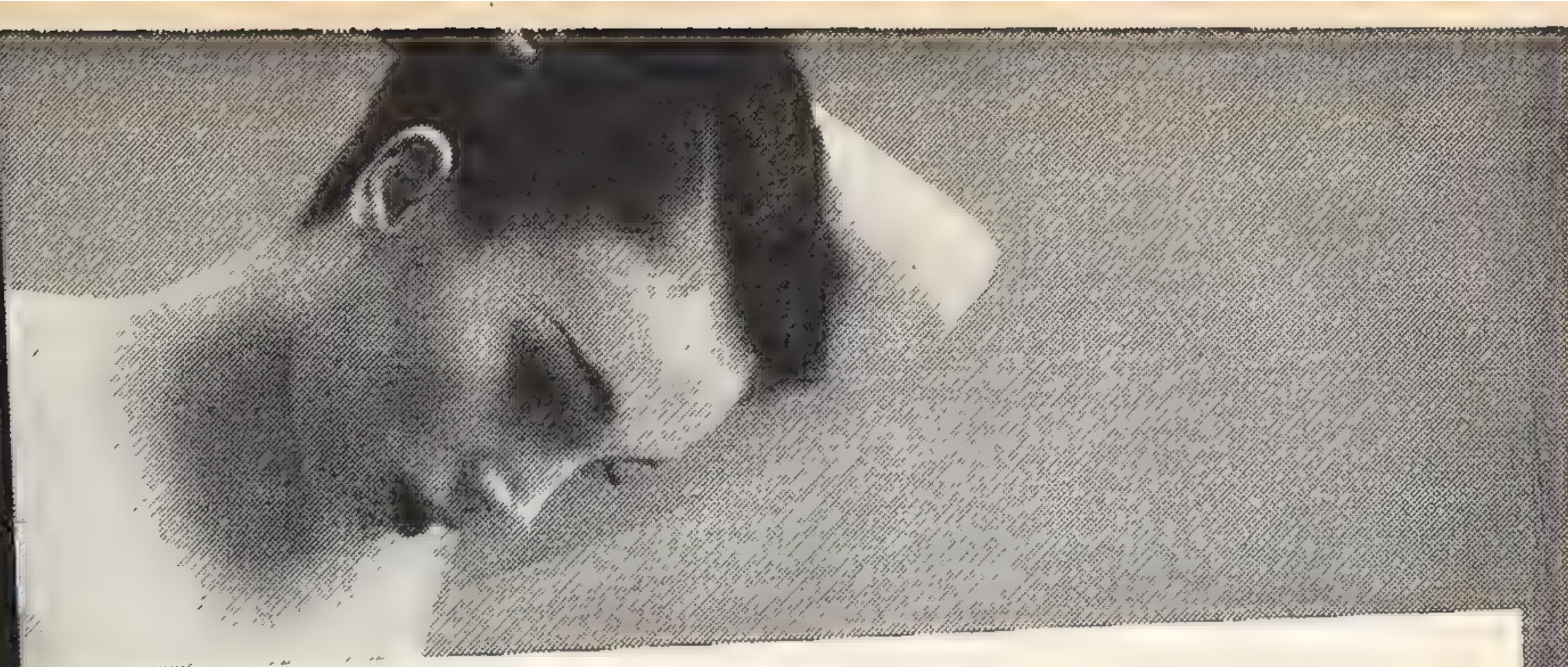
"I mean, honey, if you're not quite happy, I bet we could still get out of this—go home."

She persuaded her father she was happy. Five and a half years later, Suzanne-turned-Jane was to remember that moment with poignance. Five years later, as the very newly wed Mrs. Geary Steffen, with five wonderful musical comedies made and released, she received from her father the fantastic news that her mother wanted a divorce.

Her world seemed to rock out of control at that moment. She loved both her parents, but she had to admit that the bond between her and her father was stronger. He had always been her friend, her champion. He'd never once argued with her—except when she told him she was going to marry Geary Steffen. He hadn't come out and said so in so many words, but he had implied she was making a mistake, marrying a boy who didn't know what he wanted to do with his life.

She lost her temper then. Her temper was fiery, always had been, but she'd seldom ever felt a flash of anger against her father. This time she had. She pointed out that Geary had only recently got out of service. She pointed out that he had been a sufficiently expert skater before the war to be in Sonja Henie's company on tour, but that he didn't want to go on with skating. She told her father that Geary had many plans, and that they had delayed marrying for several months until he did find some special work, which at the moment was serving as an insurance agent.

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But now, here was her father in trouble, turning to her for advice and for comfort, as she had turned to him when she was a little girl.

"I'll give your mother her freedom," he said, "since that's what she wants. But I'm all mixed up, honey. Maybe folks never do know just when things in marriage start going wrong."

She had turned quickly as he said that, so that he couldn't see her face. It was like the moment with the bicycle all over again. She was pretending. She was pretending because she, too, was mixed up. She'd been married less than a year, but already she felt something was not quite right.

She kept remembering what Mr. Pasternak, her producer, had said to her when she told him about her marriage plans. "You're the youngest twenty-one I ever knew, Jane," he had said. "For all you really know about life you could be ten."

Yet only a short time later when her mother left California and she'd found an apartment for her father, out in the Valley because he loved the country so much, she forgot all her vague fears. She forgot them in discovering a much bigger happiness: She was going to have her first child.

Now began the really blissful days for her. Just as in her little girlhood, Jane skimmed lightly through her singing, dancing and acting, she concentrated all on this complete symbol of love about to come into her life.

So what if Geary barely noticed the subtle, well-balanced meals she prepared with such loving care? It didn't matter. Steak and potatoes was his idea of a really great dinner. Coffee and orange juice was a fine breakfast. To Jane, even if she did have to watch her diet like mad, because of being so tiny, food was still one of the major joys of life. But now she went along with Geary on his steak eating.

The baby was what counted. For her son's sake (for of course her first-born would be a son) she moved, out of that first, small honeymoon apartment she and Geary had. They had chosen it because they could share and share alike in it—each paying half the rent, half the utilities. Her income would have permitted them to live more lavishly, but then it would be over Geary's depth financially.

Now they bought an Early American house, such a quaint and pretty place, all spinning wheels and washhand stands changed into jardinières and the like. Jane brought her son back there from the hospital at the end of July, 1951. Geary Anthony Steffen III, called GA for short.

"Oh, darling," she said to Geary, "I want our children to grow up in a home brimming with love, joy and security."

"I do, too," Geary told her. "And you know what? I'm going into the real-estate business. I think there's more security there, more future than in insurance."

It was only a month later that she was offered a series of night-club dates in Florida, New York and points east. It was tremendous money, but it meant being away from her husband and her son.

"Shall I take it?" she asked Geary.

"You're the boss of your career," he said. "I'm just boss of our household."

"But who will look after you and the baby if I go?"

"Look, we've got the best baby's nurse in California. As for me, I can bunk down anywhere. You know that."

She did know that. He didn't notice the small "touches" of comfort about their house, any more than he noticed the small "touches" of taste in her meals. It was nothing against Geary, naturally, any more than her inability to do the sports he did so expertly. He loved to ski, swim and golf. Except for swimming, she wasn't any

good at any of them, try hard as she would.

"Maybe if I appear in night clubs, the studio will get over the idea I'm just a kid," she said.

Geary grinned at her, his wonderfully winning grin. "Don't tell me your mind's not made up already?" he asked.

One month later, when GA was just eight weeks old, she flew to Miami and opened at Copa City. She wore the most abbreviated costumes she'd ever appeared in, she sang jazz as well as opera and she was a smash. But her loneliness nearly tore her apart.

It didn't help to phone Geary every morning and night, to hear GA coo over the wire. At the end of the fourth day, she said, "I've got to quit. I've got to come home."

"Don't think of it," Geary said. "We'll come to you. We'll be there tomorrow."

This was the kind of decision for which she adored him. And she appreciated his leaving his work just for her, playing a kind of father-nursemaid just for her.

New York, Miami, the big Eastern cities with their sophistication changed her. She came back to Hollywood with her hair a much lighter shade, with the Peter Pan collars off her dresses and the little girl effects she'd always gone in for completely eliminated. She was twenty-three, a wife and mother. A young matron. She wanted to be treated like a young matron.

She wasn't. Not by the studio. Not even by Geary. The studio put her in "Small Town Girl," which to her was a letdown after playing with Fred Astaire in "Royal Wedding." Of course, it had been an accident that she did "Royal Wedding." Originally it had been intended for Judy Garland, only Judy got pregnant. Then it was assigned to June Allyson, only June got pregnant, too.

Well, they all three of them had their babies, but from Jane's point of view, Judy and June had advanced—in every way. Personally, professionally, socially.

Only she and Geary seemed to be doing high-school stuff, skiing, swimming, having parties where everybody played games. Things didn't seem right. She puzzled over why but never could arrive at an answer. A kind of welcomed answer came when, with the coming of spring, she discovered she was going to have her second baby.

Suzanne Ileen, they named her. Suzanne to remind Jane of herself who used to be, Ileen for her grandmother, Eileen. She was an adorable baby, looking like both Jane and Geary, yet she brought a small shadow of trouble with her.

Just a tiny shadow, yet there it was. Jane, a Protestant, had agreed when she and Geary, a Catholic, were married that the children would be brought up in his religion. Actually Jane hadn't thought a great deal about it. Like many another of us, she sincerely believed in religious freedom.

Yet now, with the second baby in the house, the difference in the expression of their religions became manifest between the Steffens. They didn't exactly quarrel over it, any more than they quarreled over food, or sports or house furnishings. They just avoided mentioning these conflicts. And presently, they seemed to be avoiding mentioning many things. In fact, one day Jane shockingly concluded they had very little to say to one another about anything.

Soon after, she was sent on her first loan-out. The studio was Warners. The film was "Three Sailors and a Girl." The leading man was Gene Nelson.

It was quite natural that she should go to lunch with Gene in the middle of each day's shooting of the film. It couldn't have been more innocent. Gene told her about his career on the New York stage. She told him about her career in Portland.

Gene told her about how restless he was at Warners. He felt he wasn't getting anywhere. Jane told him about herself at M-G-M and was amazed, for she too felt she wasn't getting the right roles. Then one day, during lunch, Gene admitted that things weren't all bliss at home. Jane held her breath. She'd never told anyone—in fact, she'd hardly admitted it to herself—but she wasn't happy with the way things were at her home.

Jane mistook this sharing of mutual problems as love; Gene was positive theirs was a lasting love. Gene moved out of his family homestead; Jane told Geary she wasn't happy.

Jane went into court and secured her divorce. She got custody of her children and Geary got half the community property. But Jane and Gene never married.

Jane moved from the little Early American house to a rather stiff colonial affair which was too big, but it had wonderful play space for her babies. She moved around the rooms of this big, formal house and she, who hated being alone, was alone for the first time in her life.

Her dad came over to see her a lot, but she discovered she didn't have as many friends as she had always believed, and that those she had were not the ones she had expected to stick.

It was cruel—but it was real—the way her friends had divided into three groups: the ones who had dropped her outright; the ones who told her they disapproved of her but would see her; and the ones who never said a word, either of praise or criticism but who called her constantly, asking her out, chatting to her, cheering her without ever making a reference to the fact that that was exactly what they were trying to do.

There was a fourth group, too—the wolves around Hollywood. Jane shrank from the realization of why they were calling her. This was not what she wanted. It was not what she had ever wanted, any more than she had ever really wanted a career. It was still so tragically simple what she wanted—a husband, a home, children. Anything else was incidental.

She could get through the days with study, with work at the studio, though right then she was between pictures. But the nights were agony. Lying awake through them, she listened to the peaceful breathing of GA and baby Sis, and she knew that above all, she would fight for them to have a normal childhood.

For this, at least, she now knew: If she had gone on to Grant High instead of coming to Hollywood, she would not have mistaken love. At Grant High she would have had scores of flirtations. She would have had time to grow up, to know a flirtation for a flirtation. She wouldn't have mistaken it for a great love.

To be adolescent in your teens was the way things should be. But to be put in an adult position in your teens, and then to turn adolescent in your twenties, this could be nothing but tragedy.

She got up after one sleepless night and whispered to her reflection in the mirror, "I'm going to try never to hurt anyone again in my whole life. Because now I know what it is to be hurt."

One night Pat Nerney called her for a date and she accepted. She had known him slightly when he was married to Mona Freeman. She had liked him, even though he was a very quiet person, because he reminded her of the businessmen in Portland who had sponsored her career as a little girl. He had the same unassertive security about him, the same nice authority.

They didn't go to a night club on that first date but to a place where the food was superb. Pat didn't even ask her what she wanted to eat. He just ordered it and

it was masterly. He brought her home early and asked if he might call again.

By the end of the week, they'd had three dates. By the end of the second week, he asked her to marry him.

"I'm afraid," Jane said. "I'm afraid even to think of happiness."

They continued to date and she was soon fascinated with his talk of paintings, of which she knew nothing, and of books, of which she knew a little.

She began to talk of her interest in music and found he knew as much about it, in a high-brow sort of way, as she did. They got to talking about travel. She'd had a trip to South America. He's been most places around the world. Then they discussed food and wines and children and how to bring them up—his daughter, Monie, age not quite six, was very important to him.

Three nights a week, Pat had to work at the automobile agency he owned with his brother. This meant they couldn't dine till about 10:30, but Janie loved those nights, particularly, because then Pat would be so full of business details, he'd be unable to change the subject away from them. And Jane saw that he knew just what he wanted to do in a business way. He and his brother were making a fortune, but with all this, Pat's aesthetic interests were never neglected. He was, she realized with respect and admiration, an intellectual businessman. He was much smarter than she was, much stronger. This she liked, too.

Yet while he again asked her to marry him, she continued to beg off.

Then came the night when he came to her house, as they had previously arranged. It was one of his work nights, so the hour was close to eleven. As she heard his car stop, she put on the hamburgers, a quickie meal they seldom went in for. They were to eat that way this evening because Pat had phoned he wasn't hungry.

And even as she let him in, she saw that his face looked drawn. She was wearing a little cotton dress and a big cotton mitten on one hand, for handling the hot griddle for the burgers.

"Hurry out into the kitchen," she said, kissing him lightly.

"No," Pat said. "You have to answer me something first. I'm going to ask you to marry me once more. Right now. But this is the last time. Will you marry me, Jane, or shall I stop coming here?"

Her heart thudded. She looked at his face, so suddenly stern. He didn't say things lightly. This she knew. There were her children to think about. There was her career to think about. But there was nothing to think about, she realized, if she lost Pat.

She stood on tiptoe and put her arms around his neck. "I'll be so honored to be your wife," she said.

A year to the day of their first date they were married in Ojai, California. No accident that, of course. November 8th, 1954 it was, and they were off to Paris and all Europe on a honeymoon right after.

When they got back, they moved into a wonderful modern house. Pat's quite fabulous collection of modern paintings looked terrific in it, but that wasn't their entire reason for choosing it. Janie wanted it because it was up to date. It was not a playhouse, like Early American or Colonial. It was not flirtatious. It was just plainly beautiful, practical, livable and a place for growing children.

And for the first time on-screen, too, her studio let her appear, in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," as a mature, intelligent, lively, romantic young woman who completely adored her husband.

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THE END



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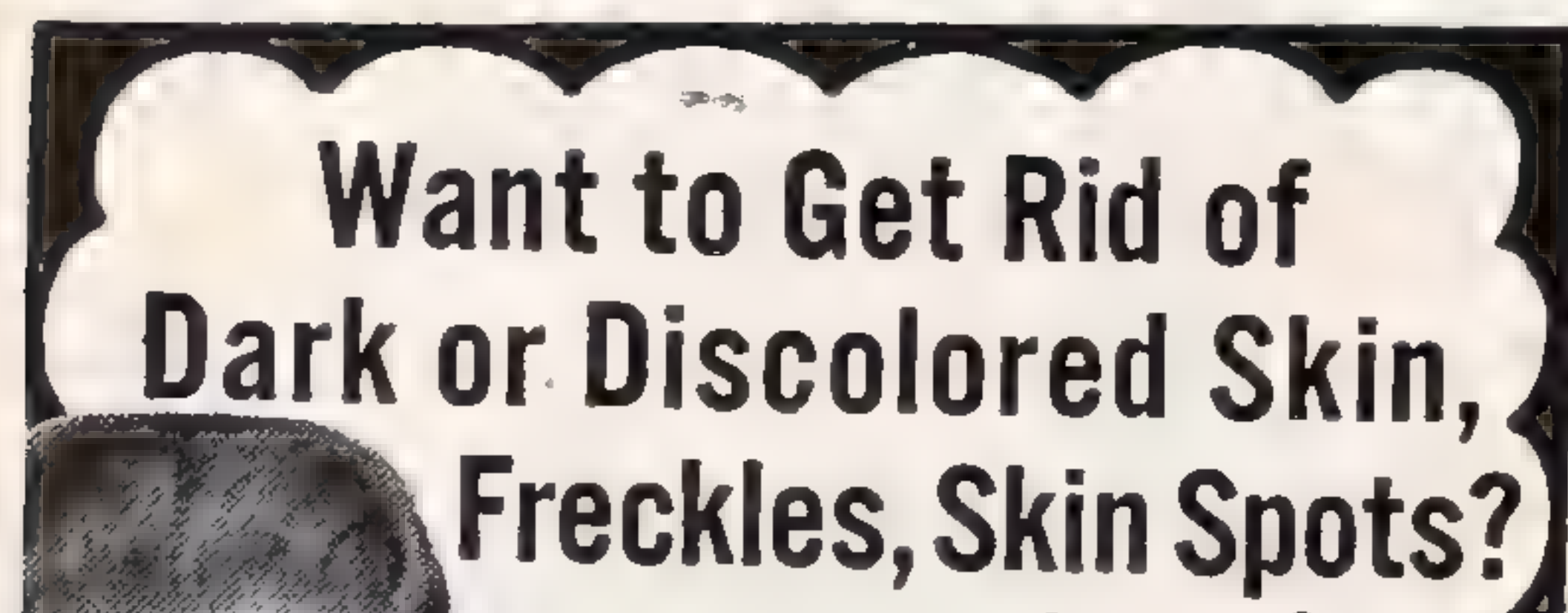
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BIG COMBO, THE—A.A. Directed by Joseph Lewis: Diamond, Cornel Wilde; Brown, Richard Conte; McClure, Brian Donlevy; Susan, Jean Wallace; Peterson, Robert Middleton; Fante, Lee Van Cleef; Mingo, Earl Holliman; Alicia, Helen Walker; Sam Hill, Jay Adler; Dreyer, John Hoyt; Bettini, Ted De Corsia; Rita, Helene Stanton; Audubon, Roy Gordon; Doctor, Whit Bissell; Bennie Smith, Steve Mitchell; Young Detective, Baynes Barron; Lab Technician, James McCallion; Photo Technician, Tony Michaels; Malloy, Brian O'Hara; Nurse, Rita Gould; Detective, Bruce Sharpe; Hotel Clerk, Michael Mark; Mr. Jones, Philip Van Zandt; Miss Hartleby, Donna Drew.

CANYON CROSSROADS—U.A. Directed by Al Werker: Larry Kendall, Richard Basehart; Katherine Rand, Phyllis Kirk; Larson, Stephen Elliott; Dr. Rand, Russell Collins; Pete Barnwell, Charles Waggenheim; Joe Rivers, Richard Hale; Charlie Rivers, Alan Wells; Mickey Rivers, Tommy Cook; A.E.C. Clerk, William Pullen.

CELL 2455, DEATH ROW—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: Whit, William Campbell; Whit, as a boy, Robert Campbell; Doll, Marian Carr; Jo-Anne, Kathryn Grant; Warden, Harvey Stephens; Hamilton, Vince Edwards; Serl, Allen Nourse; Hallie, Diane De Laire; Whit, as a young boy, Bart Bradley; Skipper Adams, Wayne Taylor; Al, Paul Dubov; Nugent, Tyler Mac Duff; Monk, Buck Kartalian; Blanche, Eleanor Audley; Hatcheck Charlie, Thom Carney; Lawyer, Joe Forte; Judge, Howard Wright; Superior Guard, Glenn Gordon; Sonny, Jimmy Murphy; Tom, Jerry Mickelsen; Bud, Bruce Sharpe.

CULT OF THE COBRA—U.I. Directed by Francis D. Lyon: Lisa Moya, Faith Domergue; Paul Able, Richard Long; Tom Markel, Marshall Thompson; Julia, Kathleen Hughes; Carl Turner, Jack Kelly; Marian, Myrna Hansen; Rico Nardi, David Janssen; Pete Norton, William Reynolds; Nick Hommel, James Dobson; Daru, Leonard Strong; Inspector, Walter Coy.

END OF THE AFFAIR, THE—Columbia. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: Sarah Miles, Deborah Kerr; Maurice Bendrix, Van Johnson; Albert Parkis, John Mills; Henry Miles, Peter Cushing; Smythe, Michael Goodliffe; Father Crompton, Stephen Murray; Savage, Charles Goldner; Mrs. Bertram, Nora Swinburne; Dr. Collingwood, Frederick Leicester.

JUMP INTO HELL—Warners. Directed by David Butler: Capt. Guy Bertrand, Jack Sernas; Capt. Jean Callaux, Kurt Kasznar; The General, Arnold Moss; Lt. Heinrich Heldman, Peter Van Eyck; Sgt. Taite, Marcel Dalio; Lt. Andre Maupin, Norman Dupont; Maj. Maurice Bonet, Lawrence Dobkin; Gizele Bonet, Pat Blake; Jacqueline, Irene Montwill; Major Riviere, Alberto Morin; Capt. LeRoy, Maurice Marsac; Capt. Darbley, Louis Mercier.

LOOTERS, THE—U.I. Directed by Abner Biberman: Jesse Hill, Rory Calhoun; Sheryl Gregory, Julie Adams; Pete Corder, Ray Danton; George Parkinson, Thomas Gomez; Stan Leppich, Frank Faylen; Co-pilot, Rod Williams; Major Knowles, Russ Conway; Stevenson, John Stephenson; Joe, Sr., Emory Parnel; Joe, Jr., James Parnel.

MAMBO—Paramount. Directed by Robert Rossen: Giovanna Masetti, Silvana Mangano; Count Enrico Marisoni, Michael Rennie; Mario Rossi, Vittorio Gassman; Toni Salerno, Shelley Winters; Katherine Dunham, Katherine Dunham; Countess Marisoni, Mary Clare; Masetti, Eduardo Ciannelli; Julie Robinson, Walter Zappolini.

MAN CALLED PETER, A—20th. Directed by Henry Koster: Peter Marshall, Richard Todd; Catherine Marshall, Jean Peters; Miss Fowler, Marjorie Rambeau; Mrs. Findlay, Jill Esmond; Senator Harvey, Les Tremayne; Mr. Peyton, Robert Burton; Mrs. Peyton, Gladys Hurlbut; Col. Whiting, Richard Garrick; Barbara, Gloria Gordon; Peter John Marshall, Billy Chapin; Peter Marshall (ages 7 and 14), Peter Votrian; Mrs. Whiting, Sally Corner; Senator

Wiley, Voltaire Perkins; Emma, Marietta Canty; Senator Prescott, Edward Earle; College Girl, Mimi Hutson; Grandmother, Agnes Bartholomew; Nancy, Janet Stewart; Ruby Coleman, Ann Davis; Usher, Arthur Tovay; Maitre D', Sam McDaniel; Jane Whitney, Betty Caulfield; Miss Crilly, Dorothy Neumann; Janitor, Oliver Hartwell; Miss Hopkins, Doris Lloyd; President, William Forrest; Miss Standish, Barbara Morrison; Dr. Black, Carlyle Mitchell; Willie, Amanda Randolph; Peter—Age 5½, Rick Kelman; Peter—Age 6½, Louis Torres, Jr.

PRODIGAL, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Thorpe: Samarra, Lana Turner; Micah, Edmund Purdom; Nahreeb, Louis Calhern; Ruth, Audrey Dalton; Asham, James Mitchell; Rhakim, Neville Brand; Eli, Walter Hampden; Elissa, Taina Elg; Bosra, Francis L. Sullivan; Carmish, Joseph Wiseman; Yasmin, Sandra Descher; Joram, John Dehner; Governor, Cecil Kellaway; Barber-Surgeon, Philip Tonge; Blind Man, David Leonard; Ramadi, Henry Daniell; Tobiah, Paul Cavanagh; Caleb, Dayton Lummis; Tahra, Tracey Roberts; Uba, Jarma Lewis; Merchant, Jay Novello; Carpenter's Wife, Dorothy Adams; Carpenter's Son, Peter De Bear.

RAGE AT DAWN—RKO. Directed by Tim Whelan: James Barlow, Randolph Scott; Frank Reno, Forrest Tucker; Laura Reno, Mala Powers; Sim Reno, J. Carrol Naish; Hawkins, Edgar Buchanan; Monk Claxton, Kenneth Tobey; Lattimore, Howard Petrie; John Reno, Myron Healey; Noah Uholt, Ralph Moody; Pete McCartney, Guy Prescott; Lee Harney, Mike Ragan; Courtright, Phil Chambers.

REVENGE OF THE CREATURE—U.I. Directed by Jack Arnold: Clete Ferguson, John Agar; Helen Dobson, Lori Nelson; Joe Hayes, John Bromfield; George Johnson, Robert B. Williams; Lucas, Nestor Paiva; Foster, Grandon Rhodes; Gibson, Dave Willock; Captain of Police, Charles Cane.

SEVEN ANGRY MEN—A.A. Directed by Charles Marquis Warren: John Brown, Raymond Massey; Elizabeth, Debra Paget; Owen, Jeffrey Hunter; Oliver, Larry Pennell; White, Leo Gordon; Frederick, John Smith; Jason, James Best; John Jr., Dennis Weaver; Salmon, Guy Williams; Watson, Tom Irish; Thompson, James Anderson; Green, James Edwards; Wilson, John Pickard; Newby, Smoki Whitfield; Doyle, Jack Lomas; Col. Washington, Robert Simon; Doctor, Dabbs Greer; Mrs. Brown, Ann Tyrrell; Col. Lee, Robert Osterloh.

SHOTGUN—A.A. Directed by Lesley Selander: Clay, Sterling Hayden; Abby, Yvonne DeCarlo; Reb, Zachary Scott; Aletha, Angela Greene; Bentley, Robert Wilke; Davey, Harry Harvey, Jr.; Fletcher, Lane Chandler; Thompson, Guy Prescott; Chris, Ralph Sanford; Perez, John Pickard.

TIGHT SPOT—Columbia. Directed by Phil Karlson: Sherry Conley, Ginger Rogers; Lloyd Hallett, Edward G. Robinson; Vince Striker, Brian Keith; Prison Girl, Lucy Marlow; Benjamin Costain, Lorne Greene; Mrs. Willoughby, Katherine Anderson; Marvin Rickles, Allen Nourse; Fred Packer, Peter Leeds; Mississippi Mac, Doye O'Dell; Clara Moran, Eve McVeagh; Warden, Helen Wallace; Jim Hornsby, Frank Gerstle; Miss Masters, Gloria Ann Simpson; Carlyle, Robert Shield; Arny, Norman Keats.

TO PARIS WITH LOVE—Rank. Directed by Robert Hamer: Colonel Sir Edgar Fraser, Alec Guinness; Lisette Marconnet, Odile Versois; Jon Fraser, Vernon Gray; Victor de Colville, Jacques Francois; Sylvia Gilbert, Elina Labourdette; Leon de Colville, Austin Trevor; Georges Duprez, Claude Romain; Suzanne de Colville, Maureen Davis; Aristide Marconnet, Jacques Brunius; Madame Marconnet, Pamela Stirling; Madame Alvarez, Mollie Hartley Milburn; Pierre, Michael Anthony; Head Porter, Andre Mikhelson; Night Porter, Jacques Cey; Night Clerk, Nicholas Bruce; Vendeuse, Toni Frost; Cabaret Act, Georges Lafaye Company, Claude Collier.

UMBERTO D.—Harrison and Davidson. Directed by Vittorio De Sica: Umberto D., Carlo Battisti; Maria, Maria Pia Casilio; Landlady, Lina Gennari.

WAYWARD WIFE, THE—I.F.E. Directed by Mario Soldati: Gemma Foresi, Gina Lollobrigida; Prof. Franco Vagnuzzi, Gabriele Ferzetti; Paolo Sertori, Franco Interlenghi; Letizia Sertori, Marilyn Buford; Luciano Vittoni, Renato Baldini; Elvira Coccanu, Alda Mangini; Mrs. Foresi, Nanda Primavera; Count Sertori, Alfredo Carpegna.

They Kissed and Made Up

(Continued from page 11)

But theirs was never a romance, contrary to rumor. Betty, warm, witty and intelligent, was a trusted and faithful friend, helping see Jeff through a troubled time.

Nor, contrary to opinions of the ill-informed, was there ever any dissension between Jeff and Marge over Marge's having a career. The truth of the matter is that as talented an actress as she is, after their marriage, Marge's career couldn't have mattered less to her. Her husband, her family and her home were career enough, she said. After their separation, Marge was determined to restimulate her interest in a career to have some goal, to give life more purpose. There was no need for money, certainly. Jeff provided amply, and the terms of their settlement gave Marge \$47,000 a year. But as she has said, "Now I would like to work. I never thought of resuming my career as long as there were more important interests, but now I'd like to get into television or perhaps the theatre. It's up to me to restimulate the drive, the push for a career." During the past months Marge has appeared in several TV shows. Her agent is also Jeff's agent, Meyer Mishkin, who's equally devoted to both of them and with whom Jeff has shared an office in Beverly Hills for some time. Just the day before their reconciliation was announced officially, Marge was at Warner Brothers discussing an important role in "Rebel without a Cause," starring James Dean.

As she's said, "Jeff has never objected to my having a career." And as Jeff's said, "I've wanted Marge to work more than she has wanted to. But she felt she had another career. And during the years her drive diminished." In a happier day he used to say laughingly, "I'd love for her to work in pictures—if only to understand how hard I work."

Basically, their difficulties have stemmed from the same situation prevalent in hundreds of other homes throughout the land, involving he who works and she who stays home. But their situation was intensified by deep and opposing insecurities. To Marge, love has always meant interdependence and her happiness has been dependent on him. Jeff's security lay in large part in his job.

Just how much Jeff's happiness depended upon her, just how much he needed her, for all his recurrent moods and silence, Marge probably would not have believed then. As a close friend of Jeff's recalls now, "I was with him the day Marge finally entered the decree. He was busted-up; a really upset, a very depressed man.

After their separation, it was Marge herself who put a wise and intuitive finger on the source of much of their trouble—even though she felt they had gone beyond the answers then. Both come from divided homes. Jeff's parents separated when he was three. He grew up in Flatbush surrounded by poverty. His mother worked as a manicurist and did other odd jobs to support them. He worked before and after school. He knew poverty, but he also knew love. He had his mother's love and that of adoring grandparents who helped raise him besides. His grandfather, a Russian immigrant, brought his family to America where they could have more opportunities. In this wonderland, he would tell a wide-eyed Jeff, you could be whatever you willed to be. Anything could happen. The tallest dream could come true. And from childhood, Jeff enveloped himself in his own tall and beautiful dream—to be an actor. He was ever dedicated to this dream. Undiscouraged by the lean and defeating years when he beat on doors that wouldn't open for him, he was deter-

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mined to work all the harder—when finally they did open.

Marge never knew hunger or poverty, but from childhood she knew a lack of love. Hers was a lonelier childhood, followed by years in boarding schools. She has had an emotional need for reassurance and a great outward expression of love. And as she's said, "Jeff always knew a lot of love but he was very conscious from childhood of the need for financial security and his job meant a great deal to him.

"Perhaps," Marge would say, "if I'd been more self-sufficient, as many women apparently can be. Perhaps if I'd been a person who could be absorbed in a career of my own or in other outside interests—then I might be an easier person for Jeff to live with. Perhaps, if I hadn't been so dependent on him—"

Perhaps, Jeff would muse in turn, if as his career developed he hadn't had the tendency "to tie myself up inside and not give as much as I might have" of himself to his home and the interests there.

Perhaps if they hadn't once been so happy together. As Marge put it aptly, they aren't "casual people." They just couldn't go on with the shell of the happiness they had once known together. The happiness still too well-remembered to settle for less.

In the past year and a half they've both had lonely hours to weigh and remember and wonder if perhaps. . . .

But to anxious friends counting the days remaining before their divorce became final, it seemed impossible this marriage could die this way. After all, it had weathered efficiency apartments with pull-down beds, had survived scrimping and budgeting and illness and all the frustrating days when Jeff couldn't get inside a studio, and had survived a painful seven-month separation.

They had been so happy when they reconciled before. And Jeff had given domestic projects the full college try. He made himself a workroom and became engrossed in the manufacture of various things for their new home. No more feverish goals for him, he insisted then. He was going to enjoy life without rushing it. But fame had already more than caught up with him. He was star-high at the box-office and the studio rushed him into picture after picture, and with characteristic concentration, Jeff became more involved.

As he says now of his tendency to work so wholeheartedly, "There's got to be a limit to that." And his tone affirms that from this day forward, there's going to be a new Jeff around home and Hollywood.

During the months they were separated he worked harder than he's ever worked before. Their increasing unhappiness apart was evident to many who knew them. Marge tried to rekindle enthusiasm for her own career. She kept busy with "Share, Incorporated," a club composed of movie wives who concentrate on neglected charities. She talked of traveling, and she began studying French. Jeff added new laurels as a Decca recording artist and song writer. He was on the move constantly. He took an apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. Then he decided to live in his dressing room on the studio lot. Then, restlessly, he moved again. This time to a one-bedroom furnished apartment not too far from the studio.

But throughout their separation, Jeff and Marge were closer than many knew. As she said in the beginning, "As Hollywood as this sounds, we're still good friends." She was as ready as ever with an encouraging word and all enthusiasm about his talent as a vocalist. When he was cast in "Foxfire," Marge rushed out immediately and bought the book.

And Jeff was a constant visitor in her home. As his mother says now, "Jeff was there every day or evening to see the children—or he would telephone. When he was on location in the East, he called long-distance every night and talked to the three of them. The children and Marge. He was always concerned about them."

Holidays were the heartbreakers for both of them, but these too they shared in part. On Christmas Jeff loaded the car with gifts for their tree. On Thanksgiving Marge took the children by to see him, and just how much the three of them meant to Jeff was in his face and his misty eyes when they drove away.

Coming from divided homes as they themselves had, Marge and Jeff were doubly concerned that Jamie, 7, and Dana, 5, would have all the love and attention they both could give. Happy-go-lucky Dana took the whole situation in stride. But Jamie's blue eyes were puzzled. She couldn't understand why her father didn't live at home any more. As for Jeff—how can you tell a child why?

Nor, as time went by, could Jeff or Marge tell themselves why. They were separated nine months before Marge filed for divorce and, as the day neared when the decree would become final, they must have known this just could not be. That neither of them could cut the final tie. Pride and any stubbornness and past difficulties diminished to true size.

Love finally found the way—and just in time, just a month before the final decree.

But as Jeff says now, they'd been talking toward it for over six weeks before they finally reconciled. From their first appearance together—when Jeff took Marge to Ciro's to see Sammy Davis, Jr.—they went out in public together various times. Their increasing happiness was pretty apparent.

As a close friend of Jeff's observes, "During this time Jeff was working on 'The Spoilers,' and doing added scenes on 'Female on the Beach,' as well as preparing for his next one, 'Away All Boats.' All this, in addition to working up his Las Vegas act for the Riviera Hotel—following Liberace. But in spite of tremendous pressures, he was able to handle it all and was happy about it. I can only think he was happy because he was preparing for their reconciliation. I wasn't surprised at all by it. I think the past year has been very beneficial to both of them."

Jeff heartily agrees. "We were missing somewhere before," he says slowly now. "I think the time we spent apart has given us each an opportunity to brush up. To learn more about ourselves and about each other. We're more cognizant now, of many things. We've both learned and we're more aware. Just say we've grown up a little bit. That may sound a little juvenile," he says, weighing the words, "but—that's the way it is."

And you can grow until you die. And so can love and understanding between two like Jeff and Marge.

Jeff's mother mirrored the thoughts of all who know them saying, "They belong together, these two. We're all so happy about it. And I'm overjoyed."

Contrary to the rumor that they would have another wedding for sentimental reasons, Jeff was quick to say, "No, I don't think so. We're married now." Of this there seems no doubt. They're well-married now.

They had three weeks for another honeymoon before Jeff was due to leave for the Caribbean on location for "Away All Boats." They spent part of it with the whole New York Giants baseball team chaperoning them. They were the house guests of the Leo Durochers in Phoenix and traveled on with the team to Las Vegas and back to Los Angeles again. It took most of the remaining time to move Jeff into Marge's house in West Los Angeles. But there's no longer any reason to anxiously count the hours. They have the rest of their lives now.

There's a gracious home in a lovely picturesque neighborhood. A modified Mediterranean house with dark "Chandler green" shutters, a red brick fireplace and a lacy balcony running the length of the second floor.

As Jeff says now, "It's a beautiful house. And the location's fine. I can go right over the canyon to the studio. But there's just not enough closet space for my things. We're either going to have to build in more closets or find a new house," he says in a comfortably relaxed tone, which indicates that at this happy moment it doesn't matter which.

And he adds, "It's a wonderful feeling that exists between us now. This is it. I don't want to analyze it. We're not doing any more analyzing now. We've done a lot of that already. We figure we're lucky enough to still have love, and we're going to hold onto it this time!"

Perhaps it had to happen this way. Perhaps Marge and Jeff had to face a future without each other—to realize how much they've had. Perhaps they had to come within a whisper of losing each other forever to find each other again.

But they know now, Jeff and Marge, that theirs was only an interrupted melody.

THE END

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He's George!

(Continued from page 41)

by signing him to a long-term starring contract. It's obvious that the public agrees with this opinion, for mounting piles of mail on George's dressing-room floor evidence a fan following to rival Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson and Jeff Chandler. And the readers of PHOTOPLAY have acclaimed him "one of the ten most promising performers of 1955," while the Foreign Press Association of Hollywood has named him "one of the Stars of Tomorrow."

Despite experience in a variety of roles, from tragedy and classic drama to light comedy and romance, George Nader's future seems surely to be occupied with movies of adventure and romance. He's the romantic type. Tall, well over six feet, he tilts the scales at 185 pounds. His eyes are gray-blue; his hair wavy brown. His teeth are white and perfect; his grin, warm and frequent. Broad shoulders and a well-muscled body will insure him high rating in the beefcake department. Like Gregory Peck and Clark Gable, George is not a pretty man. Rather, his features are rugged and lively and interesting—the kind of looks that attract and hold a faithful fan following. In addition, and certainly a point not to be underestimated, he has considerable experience in depicting tender passion.

On tv and in the movies, he's romanced, among others, Loretta Young, Ursula Thiess, Anne Baxter, Julie Adams and now Maureen O'Hara. And when his interlude with Lady Godiva is completed, he will immediately take up pursuit of Jeanne Crain in a connubial love comedy provocatively titled "The Second Greatest Sex."

He will be kept so busy, according to present plans, that he'll have little time for the beach ("I enjoy swimming and going to the beach more than anything") but probably will be spending more time at the piano ("Playing the the piano is the best way to relax I know"). He has a Kimball grand piano in his San Fernando Valley cottage and when he's particularly tired or tense he sits down and plays some Ravel, Rachmaninoff and Cole Porter.

"I've had the piano ever since I first took lessons," George says. "It's like a real old friend." And of his ability to play, "I'm happier about that than any other thing I've learned."

But it wasn't always so. Years ago, a small boy stood beside that piano, clenching his fists. "I hate it!" he shouted defiantly through gritted teeth.

"You must practice," Mrs. Alice Nader told her seven-year-old son firmly. "To learn, you must practice."

"No!" he stormed.

"Yes," she said calmly.

One hour of daily practice was the rule. For a good musical groundwork, this was not excessive. But to George it was time that could be better spent swimming or reading or just looking at trees and dogs.

However he bent to the adult will. Grudgingly, with black-browed reluctance, he ran his scales and finger exercises. While a succession of music teachers badgered him with technical commands.

"Make the run like a little string of pearls, George," they told him. "Let each note fall on the ears like raindrops in a pool."

And with his back turned to the teacher, the small boy made a horrible face and kept plodding up and down on the keyboard until his arms and fingers ached.

George's father, George Nader, Senior, is a broker and salesman of real-estate and oil property. "There are no other actors in our family," George says today, "but Father could have been a good one. He's

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very personable. He's a real live-wire."

The Nader home—Spanish type with a red tile roof—was located right in the heart of Los Angeles, but George had no interest in such things.

School occupied his time. That is, school and music lessons and Christmas and vacations and going to the beach. Happiest are the memories of the family beach home at Playa Del Rey, which is on the ocean just south of Santa Monica. "That was where I learned to swim and battle the surf and love the sun."

A neighboring town, Venice, was a place of wondrous fascination, too. Patterned after the Italian city, it was a labyrinth of man-built canals (unhappily long since filled in) populated by all types of marine craft from punts and canoes to sleek power cruisers. And filled with an excitement of strange sights and wonderful pungent smells.

"The locks where they controlled the water level was one of my favorite haunts," says George. "I used to hang around there by the hour."

The young man was a romantic. He had a taste for adventure and a yen for derring-do and faraway places. And the librarian at the Venice Public Library knew him well.

"What'll it be today, Georgie?" she asked him, "mysteries or travel? Or some of both perhaps?"

George grinned. Alternately he squatted and tiptoed in front of the book stacks until he found what he wanted and trudged home with his weekly load of five books, the maximum allowed on one library card.

Sherlock Holmes, Moby Dick and Huckleberry Finn companioned his daydreams. The works of London, Stevenson, Melville, Twain and dozens of others tugged at his imagination. Tales of the lost tribes of the Incas and Mayas held him wide-eyed. And one of his special favorites was titled "Stowaways in Paradise," which told of two kids who stowed away on a ship and took a voyage to Hawaii and the islands of the South Seas.

Years later when George sailed there as a Naval officer during the war, he was prepared for disappointment. But his dreams had not failed him. "The islands were exactly as I had imagined them," he says.

George was an only child, but he was not lonely. "My mother's family was a large one; she was one of seven children," he says. "So I had lots of cousins to play with.

My grandparents had a big old-fashioned home on Menlo Street and that was where the family usually gathered."

Christmas was a magic time. "Of course we all went to Grandfather Scott's. He was head of the Cudahy Packing Company, and the table always groaned under the huge roasts of beef and ham and turkey. Grandma had spent days in her kitchen baking all sorts of pastries, pies, cookies and fruit cakes. She did it all herself. She wouldn't let anyone help her. She said it was her job to do the cooking for her family. Of course all of us, especially the kids, stuffed ourselves until we ached."

But life was not all fun and happy times. George was thin as a fence rail, and he was plagued by a succession of childhood ailments. Chicken pox, mumps, measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, all of them. Hypodermic needles of vaccine to ward off diphtheria were a special terror and left their mark on his memory as well as his body. To this day he abhors them.

"George, you musn't tell about being so sick," his mother said recently. "People will get the idea that we didn't take care of you properly."

"Oh, come now, Mother," he said. "Lots of kids get such illnesses in spite of anything their parents can do."

As a result of these afflictions, George spent a good deal of time in bed and away from school. But he didn't fall behind in his studies. His mother had once had a teaching certificate, so she tutored him at home. As an extra inducement she bought him a 12-volume set of "The Book of Knowledge." "They were wonderful books," he remembers. "They had all sorts of school tests in them and they were fun besides. The pictures were really something."

Eventually, however, Alice and George Nader decided that the boy needed a complete change. They sent him to a boys' camp and school in the San Gabriel Mountains back in Azusa, California. There were about a hundred boys there, some of them sickly, many of them suffering with asthma. George was ten years old.

"We practically lived out-of-doors," he says. "We got as much fresh air and sunshine as possible. We slept on screened porches. We drank a big glass of milk every midmorning and midafternoon. Except on the very coldest days, we never wore anything more than shoes and a pair of shorts."

There was an earthquake that year.

Everyone ran out of the dormitories to watch.

"Hey, looka the ground! It's shakin'!"

"Are you scared?"

"Nah! What's to be scared of?"

"Look out for the boulders comin' down the hill!"

After a year at the camp, George came home, his health fully recovered. He was brown as a Sioux, and a dozen pounds heavier. Bursting with energy, his blood fired with newly acquired red corpuscles, he promptly fell in love.

"Her name was Geraldine," he says in blissful reminiscence, "and she had long red hair. I was quite mad about her."

Their romance blossomed on the school grounds. It bloomed while they trysted on the parallel bars where Geraldine excelled at "skin the cat." That year there was a snowfall in Pasadena and the lovers spent happy hours building a snow man. But nothing ever came of all this.

"I guess it wasn't meant to be," George says sadly.

All in all, the world was a good place for George that year. Except for one very dark cloud. The music lessons, postponed during the year at camp, were begun again. And along with them came a new form of "torture" known as the recital.

One well-remembered occasion took place at the music teacher's home. There was an audience of mothers and dads, alternately beaming and nervously ruffling their feet. The program consisted of a crashing rendition of the William Tell overture, performed by a full orchestra complete with wood winds and lots of brass. And two pianos yet, one of them George. "It was awful!" he recalls.

Then another time George was called upon to play a solo. "I played 'Country Gardens' by Percy Grainger, and I guess I got through it, but I don't know how. My face was hot and flushed, my arms were paralyzed, my mind was a complete blank. I was in a blind panic."

Despite these agonies, George did manage to gain considerable musical competence and facility. By the time he reached high school he was playing exceedingly well. And when he decided that he wanted to study popular music, his parents readily agreed.

"I studied harmony for about six months," he says. "I had a good groundwork and the fingering was not too difficult. After that it began to be fun."

However there had been a turning point before this. While in grammar school, his class had attended a performance of The Yale Puppeteers at Olvera Street, a Mexican show place in downtown Los Angeles. Later, as a class project, they built their own puppet show. George was entranced. Within him was born a deep desire to learn more about stagecraft and the theatrical world.

"I got an old piano box and built my own puppet stage in the back yard. Then I made the puppets out of plywood. When I was ready I gave a performance for all the kids in the neighborhood. It was exciting and fascinating. I had really been bitten by the theatre bug."

When he was in Junior High School, George bought his first automobile, a 1932 Ford coupe. He had earned the money himself, as a summer clerk in a grocery store, and as a messenger for a photostating firm. That year his pride got another boost when his father gave him a key to the family front door.

"You mean I am now to come and go as I please?" he asked.

"Yes, George," his father said. "You're old enough now to know what's right and best. From now on it's up to you. Your mother and I are not going to worry about you any more."

The following year, in Glendale High

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School, George fell in love again. Having fully emerged from under the titian spell of Geraldine, the gay innamorato now went into a full spin over Arlene, a corn-silk blond. "She was fabulous!" he says. "The most exotic thing I had ever seen."

What seems to have intrigued him most, and held him in a strange fascination, was the fact that Arlene's blondness was not only self-induced but self-admitted.

"What you do is take a box of Lux and a bottle of peroxide and mix them up together," Arlene explained forthrightly. "Then you use that to wash your hair."

George gazed at the object of his affections with open-mouthed adoration. Following the tradition of lovesick swains, his tongue failed him completely. And in the face of this astounding pronouncement the only thing he could think of to say was, "Gosh!"

However the romance of Arlene and George was of short duration. In fact it never really got started.

"I just worshiped her from afar," he now says. "Actually she was a little too expensive for me. Oh, sure, I had a Ford and a few bucks to spend on dates. But Arlene was a kind of girl who was destined for bigger automobiles and four-letter men."

George's spirit was far from crushed. His real love was the theatre, the mechanical theatre of footlights and flies and painted sets. The Glendale High School auditorium was completely equipped with everything a legitimate theatre needed. This was what George had long looked forward to. He immediately enrolled for a course in stagecraft. "It was the only thing I was really interested in."

George makes it very clear that he didn't study dramatics. "I wasn't the least bit interested. And besides I didn't think very highly of actors as a group." He became a member of the regular stage crew, and studied stage design and practical stage management. He started as a helper, and learned to build and paint flats. He learned all about lighting, too. For example, he learned that a dark blue bulb over a stage door can be twice as hot as a white one. When he grabbed one it sizzled and smoked in his bare fingers.

"I got second degree burns," he says. "The kind where the top flesh peels off. I learned that one the hard way."

That year there was a school production of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "The Gondoliers." For the second act a full back set was hauled into the flies high above the stage. Without counterweights, this was so large it required three stagehands to handle it. But during the first performance George and another equally enthusiastic but unthinking helper tackled it alone. They were outweighed. They untied the set and it descended with a crash, while they soared upward.

"We dangled there like a dowager's lavalier," says George. "It was pretty embarrassing."

Despite such mishaps, and the added hazard of a stage-crew member named Sandra who "managed to look outstanding even in coveralls," George made rapid progress. In his senior year he was advanced to full stage manager. That year the auditorium was used for a Police Benefit Show and George had his first chance to work with a top-flight movie star. Her name was Judy Garland.

At Occidental College George went on with his stage work. "Their theatre-auditorium was called Thorne Hall, and it had a wonderful stage. Everything was almost brand-new. All they lacked was someone to manage it. When they found out I had a lot of experience they seemed very glad about it. They immediately made me stage manager. Naturally I was delighted."

The following year George got his first taste of drama from the actor's point of

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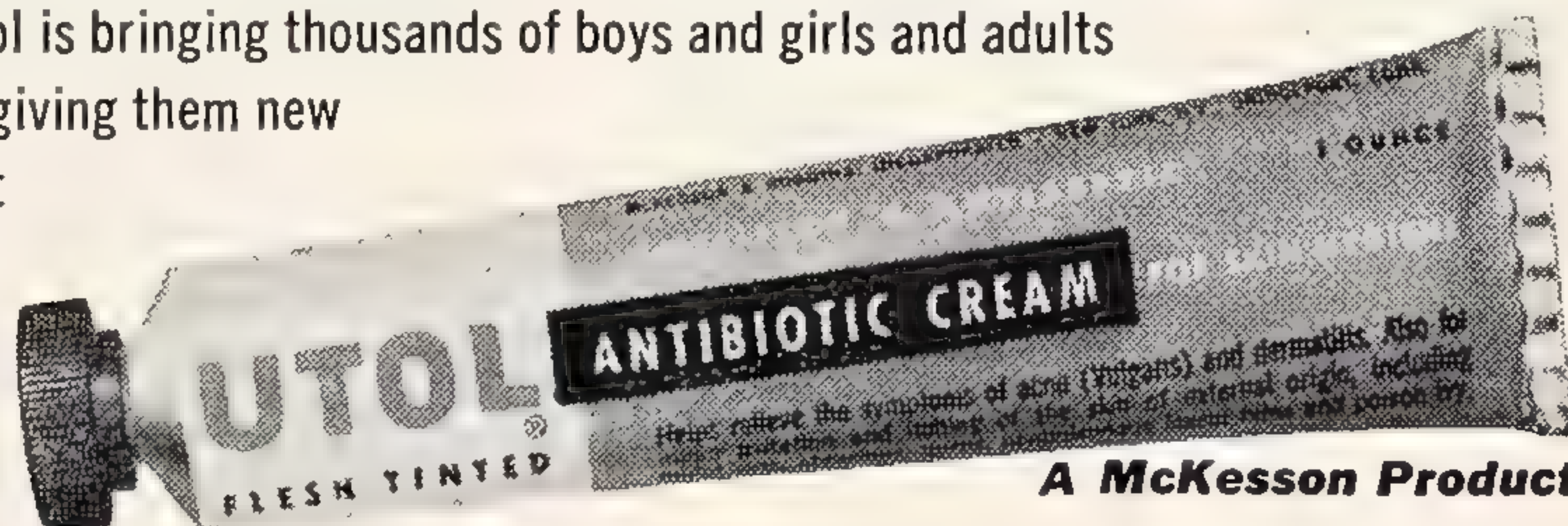
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view. A brother Phi Gamma Delta had written a play, and was trying to cast and produce it. He approached a group of fraternity pledges, George among them.

"We seem to be short of actors," he told them. "You are about to volunteer."

"Thanks, but no thanks," the lowly pledges chorused. "We would rather die."

"We shall see," said the playwright. "I direct your attention to this large wooden paddle I hold in my hand. Now bend down, men. Assume the angle."

This persuasive tactic was irresistible. The pledges became actors.

"It was one of those oblique dramas," George says. "The dialogue consisted of the *thoughts* of the different characters, and so it was tape-recorded. On stage all we had to do was suit the action to the words. But I was scared to death just the same."

Nevertheless George was interested. And this was a beginning. He sought out his next role in a comedy "Out of the Frying Pan." When, on-stage, he spoke some funny lines and heard the audience laugh, it was a moment of decision. He told himself, "This acting business is pretty easy stuff." After that he switched completely from the mechanics of management to the nuances of portraying drama. He appeared in a long list of plays including "Guest in the House," "Murder Has Been Arranged" and "Kind Lady." In his final college year, before he was graduated with a B.A. degree, he was elected president of the Drama Society.

"Next," he says, "there was the war."

After three months of intensive study and

training, George became a Naval officer, or as he terms it, "a ninety-day wonder." He served as a communications officer in Hawaii and on Johnston Island in the South Pacific. Then, after his discharge in 1946, he spent three more years learning his theatrical trade at the Pasadena Playhouse. After he graduated with a degree of Bachelor of Theatre Arts he felt that he was ready for Hollywood.

But Hollywood did not seem to be ready for George.

Is there a greater frustration than that of a man who seeks a job and cannot find it? Surely not, unless it be the pangs of an unrequited love. George's hopes skyrocketed when an agent approached him with happy talk of a movie career. Then they plummeted when the agent failed to produce anything even faintly resembling a job offer. But finally a break came.

Mrs. Loretta Crain—Jeanne's mother—saw him acting at the Pasadena Playhouse in Williams' "The Glass Menagerie." Convinced that he was a comer, she got Jeanne interested, too. Together they arranged interviews for George at 20th Century-Fox. As a result he was offered a screen test.

George was jubilant and profoundly grateful to Jeanne and Mrs. Crain. "They really went all out for me," he says. For his test he did a scene from "The Glass Menagerie" with Colleen Townsend, and he felt that he had done a good job. But he was doomed to bitter disappointment. At the same time the studio had tested another young actor. He was signed to the contract; George was not. It was a blow to him.

"When I got the news I felt miserable. I couldn't have felt worse."

But his spirit was not broken. When they offered him a small part in "Take Care of My Little Girl," he accepted it. He worked exactly two days at a minimum salary of \$125 a day. Then after a few more minor parts he met a tv casting director named Ralph Acton and his career really began to roll. He made a top-budgeted picture in India and another in Germany, "Carnival Story." And television viewers saw him many, many times.

Today Barbara Stanwyck, with whom George played in a radio drama, is one of his closest friends. He is grateful for her encouragement and her advice. Loretta Young was helpful, too. Of her, George says, "She's the best teacher I ever had."

When George was offered his contract at Universal-International he still had a commitment for two "Letter to Loretta" tv shows. This might have jammed things up, but Loretta proved to be a good friend and released him. "It's a fine opportunity. Go and make the best of it," she told him. "And God bless you."

Now George's future is assured. Despite Geraldine and Arlene and Sandra, he is still unmarried and apparently heart-whole and fancy-free. But a friend says, "I know he has a great fondness for a girl who lives in Pasadena."

At present, however, aside from relaxing at the beach and playing the piano, George is concentrating on his career—and admitting again that there's more to acting than met his young undiscerning eye.

THE END

Bing—Goes That Crosby Myth!

(Continued from page 58)

smartest cafe. Soon afterwards, Bing got an offer from the Cocoanut Grove. Promptly, he told Perlberg: "There's only one thing—the deal says we can't have an agent. So I told them I won't take it!"

Perlberg released Bing for the new offer by tearing up, with a cavalier and costly twist of the wrist, what turned out to be at least a \$10,000,000 contract. Agent and crooner finally were reunited as producer and star. The profound loyalty of Bing's true nature brings him the same loyalty in return. Perlberg's a twenty-five-year man on the Crosby team. Among the twenty-year men have been: Wally Westmore, make-up man; the late Barney Dean, gag-man; Jimmy Cottrell, prop-man; Leo Lynn, Bing's Man Friday and good right arm. Wally says, "You don't kid Bing. He's death on backslappers and yes men. And he can spot a phony a hundred yards away."

There have been times when Bing has needed the devotion he has so truly earned. He took on his first serious dramatic performance, in "Little Boy Lost," when Dixie was gravely ill. He sailed away to France on location—on her doctor's orders. "She knows you've planned to go," the doctor explained. "If you stay behind, she'll know why. And that would do it." Through long weeks overseas, Bing never disclosed the truth to anybody; he carried the whole load himself. He was quieter than usual. Almost every other day, he called Dixie on the transatlantic phone. Evenings, he holed up in his hotel room, working on his autobiography.

But his good friends sensed his trouble. "We were all groping around for some way to help," one of them recalls. "Trying out how far we could go—maybe pulling a little gag. And Barney Dean—I've never seen a man stick so near."

A funny, endearing little man, Barney

was a bit out of his league on "Little Boy Lost." There were no laughs needed for that picture, but Barney worked harder than he'd ever worked in his life to provide one. At intervals he'd go around staring thoughtfully at the ceiling of the sound stage. If interrupted, he'd chide gently, "Don't bother me now—I'm thinking up drama."

The tragic news finally came. Three days after Dixie was gone, Bing was back on the set, welcoming the distraction of work. Both Bing and director George Seaton believe in shooting a picture in continuity, to sustain the characterizations. By a sad irony, the next scene called for Bing, as a war correspondent, to broadcast the news of his wife's death. "This man," Seaton says, "can feel an audience better than anybody—and he felt all the depressed reverence around him. And he soon let everybody know, 'We can't go on this way.'"

Seaton decided to approach the problem forthrightly. "Look, Bing, I can't avoid the lines here in the script—speaking about a wife who's dead. But we can change the shooting sequence, any way you want to handle it."

"I understand," Bing told him. "Nothing you say or don't choose to say is going to change matters. Let's make a picture!"

Taking their cue from Bing, saying nothing, they all rallied around him, helping. Even the "little boy lost," Christine Fourcade, was always clinging to him, walking hand in hand with him, haunting eyes ever watching him. "He idolized Bing," a friend remembers. "He would unconsciously imitate him. We could hear them laughing together sometimes—and that was a very good sound."

Eventually, Bing had to face an even more grueling scene, the most important in the picture. The war correspondent, who had never in his own heart accepted

the fact that his wife was dead, would be forced to listen to the official, brutal account of her death, read by a friend. He had to realize that to go on living and to love the living a man must bury his dead.

"Bing," Seaton explained, "you've got to let yourself go in this scene. You can't be holding back. You've got to make the audience understand how you feel here—how it's going to be."

"You're talking about any actor. I'm a crooner."

"Not in my book, you're not."

When the camera stopped turning, Seaton came up to Crosby. "You had tears in your eyes."

"I did not," Bing said.

"You'll see."

They ran the rushes. "If that's a crooner," Seaton said quietly, "then I don't want actors."

That may have been the first time that Bing fully revealed himself before the cameras. But there was an earlier occasion when, far from Hollywood, he unconsciously let others look into the depths unsuspected during his crooner days. He was touring the muddy battlefronts of France, entertaining the weary troops of the Third Army, trying vainly to duck the always-requested "White Christmas." Bing sang for the boys in the "hopeless tents" with all his heart—and with the prayer that his eyes weren't giving him away. Afterwards he said to a fellow member of his troupe, a little dazedly, "You know—I don't even remember doing that show. Did I do okay?"

This was the Bing Crosby that Seaton wanted to capture on film. The director still insists, "The scene was one of the finest moments I've ever seen on the screen. Bing's one of the most talented men this industry has ever known. He has a tremendous wealth of talent as an actor, which hasn't been tapped until recently."

He's also one of the most intelligent human beings I've ever run into. In my opinion, he can play any part Spencer Tracy can play—any part that requires real soul-searching. I *knew* he could do 'Country Girl.'"

Convincing Bing that he could do it wasn't so easy. From the beginning, producer Perlberg and director Seaton had only one actor in mind for *Frank Elgin*, the irresponsible has-been, the pathetic alcoholic, the psychopathic liar of "The Country Girl." It wasn't fear of the critics that made Bing hesitate. As he's said, "I've been impaled before." He just didn't believe he was actor enough. "I don't think I can cut it," he said. And he returned to his old refrain: "You need an actor. I'm a crooner. You need a Fredric March or somebody like that. I just don't think I'm capable."

"Have a little faith in us," they told him. "Well . . ." he said finally. "I'd love to do something like this. If you guys think I can do it—I'm in your hands. I'll do anything you ask me to do."

As soon as actual work began, Bing's doubts lessened. "Actually," he says now, "it turned out to be a very easy picture for me—the easiest I've ever made. It was well-prepared; we rehearsed in advance for ten days. Everything was so well coordinated we even finished the picture a week early. George had a good tight script—and the script we had at the end of the picture was the same one we started out with. That's different from big musicals—they can get pretty confusing. You try to improve on the script as you shoot. You labor and sweat, and you're all slowed down. I'm not an authority on this, but I think a great script plays an actor's part for him."

Bing's as generous with tributes to his co-stars as to his director. "Working with Holden . . . well, he paces you. He really brings you up. In a fast league like that, you've got to pick up the pace."

Throughout shooting, Bing knew that he was working as part of a team—including the whole crew. When the cameras stopped rolling one day, Chico, the assistant director, had some announcements to make. On behalf of the crew, he handed out plaques as tokens of appreciation. The one presented to Bing said: "This plaque is with deep affection from the entire crew—so please take good care of it. It cost us a pretty penny."

Seeing these words, Bing stammered, "I think this—is the nicest gift—I—have ever received." And he turned away fast—but not quite fast enough. Not before they saw him misting up.

"That El Bingo!" Chico says. "I've never seen a man who was so much so overcome by such a small thing."

In spite of these reassurances, Bing (he admits now) kept on worrying after shooting ended. He'd been all primed to be a poor man's Barrymore, and he was afraid he hadn't put enough emotion into the role. He had his regrets about that memorable jail scene in which *Elgin*, with a bad case of the shakes, breaks down and cries. "I didn't think I did enough. I could have gone more. I was ready to really tear up the scenery."

Bing's son Gary reacts to that self-criticism with a startled laugh. "The next step would have been seeing elephants, so I'm told. That drunk scene in jail—that killed me! I couldn't believe it. I wasn't home while they were shooting it, but I hear that Dad stayed up all the night before, drinking stale coffee and letting his beard grow. I thought he was great!"

Such an earnest approach to a difficult part certainly wouldn't fit in with the old Crosby myth. But it's typical of Bing himself, and it took its toll in nervous energy. Afterwards, he went to Hayden



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Lake, Idaho, to rest. There an unexpected crisis confronted him, in the shape of a long-distance call from a doctor who had just examined Bing's old friend Barney Dean. Prompt surgery was imperative. Bing contacted his own personal surgeon (the finest), who was out of town but flew home. There was never a chance; in three days, Barney was gone. Gag-man to the last, even in the hospital, he'd given Bob Hope a line that was a classic, printed throughout the land. "What do you want me to tell Jolson?" he asked.

Bing, too, had talked with Barney, from Idaho. But, under the stress of his emotion, the whole thing was such a haze for him that he can't even remember what was said. He'd said since, "It was a pretty difficult conversation—all the way."

It was a selfless grief that confused Bing—not the fact that he himself was facing surgery at the time. He'd been undergoing treatment all through the shooting of "Country Girl," with the hope of staving off an operation. He treated the prospect so casually that his friends were surprised at the final tip-off. Says one of them, "When Bing charts a plane and flies away from a golf tournament—he's sick!"

In the hospital, Bing refused to play the invalid. Before the operation, he found he'd be short some CBS radio shows; so he told producer Murdo McKenzie (a twenty-year Crosby man in radio) to bring the tape recorder to his room at St. John's—"And we'll cut a few before we go." Who but Crosby, before going into surgery, could chat so easily into the recorder about the French switching to milk, about the noble art of truffle-snuffing?

More than that, he kept up his fabulous correspondence from his hospital bed and even maintained a clipping service for a few friends. Rosemary Carroll, his secretary, called Jimmy Van Heusen with this message: "Mr. Crosby's sending over some clippings from Australian papers for Frank Sinatra. They're about his tour. He thought Mr. Sinatra might like to have them."

No wonder Van Heusen says, "Bing's a very big man. Everything's big about him. There's his correspondence—no man writes more letters than Bing. And his silent charities, his mentality, his huge memory. He's a wonderful father. And he can bear pain better than any man I've ever known."

From the hospital room went clippings to George Seaton, too—hinterland-newspaper reviews of "Country Girl" that Bing thought the director might otherwise miss. But every time a critic made flattering mention of Crosby, there was a Crosby footnote: "Of course, he's really talking about you."

Bing was recuperating at home when the Academy Award nominations were announced on television. He watched the show with sons Gary and Linny and with Jimmy Van Heusen. Innately humble as Bing is, he is also too honest to have pretended surprise. "Well," he says, "I thought we might have a chance. I was very gratified. I'm happy we got a movie. But you never know. I thought we had a chance with 'Little Boy Lost'—with the picture, that is—and we didn't get in."

Nobody was pulling harder for Crosby to win than his sons were, and nobody sensed more deeply how much it would mean to him this time. Linny showed a bit of the inherited casual air when he offered congratulations on Bing's radio show, saying, "It really thrilled me, Dad—and may I say it hasn't hurt me socially, either."

And Gary says, "I thought Dad was good in 'Going My Way,' but he was still himself. I don't think he thought too much of his own performance. I know he's always said about winning that award,

'Well—it was a war year.' But 'Country Girl' really amazed me. It was so different from the carefree bit in the 'Road' pictures and all that. 'Little Boy Lost' was the warm-up—but this was the big show. Disregarding the fact that he's my father—and being as objective as I can—I think Dad gave the best performance last year. I wish I'd had a vote. I'd sure have given it to him."

The devotion that Bing's sons feel for him is a natural return for the affection he has lavished on them all their lives. In his studio dressing room and his office, the story's there for any visitor to see. Except for pictures of Dixie and his mother and his horses and himself (hoisting his biggest fish), the walls are papered with photos of the boys at every age and on just about every imaginable occasion.

But it's well-known that Bing can be a firm disciplinarian, too, and that he has done his best to keep his fame from interfering with his sons' lives. At school shindigs, he always tried hard to remain in the background. When photographers closed in on him, he would protest, "Look—I've got nothing to do with this. I'm just here like any other father. This isn't my show." An important magazine once tried to high-pressure him with the reminder of all they could do for Gary. "That's exactly what I don't want," he told them emphatically. "I want Gary to be just like any other normal kid going through school. These things make it very hard for him."

Consistently, Bing has shown strong parental interest in his sons' grades at school—and in seeing that they kept the nightly curfews at home. They admit to having been "grounded" on occasion in the past, for periods varying with "the gravity of the offense," and at the time each probably felt a boy's natural resentment. They understand now. As Gary says, "He's no spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child father, but any time I ever got a licking I had it coming. I'm happy I was brought up that way, rather than the spoiled and pampered deal. That would have made it a whole lot tougher later on—like now, with the show ahead of me."

Gary's heart has always been in show business, set to the same beat that impelled his dad toward Hollywood. The public discovered Gary when he sang "Dear Hearts and Gentle People" on the Crosby show five years ago. At the general reaction, a forecast of Gary's future, Bing certainly felt fatherly pride. But mixed with it was some measure of fatherly fear over the effect this might have on the school years ahead and the sort of future Gary's parents wanted for him.

It's typical of Bing that, once he realized there were no sheepskins in sight, he let Gary set his own course. Without making a production of it, Bing gave his son his own time slot last summer and backed him up with his own trusty radio crew. It's typical, too, that he had one parental admonition before Gary took off. "Keep it in good taste," he said.

Ask Gary whether, as a newcomer in show business, he has any kicks about being Bing's boy. You'll get: "Kicks??? I'd be out of my mind! Sure, some people want to compare me with Dad—but I could be compared with a lot worse. Nobody's got a voice like his, and in thirty years nobody's ever been able to cultivate one. I don't mean to say it's all roses," Gary adds conscientiously. "There are a few thorns. There are always some wiseacres who give you that routine about being just 'Bing Crosby's son.' But the roses sure choke out the thorns. I'd never have gotten that break last summer—having my own show—if it hadn't been for him."

Now Bing is taking more than a casual

interest in his son's career. "Gary never did much in show business until last year," he says. "A few radio shots. A few records. He's had no experience with the public or working in front of people. He didn't start out in radio with the experience that I had or that Sinatra or any of the rest of us had—a ten-year stretch in vaudeville or night clubs or with bands. He broke in with practically no experience at all. It was quite a jump for him—maybe too much. But he's getting under way now." After appearances on Tennessee Ernie's show beginning in March, Gary again gets his own show this summer, and CBS plans for him also include guest shots on TV.

As the oldest boy, Gary has naturally been in the public eye more than his brothers. But Bing's fatherly heart makes no such differentiation among his four sons. The twins are in the service, and Bing keeps the warm newsy letters rolling toward them, along with batches of oatmeal cookies. "The kids like to get them from home. Phil's still taking basic training at Fort Ord. Denny's finishing his basic at Fort Riley, Kansas, and he's going into G-2—Military Intelligence. If he shows any aptitude for that, he'll be going to Germany this summer."

Dark-eyed Linny, affectionately dubbed The Boy Genius by his brothers, is attending Loyola. His plans shift daily between being an artist and being a baseball player and studying for the priesthood. As the baby of the family, he still has a curfew to observe. "He's supposed to start turning in by nine P.M. during the school week," his dad grins, "but it usually takes him a little longer to get going."

A fair rhythm and blues man, Linny frequently guests on his father's radio show, sometimes singing, sometimes plugging "client" Gary's Decca records, like "Koko-Mo." Linny's picked up quite a following of his own, and the Australian-

American romantic exploitation that Sinatra gave him didn't hurt his international social standing. A little-girl fan of Lin's, who'd seen him with his father on Ed Murrow's "Person to Person" show, recently wrote requesting a picture of the two Crosbys. Bing finally found one shot, a candid flashed during rehearsal, but he figured it didn't flatter him. "Not very good," he said doubtfully.

"Not bad of me, Dad," his son said significantly.

During the past two years, since the boys' mother died, Bing has had to carry a double burden of responsibility in their upbringing, and at times it weighs heavily. "The toughest thing about it," he says, "is trying to combat the wrong advice they get. It's tough trying to beat down all the advice from people conning them, telling them how lucky they are, telling them they should go to New York, telling them how great they are. We've always kept the boys on a pretty even keel at home. But there are so many people around here—mostly people who've messed up their own lives—who are always ready to give a kid bad advice."

By contrast, here's what Bing wants for his sons in the years ahead: "I'd just like for them to do something I can be proud of—something they can be proud of. Have 'class,' be good citizens, raise families, do something worthwhile in the world—whether it's in science or athletics or whatever. I don't care what it is—but have a goal of some kind and get there, not as Bing Crosby's kids but as themselves. I know they're living in the shadow of something built up. But they have all the equipment to overcome this."

About his own future, Bing naturally has more definite ideas: "I'm getting along now to a time of life when it doesn't look too attractive for me to always be chasing up and down 'Roads' or be arch or coy. I don't plan to try to be a great actor or anything, but I do want to do more sensible things. 'You're the Top' is a big, gay musical, but I play a more settled character. I'd like to do a good comedy like 'Genevieve' or 'It Happened One Night.' And next I'd like to find a simple, sentimental story with a kid or with a juvenile-delinquency theme. A good, tight story—maybe without songs. They can take away from the credibility."

You may wonder: Where can Bing go from here? No matter what he does, how can he top himself?

"Oh, I don't think I've done anything exciting," he laughs. "I've just been plugging along . . ."

And typical of Bing's modest attitude is what he said before the Academy Award's presentation: "As far as my winning the Oscar is concerned, I don't see how a performance such as mine can win over Brando, in 'Waterfront.'"

But he can't get away with such modesty now. It's too late. Nobody believes any longer in the good-natured drifter cruising aimlessly along. Bing himself has always maintained, "Every man is the result of that which happens when his life touches the lives of others." He means this as a tribute to those who have helped him when their paths crossed his. But he's stuck with his own words, for Bing Crosby intimately touches more lives than any other human being in the world today. The music he makes—whether in the key of hope or harmony or laughter or charity—is his own unique Oscar, taller than any of the Academy's golden statues.

Bing's real beat comes everlastingly from the heart and not just from that rhythm-happy foot. Whether he likes it or not, folks all over the world are wising up to the truth about him, and he'll never live it down.

THE END

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There's Many a Quip About a Honeymoon Trip

(Continued from page 55)

he discovered his mistake. The man whom he thought was the porter turned out to be justice of the peace!

Immediately after the ceremony, Bob had to leave for Cloverdale, near San Francisco, the location of his picture, "Many Rivers to Cross." Naturally Ursula accompanied him. Being a wise wife, she's interested in the things Bob is interested in—and one of these is fishing. While he was toiling before the cameras, making love to Eleanor Parker, Ursula was off with a friend of his learning the art of fly-casting. When she thought she'd progressed far enough in her studies, Bob went with her one noon to gander her technique. It didn't quite suit him, so he offered her a lesson. "It's all done with a quick flick of the wrist," he explained, and with that, he flicked his wrist. The fishing line tangled in the branches of some trees and never was recovered. That was the last lesson he gave his wife on the art of catching fish.

Jane Powell almost didn't make it to her wedding to Pat Nerney, but it wasn't because she didn't try. She tried too hard. Having decided on Ojai Valley, a resort not too far from Hollywood, for the ceremony, she sped there in Pat's Thunderbird. The bride was a little over-anxious and put too much pressure on the gas pedal. The cloud-rider was brought to earth suddenly by the familiar sound of a motorcycle siren. Unfortunately, it wasn't Marlon Brando on the 'cycle. Jane explained, in answer to the cop's regulation question, that she wasn't going to a fire, but she was going to a wedding, her own.

"I'm Jane Powell," she said.

"Very happy to meet you, m'am," he replied, doffing his hat. "My wife and I enjoy your pictures. I won't keep you long." Jane's face lit up. "It'll only take me a minute to write out this ticket." Jane's face fell.

Separation rumors have haunted Liz Taylor and hubby Mike Wilding almost since their marriage. In fact beautiful Liz told me:

"I guess I'll have to have at least five babies before people will stop saying Mike and I are breaking up."

Well, they did separate once, and only a few minutes after their marriage in a London registry office on February 21, 1952. Their dual popularity had attracted a crowd the size of which would have done justice to an appearance by the Queen. When Liz and Mike left the office to enter their car, they were surrounded by a mob right out of a scene from any DeMille epic you can name, a mob so insistent on seeing and touching them that they were separated from each other. By accident, Mike got into the wrong car. Liz was waiting for him in another car. The crush of the crowd was so great they had to drive away and it wasn't until five hours later that they were reunited to each other's arm where they have remained happily ever since.

Las Vegas was also the scene of another more recent and less harried honeymoon, that of Pier Angeli and Vic Damone. The day after their lavish wedding at St. Timothy's in Beverly Hills, Pier and Vic drove to Vegas where he was scheduled for a night club engagement. When they retired the first night, they hung a "Do Not Disturb" sign on their door—and also on their phone. An overeager operator ignored the latter message and put through a call to the newlyweds the next morning. A sleepy Pier shook slumber and stars out of her eyes, picked up the receiver and murmured: "Hello?"

"I want to speak with Mrs. Vic Damone,"

a voice said. "Hello, I want Mrs. Damone."

"Who?" inquired Pier.

"I said I'd like to speak with Mrs. Vic Damone," the voice repeated.

"I'm sorry," Pier replied. "Whom did you say?"

"Mrs. Vic Damone. Can't you hear?" the voice came back rather impatiently this time.

"Yes, but I just wanted to hear you say it once more. It sounds so wonderful," Pier answered happily, put the receiver back on its hook, turned over and kissed the sleeping Vic. She never did find out who called.

Lita Baron spent her wedding night on the floor.

She and Rory Calhoun were married in Santa Barbara and honeymooned at the Biltmore Hotel there. Rory is a tall man—too tall for the beds they supply at the Biltmore. If there's one thing that Rory can't stand, it's having his feet hang over the foot of the bedstead.

Rory called the manager. "Can we get a longer bed?" he asked.

"We'll do our very best," came the polite reply.

An hour later, nobody had done his best. The bed was still too short. So Rory took the mattress off it, put it on the floor, and that's where he and Lita slept the rest of the night.

Audrey Hepburn married Mel Ferrer in a secret civil ceremony in a quiet little Swiss village named Buochs, but instead of honeymooning, the newlyweds went home to prepare for their second marriage the next day. Seems Audrey had promised her mother (who wasn't too keen on the merger) that she would be married in a religious ceremony before close family friends. So on September 25, for the second time in 24 hours, Audrey in a Dior "H-style" gown and white hat, walked dry-eyed down the 13th century chapel aisle on the arm of her nervous husband.

While elaborate precautions had been made to keep the wedding a secret and a private affair, there wasn't much the famous couple could do about their honeymoon, ultimately shared by thousands of happy onlookers. Traveling by train to Italy (Mel had a film commitment), each time Audrey stopped reading her book, shifted her position or Mel went for a drink of water, trainmen and fascinated travelers watched and happily beamed at their every move. When they reached Milan, the press was waiting, but they managed surreptitiously to make their way to Florence. However, by the time they arrived in Rome, Audrey was screaming, "We want to be left alone. This is our marriage, not the public's," as thousands of happy eyes and an international press corps doggedly pursued them wherever they went.

Finally, after a harrowing 100-mile-an-hour chase from five carloads of press photographers, Audrey, relieved, stepped out of their car at the 20-room stone villa they had rented. She no sooner got out of the car when she sent up a loud shriek and ran with her husband toward the nearest entrance, bolting the door. For there, sitting on the steps—uninvited—were a hundred more pressmen and photographers. When Audrey and Mel eventually made an appearance before the group, Audrey had only two words to explain it all—"terrible, fantastic"—meaning, of course, the publicity, not the honeymoon.

It took Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall almost two months to get together after they were married. Theirs was one of the most hectic marriages in Hollywood's hectic history, and looking back on it, one of the funniest, although at the time Bill didn't

feel like laughing. But let him tell it in his own words.

"I'll try to make it short, Sheilah. Ardis (that's Brenda's real name) and I planned to be married at midnight on Saturday in Las Vegas. I was working on a picture at the time and didn't get off until very late in the evening. Through circumstances too gruesome to recall, I got to Vegas at 2 A.M. The hotel had given away our bridal suite, the minister had gone to bed and we couldn't get a license. We finally woke everybody up, were married at four in the morning and found a cheap room in which to spend the rest of our time. I had to catch a plane back for L.A. at noon and Ardis left for a three weeks' location on a picture she was making. Before she'd returned I was sent on location for a picture. While there I had an appendicitis attack and was shipped home packed in ice like frozen herring. When I arrived I was sent directly to a hospital where they yanked out the appendix. Two days before I was to be released, Ardis complained that she had a pain in her side. I told her, 'Honey, that's just a sympathetic pain,' which proves how wrong I can be. A doctor examined her and she had her appendix out before you could say it. So there we were, side by side, in hospital beds. What a way to start a honeymoon. It was a rough beginning—but it's been smooth ever since."

John Derek played the absent-minded professor at his wedding. He didn't play it, he was it. When he had elicited a "yes" from pretty Pati Behrs in 1948, he ordered a fabulous wedding ring designed by his jeweler. He and Pati left for Las Vegas, found a justice of the peace and reached that part of the ceremony that calls for the groom to place a ring on the third finger, left hand of the bride. John fumbled in his pocket, but all he found was a little lint left there by a careless tailor. There was nothing round, nothing firm, nothing set with diamonds. John halted the ceremony, phoned the jeweler in Los Angeles and had him put the ring on an airplane bound for Vegas. He met the plane, grasped the ring firmly in his hand and didn't let go of it until he finally slipped it onto Pati's proper finger.

Aldo Ray would win the title of the "most practical husband of the month" if such titles were awarded newlyweds. When he and bride Jeff Donnell were packing for their honeymoon trip, he suggested they take along an electric frying pan that had been given them as a present. Jeff couldn't understand why he chose this particular present from all they had received, but she packed it with her lingerie and took it along.

It wasn't long before she found out why. A friend had loaned them a cottage in the Santa Cruz mountains and, as Jeff tells it: "That Aldo isn't dumb. An electric frying pan is awfully convenient for cooking, and I wound up in the kitchen almost the entire time we were up at the cottage."

Lana Turner and Lex Barker had a pretty bad beginning to their marriage. When luscious Lana wed Lex in Turin, Italy, she was a brunette, and her dark hair served as an effective disguise—too effective. Everywhere she went with Lex, he was besieged by autograph hounds who loved him as *Tarzan* and they ignored her. No matter what any star says, being ignored is the worst thing that can happen. But Lana's sense of humor saved the situation, for she can look back now and say with a laugh: "Wasn't that a fine way to start a happy life together!" But then, Lana's a blond again. After all, how far can a sense of humor stretch?

THE END



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